Oct. 27, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A five-week repertory of four plays by John Houseman's group (formerly called the City Center Acting Company) that will end Saturday, Nov. 8. Marlowe's play EDWARD II, directed by Ellis Rabb, will play through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Saroyan's comedy THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE, directed by Jack O'Brien, opens Tuesday, Oct. 28 (preview Monday, Oct. 27), and will run through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ah, Wilderness!—Eugene O'Neill's daydream of a domestic happiness he never knew (and wouldn't have been able to endure for long). A delightful production, directed by Arvin Brown and peopled by many members of the Long Wharf Theatre "family," including Geraldine Fitzgerald and William Swetland. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Christy—A musical based on Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," with book and lyrics by Bernie Spiro and music by Lawrence J. Blank. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 221-9143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—Armina Marshall and Lawrence Langner's play THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Gorky—A play with music by Steve Tesich. Opens Friday, Oct. 24. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, Sundays at 3, and Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 1.)

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Lamppost Reunion—A play by Louis LaRusso II, with Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello. Tom Signorelli directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Leaf People—A play by Dennis J. Reardon, with a cast of thirty, directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 26.)

Me and Bessie—Linda Hopkins, with Lester Wilson and Gerri Dean, in a musical tribute to Bessie Smith. Written by Will Holt and Miss Hopkins; directed by Robert Greenwald. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 22. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Joyce Van Patten and Conrad Janis. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Summer and Smoke—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

Summer Brave—Alexis Smith in William Inge's revised version of his comedy "Picnic." Previews Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 26, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 23. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Travesties—A comedy by Tom Stoppard, imported from London. John Wood heads a cast that includes members of the Royal Shake-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

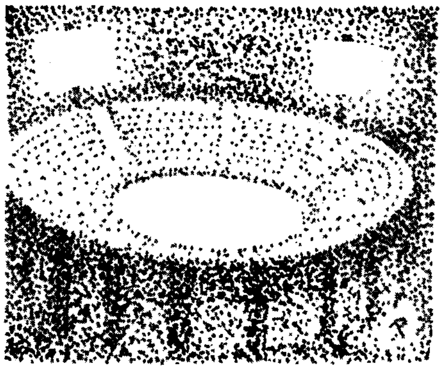
speare Company. Directed by Peter Wood. Previews Monday through Wednesday evenings, Oct. 27-29. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 30. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Treemonisha—The Houston Grand Opera Association production of Scott Joplin's 1915 opera. Staged by Frank Corsaro, with Carmen Balthrop, Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Trelawny of the 'Wells'—The Arthur Wing Pinero comedy. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Marybeth Hurt plays the title role, and A. J. Antoon is the director. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 2:30.)

Yentl—A play adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's short story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy" by Leah Napolin and Mr. Singer, and seen last season at the Chelsea Theatre Center, in Brooklyn. Tovah Feldshuh, John V. Shea, and Lynn Ann Leveridge head the cast, directed by Robert Kalfin. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 23. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DANCE WITH ME:** The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,449 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE RITZ:** High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with Robert Stephens as Holmes and Fred Stuthman as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Five Dances," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Confetti," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Deuce Coupe II," "Remembrances," and "Jeu de Cartes.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Five Dances," and "Jeu de Cartes.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2: "Kettentanz," "Deuce Coupe II," and "Offenbach in the Underworld.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7:30: "Parade," "Pas des Déesses," "Opus I," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Reflections," and "Deuce Coupe II.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Reflections," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Offenbach in the Underworld.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Deuce Coupe II," "Remembrances," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Reflections," "Five Dances," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Confetti," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Deuce Coupe II," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 22: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "Harbinger," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23: "Excursions," "Mazurka," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 24: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," and "Early Songs.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25: "Excursions," "Tzaddik," "Intermezzo," and "The Consort.". . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 26: "Excursions," "Sephardic Song," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 26: "Mazurka," "The Real McCoy," and "Early Songs.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 28: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "The Real McCoy," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 29: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "Early Songs," and "Excursions.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 30: "Excursions," "At Midnight," "Tzaddik," and "Mazurka.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 31: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 1: "Excursions," "At Midnight," "Tzaddik," and "Early Songs." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Margalit Dance Theatre Company—A modern-dance group from the West Coast, appearing here for the first time, in a program consisting of "Through the Gate of Aden," "Landscape," "Birth of a Drum," "Bessamin—The Beauty Without Shoes," and "In the Beginning." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2.)

Rudy Perez Dance Theatre—"Colorado Ramble" (première), "Parallax," "Centerbreak," and "Fair Play." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 472-3800, Ext. 474.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Here's what's happening in the Empire Room: **PEGGY LEE** is putting on a quasi-Broadway show, "Mirrors," that is afflicted by a needlessly giant orchestra (forty-odd strong); by poorly chosen songs (half are by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, who have big *au-courant* ears); by her—in this instance—*sometimes* overly cute-cool mannerisms (endless sashaying, pizza-sized winks); by lumpy pacing (the centerpiece, a kind of Kurt Weill-Brecht production, "Professor Hauptmann's Performing Dogs," comes exactly halfway through the show, and it sinks, dragging fore and aft down with it); and by wild how-else-are-we-going-to-meet-the-overhead, Manny? prices. (Tickets per person, depending on the day of the week and on one's placement in the room, are $8.50 to $15.00, not including "gourmet" food and drinks—all of which will cost a party of two most of a C-note.) But there are a lot of people who will put up with this sort of nonsense to hear Peggy Lee, and they are mostly right. She has, in lasting over a quarter of a century, beat fad and fashion and kept her image and voice. The image is alabaster—beyond-blond hair, pale Nadelman face, poured body—and the voice is a unique mixture of North European (she was born Norma Egstrom, in North Dakota) and American black. It is a low, heavy, small voice, and—particularly when she talk-sings—it suggests Marlene Dietrich or Carole Lombard. But when she does a blues or a rhythm number, Billie Holiday rears up, and Miss Lee turns out some marvellous phrases—legato and molten and smoking. She generously does more with her voice than her gifts allow. And she is—except for the labored moments at the Empire Room—a superb performer. The slanting half-smile comes at just the right part of a phrase, the swinging arms push a medium-tempo along, the eyes flash when light is needed, the spear-like fingers pointing at the ceiling warn of crescendos and finales. And, of course, her lighting, sound, arrangements (Johnny Mandel), and conductor (John Pisano) are flawless. And so are some of her songs—a fast, swinging "Love Me or Leave Me," a good "I've Got You Under My Skin," her hymns

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CHARLES REVSON
ULTIMA II
CHARLES REVSON
LUSCIOUS LASH MAKEUP

"Why Don't You Do Right?" and "Mañana," and that old shuffling heart-wringer "I'll Be Seeing You." Dancing on a floor the size of a cummerbund. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

●

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and outthere jazz on the bandstand. Trumpeter **Woody Shaw** heads up a quintet on Wednesday, Oct. 22. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, another moving quintet—this one co-led by trumpeter Danny Moore and tenor saxophonist Junior Cook—occupies the bandstand. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 27-28, will be given over to pianist Hugh Lawson's trio, and beginning Wednesday, Oct. 29, altoist **Phil Woods** will perform with his quintet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, Oct. 22, **Mose Allison,** whose hair is now gray and frizzled, lets loose exuberant and altogether decent piano solos, which he often abruptly follows with placid, floating vocals. Joan Armatrading, who is from Jamaica, sings some British-inspired folk-rock before the energetic Allison trio goes on. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, David Essex, a British teeny-bopper-rock star, sings with his band. Sunday and Monday, Oct. 26-27, flutist Tim Weisberg and his band will appear opposite Harvey Mandel's jazz-rock band. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, electric-funk-and-soul pianist Les McCann will arrive with his combo, to alternate with Bob Shaw, a young comedian who has at least one funny routine. (The bit is a newscast set in Biblical Egypt called "An Eye for an Eyewitness News.") Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist **Jimmy Rowles** and his bassist work in this agreeable but occasionally hectic little bar Mondays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty. On Sundays, Barry Harris holds forth, along with his accompanist, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral,** who have been doing stylish, free-falling, flip-flopping vocals for some thirty years—although their youthful appearance and their exuberance belie this long-term association—alternate with **Stan Kenton** and the latest edition of his orchestra, which is still characterized by Latin rhythms and brass maelstroms, through Saturday, Oct. 25. Beginning Monday, Oct. 27, tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine and a big band will share a bill with singer **Carmen McRae.** Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**Bobby Short,** much to the relief of his devoted coterie of followers, has returned to the Café Carlyle, accompanied, as usual, by his loyal sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **Marian McPartland,** all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but **Mary Lou Williams'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh choral passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. Her accompanist is bassist Brian Torff. On Sundays, pianist Chuck Folds and bassist Morris Edwards accompany cool and neat vocals by Maxine Sullivan, who continues her post-retirement career. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist, occasional vocalist, and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. Maxine Sullivan will sing with the regulars on Tuesday, Oct. 28. Red Richards plays piano all night from five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 26, guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli will drop by at eight with a quartet.

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Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**Dewey Redman,** a very fine contemporary saxophonist, works with a quintet through Sunday, Oct. 26. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, drummer **Roy Haynes** brings in his quintet, the Hip Ensemble. Their music is lively but about as forward-looking as their name. On Mondays: **Dave Matthews'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American snacks.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **Sonny Greer,** who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **Russell Procope** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **Brooks Kerr,** a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** and pianist Hal Galper take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Pianist **Al Haig,** guitarist **Sam Brown,** and bassist **Jamil Nasser** collaborate on Sundays from five-thirty to nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—On Wednesday, Oct. 22, **Ruby Braff** is in charge (while Roy Eldridge is away) of the traditional sextet that inhabits these smoky and crowded quarters, and starting Thursday, Oct. 23, Max Kaminsky joins the group. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**Anita O'Day,** a highly theatrical singer whose every inflection and gesture has been thought through, performs through Saturday, Oct. 25. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—**Gordon Edwards,** a tough-looking Fender-bass player who nearly always shows up wearing a leather golf cap, a leather jacket, and dark glasses, is at the helm of a clean, precise rhythm-and-blues group; through Monday, Oct. 27. The other musicians who usually play with Edwards at Mikell's are guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, and drummer Chris Parker. They are all expert studio men, who play the jogging, repetitive R. & B. riffs with just the right amount of looseness, and from time to time they also happen to serve as Joe Cocker's backup band. Word has it that Joe himself, still attempting a comeback, drops in from time to time to do a number with the group. Music from ten until three.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Comic Chris Rush is here on Wednesday, Oct. 22, opposite folk-type guitarist and singer David Blue, who has been changing his name from Cohen to Blue and back for several years, and who was, a decade ago, one of the more promising of post-electric-Dylan folkies. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 23-26, two acoustic guitarists and singers who call themselves Aztec Two-Step claim the stage. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 28-29, the Flying Burrito Brothers, a recently reunited bunch of folksie Los Angeles musicians, light into some bucolic rock, and if they seem to look more like ski bums than Laurel Canyon cowpokes, it's because they've moved from L. A. to Colorado. Beginning Thursday, Oct. 30, singer and songwriter **Tom Paxton** will make a rare New York appearance. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**Jonah Jones** has put together a sextet made up of a pianist, an organist, a bassist, an exceptional guitarist (Jerome Darr), and a masterly drummer (Cozy Cole). Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

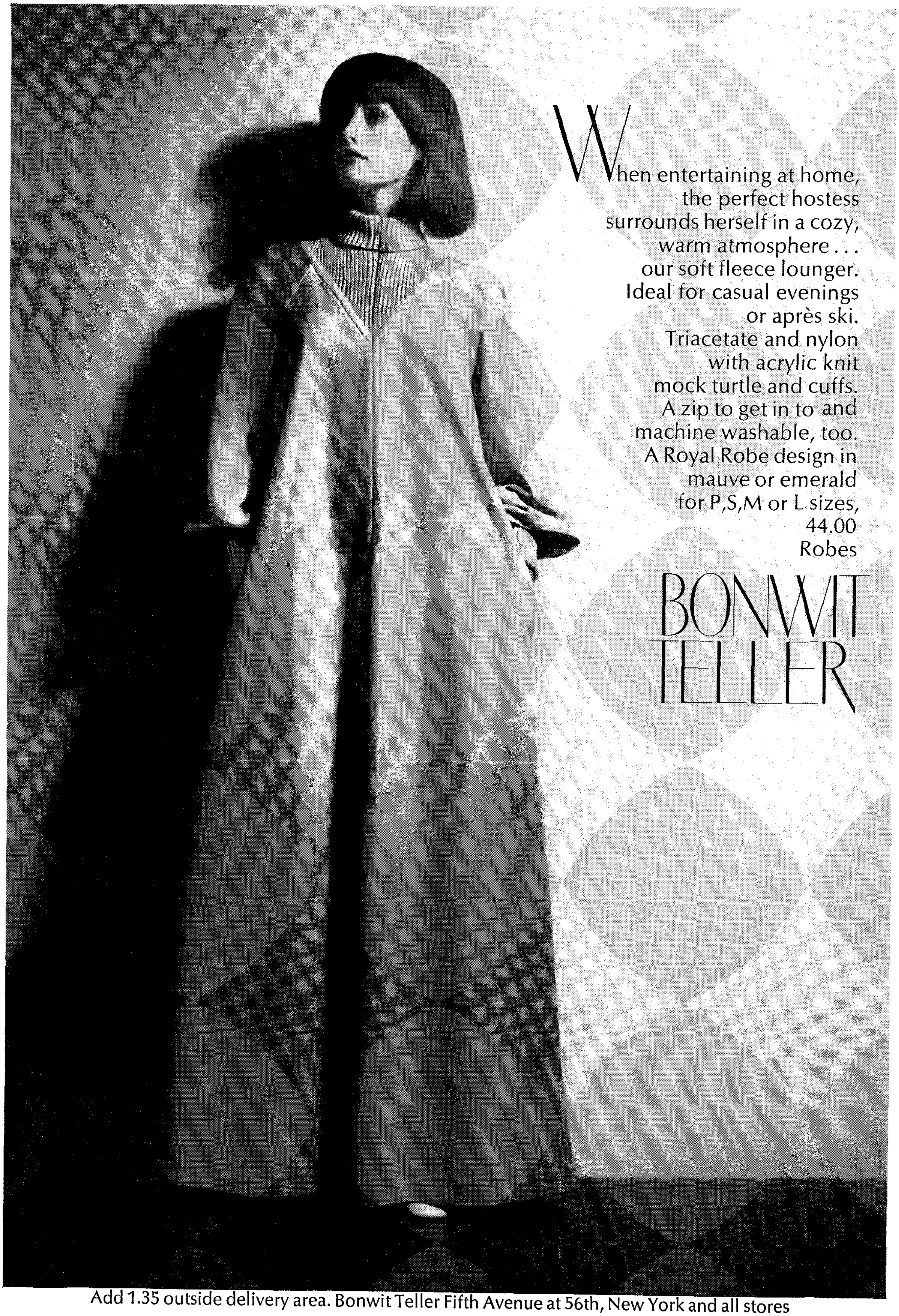
Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Sally Kellerman tries her hand at singing here through Saturday, Oct. 25. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, pop singer Jackie De Shannon begins a week, alternating with the Movies, a local folk trio. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Shows at nine and midnight. **Blossom Dearie** presents early-evening concert-style sets (from five-thirty to seven) through Saturday, Oct. 25. On Sundays, one or another of the various performers on the local campy, cult-engendering café circuit goes on at eight-thirty and eleven. Dinner.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—**Mabel Mercer** is back, and everything is just right—the voice (despite its ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, and her regal good looks. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. At ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost. **Chet Baker,** who calls it home on Mondays and Tuesdays, plays and tosses off one or two nasal, front-of-the-throat vocals per set with his youthful quartet; **Lee Konitz's** nonet dominates the room on Wednesdays and on Thursday, Oct. 30. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, guitarist **Joe Puma** leads a trio that features vocalist Molly Lyons. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, Larry Willis, who plays keyboards with Blood, Sweat, and Tears, will turn up with his own trio. Sundays, as always, are reserved for **Chuck Wayne** and **Joe Puma** guitar duets. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Electric guitarist **Jack Wilkins** and bassist **Eddie Gomez,** two young, facile, and wily soloists, work together through Sunday, Oct. 26. On Wednesday, Oct. 29, pianist Mike Longo and a bassist will move into the music corner for a few nights. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(861-2521)—**Ellis Larkins** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd works with bassist John Williams on Sundays and Mondays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with a hectic music schedule and Saturday-afternoon poetry readings. Baritone saxophonist **Howard Johnson**, who plays in the style of a tenor saxophonist—he particularly sounds like Pharoah Sanders—leads a quintet on Thursday, Oct. 23, and on Sunday, Oct. 26. The group features a promising young singer named Rickie Boren, who, with her fresh, childlike, even impish face, looks like a black Maria Muldaur. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 28-29, a stomping, five-part R. & B. band called **Cakewalk** will sit under the spots. On Fridays and Saturdays, alto player Richy Cole and his quartet play some compositions by contemporary saxophonists and then back up some scatting numbers by singer **Eddie Jefferson**. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**Betty Carter**, one of the few truly improvisational singers, winds up a week here with her trio on Sunday, Oct. 26. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, tenor saxophonist Junior Cook arrives with his quintet. On Mondays, **Bill Watrous** executes some hang-gliding trombone work with his youthful, jazz-rock-riffing seventeen-man outfit. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Mondays through Wednesdays, Nat Jones performs; Thursdays through Sundays, Chuck Fowler works with a bassist. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood-and-brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. The Warren Court, an outfit that includes former Basie-ite Earle Warren on alto sax and pianist Dill Jones, is here on Wednesdays. A bop quintet takes the stand on Thursdays and Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex, boogie-woogieist Sammy Price, and tenorman Buddy Tate. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Jazz and jazz-rock duos and trios are onstage every night after nine-thirty in this rather spiffy Eighth Street establishment. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 5:45: **Kazuko Hirabayashi Dance Theatre**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 5:45: **Cryer & Ford**.

Little Richard, Chubby Checker, Bo Diddley, and **the Shirelles**—With others. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Final performance Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Roy Buchanan—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 598-3757.

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen and **the Roger McGuinn Band**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.

Lily Tomlin—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8.

Jefferson Starship—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 8.

Revolutionary Ensemble—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8.

Charlie Daniels Band and **Jerry Jeff Walker and the Lost Gonzo Band**—Beacon Theatre, Friday, Oct. 24, at 8.

Isley Brothers and **Jimmy Castor and the Bunch**—With others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

10CC and **Starz**—Beacon Theatre, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.

Fleetwood Mac and **Heartsfield**—Beacon Theatre. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7:30.

Labelle—Beacon Theatre. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, at 8.

Nana Mouskouri—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 30-31, at 8.

Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 31, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Doobie Brothers, Poco, and **the Outlaws**—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.

Michael Murphey and **Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.

Chuck Mangione—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.

Toots & the Maytals—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 1, at midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Tadashi Asoma / Joan Brams—Landscape and figure paintings in soft, fluid colors. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. / Textural paintings, some of which have the eerie appeal of fossils. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Samuel Bak—The pear is given the surrealist works in these paintings, in which it is presented as a crumbling mountain, a carpentered structure, a pile of masonry, a bursting skin spilling forth smaller pears, and as harboring a man in its heart, like a worm. Through Nov. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Arnold Belkin—Robot-like figures depicted in paintings that take their themes from political events. Through Nov. 8. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Simeon Braguin—Recent abstract paintings remotely associated with sailing. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Frederick J. Brown—Abstract paintings, mostly; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 8. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

David Bruzga—Lacy fripperies and figures of women can be discerned in these abstract oils; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Alexander Calder—Fifteen new hanging mobiles in his characteristically bright colors (except for one surprise, in solid white), plus a series of gouaches on circus themes. Through Nov. 15. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jay Hall Connaway (1893-1970)—Maritime paintings, plus some landscapes. Through Nov. 4. (Bartholet, 55 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Xavier Corberó—Abstract marble sculptures, many of them table pieces. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Alan Davie—Abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties. Through Nov. 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Olga de Amaral—Appealing assemblages of raw fibres, some painted, others natural colored, set in Plexiglas boxes. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Artweave, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

John Dobbs—New paintings and drawings by this capable descendant of the social realists. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings and works on paper from the forties and fifties. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Richard Fleischner—Small sculptures cast in lead, as well as drawings and photographs of both existing and projected environmental works. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Vincent Glinsky (1895-1975)—More than sixty sculptures (predominantly human forms) in stone, bronze, terra-cotta, and other materials. Through Nov. 12. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Maurice Grosser—Landscapes of Morocco and thereabouts. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Diana Guest—Carved-stone sculptures of birds, animals, and insects; first solo show in New York. Through Nov. 8. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John Hartell—Soft-colored geometric landscapes. Through Nov. 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Marsden Hartley (1877-1943)—Paintings covering works done from 1908 to 1943. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Hans Hartung—Paintings, including a group executed in the last two years, by an artist now seventy, in a show that coincides with one at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Dec. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ernst Ludwig Kirchner (1880-1938)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics by a founding member of the German Expressionist school. Through Dec. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jiří Kolář—Exquisitely contrived collages and other works in a show running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Rodger Mack—Bronzes by a sculptor who casts his pieces in a foundry he designed for Syracuse University. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Howard Newman—Sleek abstract bronze sculptures that incorporate elements of both man and machine, and schematic drawings for them; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Phillip Schreibman—Palette-knife applications of paint on canvas. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Portraits (of Harold Rosenberg and Saul Steinberg, for instance) and drawings. Through Nov. 8. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings of flowers. Through Nov. 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

R. Taylor (1902-70)—Cartoons. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Alice Valenstein—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings by a colorist. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Paintings and gouaches by an artist marking her seventy-fifth year. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

Robert White—Sculptures, mainly terra-cotta pieces, some of them modelled after his family and friends. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Master Paintings from the Hermitage and the State Russian Museum—An impeccably arranged benefit exhibit that includes thirty Western European paintings from the Hermitage (among them "The Lute Player," by Caravaggio, "Saskia as Flora," by Rem-

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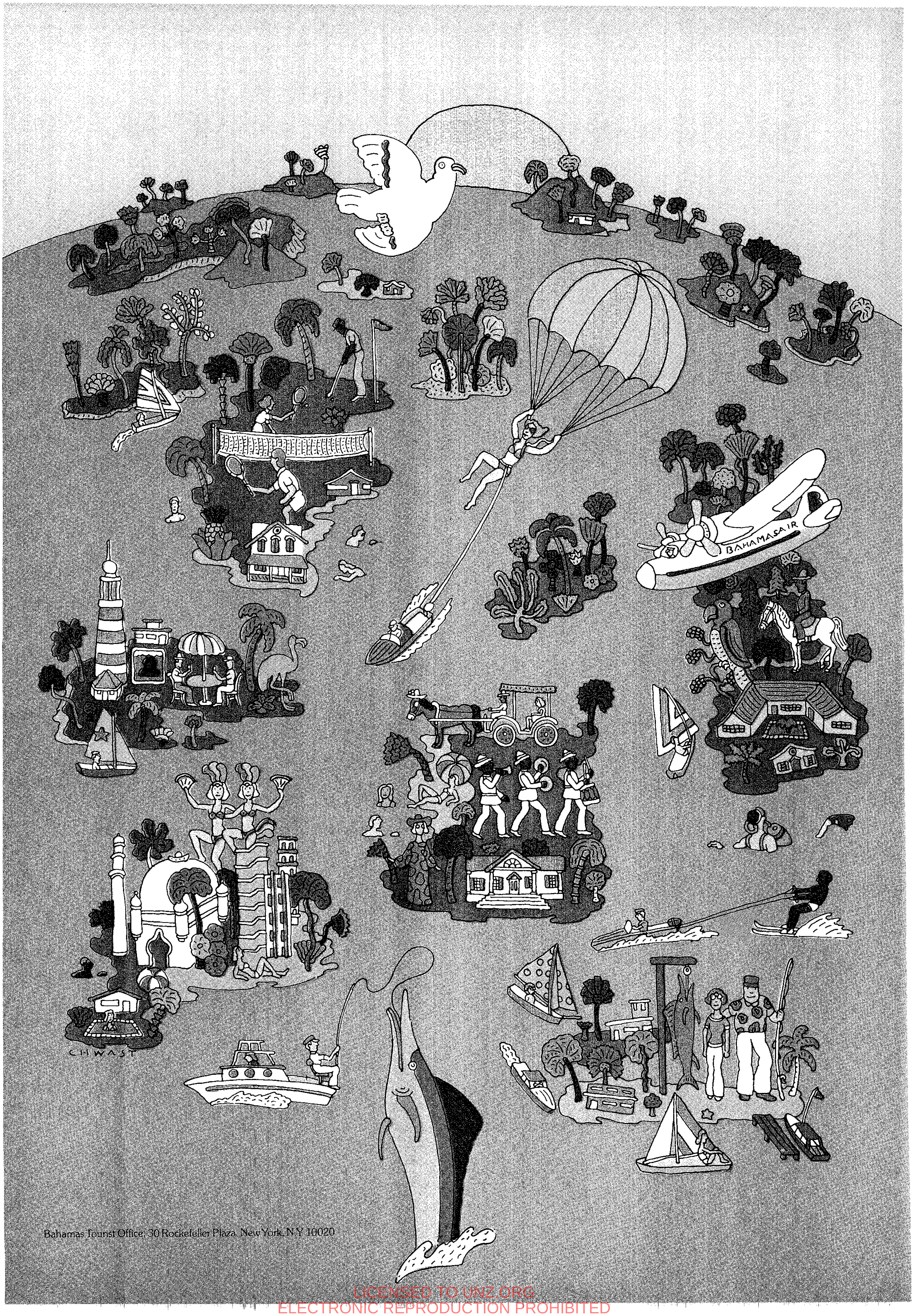
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

brandt, and "The Painter's Family," by Matisse), as well as thirteen paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Russian artists from the State Russian Museum. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **BYKERT,** 24 E. 81st St.: Fifty pieces of pottery from Mexico and New Mexico made by Mimbres Indians (a prehistoric sect of the Pueblo tribe). Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: An exhibit (entrance fee $1) of ancient Ecuadorian pottery on loan from public and private collections. Through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 25 E. 77th St.: "Rhéteur au Mur," a 1945 painting by Dubuffet on loan from the Baltimore Museum of Art, plus works by nine other artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by nineteenth-century Americans, including Eastman Johnson, Asher B. Durand, and George Inness. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Marisol, Mark Tobey, and Christo are contributors to a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings the gallery has acquired during the last five years. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **MC KEE,** 140 E. 63rd St.: A painting each by Francis Bacon, Philip Guston, and Franz Kline, plus sculptures by David Smith and Naum Gabo. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **WASHBURN,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Eight artists (Ilya Bolotowsky and Ad Reinhardt among them) in a showing of influential American abstract art from the early forties. Through Saturday, Oct. 25.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jane B. Armstrong—Stone sculptures, many of animal figures. Through Nov. 8. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Dusti Bongé—Abstractions painted in rich, resinous colors on translucent fibre-glass panels and lighted from behind give the effect of mystical stained-glass windows. Also, other works. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Watercolors and drawings covering his entire career. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Nine watercolors. Through Nov. 7. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Rackstraw Downes—Rural-industrial landscapes of upstate New York and Maine. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Kornblee, in a new location, at 20 W. 57th St.)

John Ferren (1906-70)—California themes—Pacific sunshine and eucalyptus groves, for instance—by an Abstract Expressionist who taught out there during the mid-fifties. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Günter Haese / Avigdor Arikha—Abstract geometric wire sculptures. / Realist paintings of interiors and commonplace objects found in them (worn shoes, umbrellas, bread and cheese). Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Hugh Kepets—Bright-colored realist paintings of New York building façades—most of them focussed on fire escapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—An architectural compactness and order pervade these collages, which are made of paperboard, cloth, and wood that has been cut, torn, stapled or glued down, and painted. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

František Kupka (1871-1957)—Drawings and gouaches, mostly, in an exhibit running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Nov. 15. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Jaunty small-scale figure sculptures of the thirties and forties in a show that coincides with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through Nov. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Peter Saul—Mural-size travesties of "George Washington Crossing the Delaware," "Guernica," "Custer's Last Stand," and "The Night Watch." Through Friday, Oct. 24.

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(Frumkin, in a new, branch location, at 50 W. 57th St.)

Michael Steiner—Geometric abstract steel sculptures. Through Nov. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **JANIS,** 6 W. 57th St.: Marisol, Saul Steinberg, David Parrish, George Segal, Tom Wesselmann, and Oyvind Fahlström are participants in a show of paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Interpretations of Maine by gallery painters who live there. Through Saturday, Oct. 25.

Sculpture—The thirty-eighth annual of the Sculptors Guild, this year honoring a founding member, Vincent Glinsky, and including three stone pieces by him, and a single work each by other members, in a variety of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 5. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Open Saturdays at 1.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—A hundred and thirty-one copper plates, each fifty centimetres square, laid flat on the floor in eight T-shaped formations that the artist calls Triodes. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Anips / Lucille Stillman—A mural-size painting in mixed mediums protesting the Kent State shootings, plus smaller works. / Figures in landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Frances Barth—One heroic-sized abstract painting in which large geometric forms, mostly triangular, are played against one another in deep, pure colors; and several smaller paintings in the same vein. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Ralph Carpentier / Budd Hopkins—Realist landscapes. / Recent collages. Through Nov. 6. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Jan Dibbets / Frank Owen—In each of these series, a blown-up color photograph of leaves is cut up into pieces, reorganized, and mounted on paperboard. / Large-scale abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jackie Ferrara—Pyramid-shaped, natural-color wooden constructions. Through Nov. 25. (Protetch, a new gallery, at 157 Spring St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Kayak-like constructions, watercolor drawings on navigational charts, and one room given over to an environment dimly lit by neon lights. Through Nov. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Eric Hoffmann / Norman B. Colp—Small watercolors and pencil drawings of building façades, in which the brickwork is done in incredibly minuscule detail. / Two dozen doorstops, filched from art galleries from here to Los Angeles and displayed in frames behind glass; most of them are crude wooden wedges, but there are two classy ones, of rubber, stolen from the Frumkin and Finch College galleries. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Mashiko Kimura—Carved-stone sculptures. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Jerry Ott—Big Photo-Realist nudes, presented with a sort of billboard straightforwardness. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Lucio Pozzi—Conceptual work (paintings, pastels, constructions) done during the past three years. Through Tuesday, Oct. 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Joel Shapiro—Sculptures in cast iron, bronze, and plaster. Also, large charcoal drawings. Through Nov. 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Arlene Sklar-Weinstein / Robbie Ehrlich—Semi-abstract paintings. / Acrylic paintings based on a grid. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Lynton Wells—Photo-Realist images of plants, floodlights, and other objects painted on black-and-white photographs. Through Nov. 8. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Show—*About thirty drawings and one* immense scroll by the irrepressible John Fawcett, whose whole life is in the public domain, thanks to his non-stop comic-strip diary; small paintings by Leonard Dufresne; textural works by Dan Davidson; and shaped canvases by Patrick Kelly. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Cecil C. Bell (1906-70)—Gouaches, pastels, and oils depicting street, dock, and harbor scenes of New York City, by an artist who was a student of John Sloan. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Nearly forty prints, with examples from his entire career. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Three Buildings—Photographs and drawings (with explanatory text) that trace the historical and architectural influence of Grand Central Terminal, the New York Public Library, and the Times Tower on 42nd Street. Through Nov. 5. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE,** 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibition of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.). . . **WESTBETH,** 155 Bank St.: A variety of works by members of this coöperative. Through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—More than a hundred photographs of Paris, its environs, and its people by a master documentarian. Through Nov. 29. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Mark Cohen / Duane Michals—Sharply defined prints in black-and-white and color that depict the human figure in bizarre fragments. / Recent small pictures accompanied by the photographer's brief handwritten explanations (sometimes in the form of limericks). Through Nov. 8. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Frederick H. Evans (1853-1943)—Platinum prints, *mostly of architectural subjects,* as well as several portraits and landscapes. Through Nov. 22. (Helios, a new gallery, at 26 E. 78th St.)

Seymour Jacobs / Sy Rubin—Photographs of people taken at Brighton Beach. / Pictures of people in the city—alone and in crowds. Through Nov. 9. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Marcia Keegan / Stella Snead—Photographs of people who were once vaudeville performers. / Black-and-white prints of beach subjects, mostly. Through Nov. 16. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

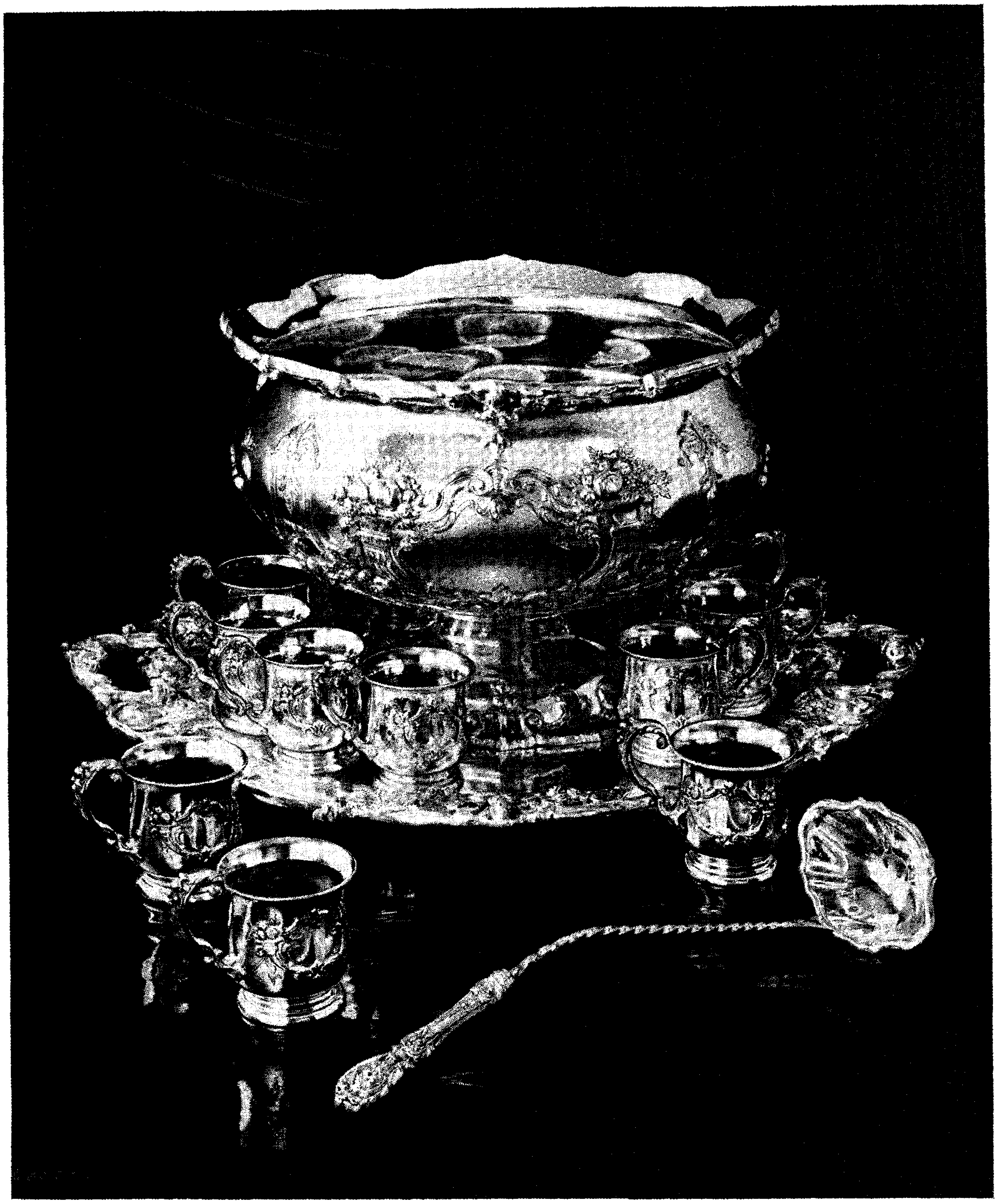
Josef Koudelka—Photographs of Gypsies and country people, some of which appeared in his show at the Museum of Modern Art last spring. Also, new work. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

August Sander (1876-1964)—Portraits and a few landscapes by a German master photographer. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James Van DerZee—Pictures of people in Harlem in the early nineteen-hundreds, displayed aboard a houseboat. Through Nov. 23. (W. 79th St. Boat Basin. Saturdays and Sundays, 12:30 to 5.)

Tom Yahashi—Rural scenes; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 11. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of the photographs of Gordon Parks. . . . ¶ A survey of Polaroid color photography including examples by Ansel



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Adams, Walker Evans, and Lucas Samaras. Both exhibitions through Nov. 11. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Photographs of New York, Paris, and London taken in the thirties by Berenice Abbott, Brassaï, and Bill Brandt. Through Nov. 29. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of the work of four Surrealist photographers—Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Through Jan. 4. A complementary exhibit is at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Seventeen drawings, by Matisse, Willem de Kooning, Giacometti, and others, which were recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Four Surrealist photographers. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ "Printsequence" is an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Collage paintings by Jiří Kolář, a contemporary Czech artist showing here for the first time. Through Nov. 16. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Willard Gallery, 29 E. 72nd St. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of František Kupka, a pioneer Czech experimentalist, made up of about a hundred and eighty paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 7. A complementary show is at the Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An Elie Nadelman retrospective of figurative sculptures in wood, stone, metal, and terra-cotta, plus drawings. Through Nov. 30. A complementary show is at the Zabriskie Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Sunday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Richard Tuttle, a young experimental artist. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Constructivist paintings by Dennis Ashbaugh. Through Nov. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 27, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty women artists are each represented by a single work on paper in a show that offers a wide range of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Oct. 27, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Nepal: Where the Gods Are Young" is an exhibit of the religious art (eighth century to the nineteenth) of Nepal, where Buddhist and Hindu deities are invariably depicted as youthful. Through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"Art Treasures from the Imperial Collections," a selection of traditional Japanese art from the thirteenth century to the present, including eleven works by emperors and empresses. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Daily, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Early illustrated children's books. . . . ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentenary includes personal artifacts as well as first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts. Both exhibitions through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Tramp Art" is the title of an exhibit of carved-wood furnishings—bedposts, lamp stands, mirrors, ashtrays—made by itinerants of a sort. The pieces date from 1860 to the thirties and are arranged in room settings. Through Nov. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of bags: embroidered bags from Asia, a sporran from Scotland, shopping bags designed by Lichtenstein and Warhol, Oldenburg's kinetic "Ice Bag," and so on. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred paintings, sculptures, and graphics by deceased members of the academy in an exhibit arranged to mark the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the institution's founding. Through Nov. 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 22: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Kubiak, Roberta Peters, Maureen Forrester, Nicolai Gedda, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Costanza Cuccaro, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Kostas Paskalis, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 24: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Fedora Barbieri, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 25: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, John Macurdy, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 27: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Kubiak, Roberta Peters, Maureen Forrester, Nicolai Gedda, and Louis Quilico; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 28: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Andrij Dobriansky; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 29: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 30: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and Matteo Manuguerra; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 31: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Costanza Cuccaro, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Kostas Paskalis, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 1: "Così Fan Tutte," with Elizabeth Harwood, Anne Howells, Colette Boky, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, and Renato Capecchi; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 1: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, John Macurdy, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Oct. 25, at 1:30, and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Glenys Fowles, Judith DeRosa, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; conducted by Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7: A new production of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, Gary Glaze, and John Alexander; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Diana Soviero, David Griffith, Thomas Jamerson, and Charles Roe; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: "Turandot," with Rachel Mathes, Marianna Christos, Kenneth Collins, and Willard White; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Elizabeth Haley, William McDonald, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 1: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, Gary Glaze, and John Alexander; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Sung-Sook Lee, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, Gary Glaze, and John Alexander; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "The Turn of the Screw," with Eileen Schauler, Emily Derr, John Lankston, and Jerold Siena; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Roberta Palmer, José Carreras, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Eleanor Bergquist, Sandra Walker, John Alexander, and Gary Glaze; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Howard Hensel, and Richard Fredricks; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patricia Craig, Elizabeth Haley, William McDonald, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting two all-Mozart programs—Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 24, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Leinsdorf, Rudolf Firkusny, and Carlos Moseley, pianos). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 31, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 7:30 (all with John Cerminaro, French horn).

Hague Philharmonic—Jean Martinon conducting, with Myung-Whun Chung, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic—Michael Tilson Thomas directing, with the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus—Frederic Waldman directing, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Jorge Mester directing, with Lorna Haywood, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Toshiya Eto—Violin, with Leslie Parnas, cello, and the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Richard Dufallo. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Alan Titus—Baritone. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Daniel Waitzman and Elaine Comparone—Conical Boehm flute and harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Gustav Leonhardt—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Maro Ajemian—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Frans Brueggen and Alan Curtis—Baroque flute/recorder and harpsichord, in the second of two all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Mirecourt Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Vermeer Quartet—With Benita Valente, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Heidi Lehwalder, harp; Jaime Laredo, violin; Paula Robison, flute; Barry Tuckwell and Paul Ingraham, French horn; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 5, and Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30.)

Viktor Friedman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Katia Ricciarelli and José Carreras—Soprano and tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Jörg Demus—Baritone and piano, in an all-Mahler program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Ursula Oppens—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Vladimir Spivakov—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

New American Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Menahem Pressler—Cello and piano, in a Beethoven-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Sergiu Luca and Emanuel Ax—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Jean-Bernard Pommier—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Baroque Music Masters—With Paul Sperry, tenor. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Memorial Tribute to Norman Treigle—A benefit concert, with John Alexander, Martina Arroyo, Frances Bible, Patricia Brooks, Dominic Cossa, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Phyllis Curtin, Justino Diaz, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Mignon Dunn, Richard Fredricks, Cynthia Gregory, Herman Malamood, Peter Martins, Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, Beverly Sills, Nancy Shade, Olivia Stapp, Harry Theyard, and the New York City Opera Chorus. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call TR 4-4700, Ext. 258.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:05.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 25 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 1 (all games at 1:30): Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

Professional Football—At Shea Stadium (all games at 1)—Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, Sunday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, Saturday, Nov. 1.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Thursday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 1.

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays; last day Tuesday, Nov. 4. Through Saturday, Oct. 25, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30 on weekdays and 1:05 on Sundays. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 25; the Great American, Wednesday, Oct. 29; and the Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 1. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 22-24, between 10:15 and 1; Saturday, Oct. 25, between 10:15 and 1:15; Sunday, Oct. 26, between 10 and 1; Monday, Oct. 27, and Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 29-31, between 9:45 and 12:15; and Saturday, Nov. 1, between 9:45 and 12:30.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Selima Stakes, Saturday, Oct. 25, and the Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Nov. 1.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

ET ALIA

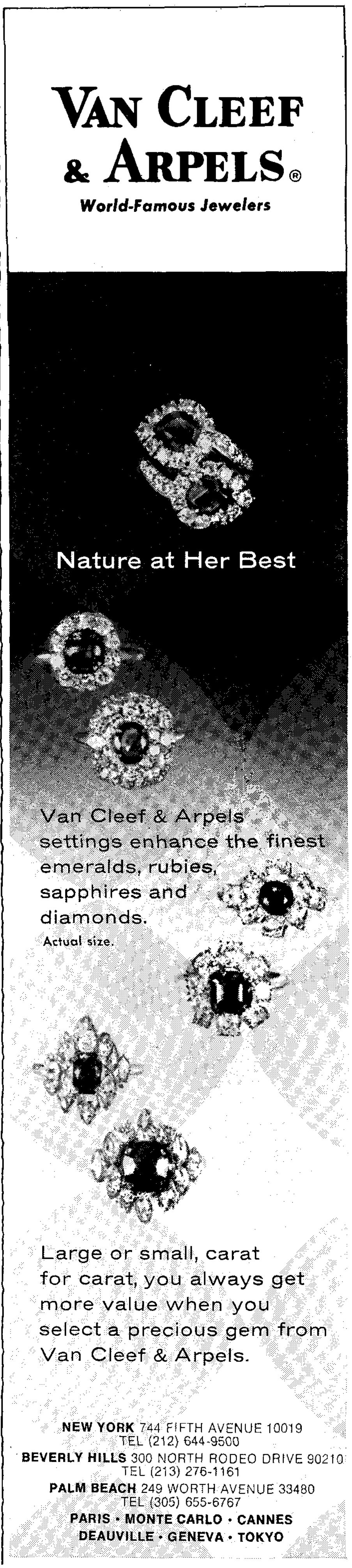
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Lecture—The first in a series of four lectures under the title "About Food," this one given by Julia Child. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 10:30 A.M.)

Poetry Readings—Daniel Hoffman reading from the works of Edgar Allan Poe. (Art Gallery, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors by Klee, Marini, Dubuffet, and others; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings by such artists as Monet, Mondrian, Dali, and Picasso; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 2: Modern paintings, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8, and Friday, Oct. 24, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and works of art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 2: Nineteenth-century animalier bronze sculptures by Antoine-Louis Barye; from the collection of the late Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 24.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Nashville."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Oct. 25: "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Ziegfeld Girl."
Oct. 26: "Treasure Island" and "Alice in Wonderland."
Oct. 27-28: "Cabin in the Cotton" and "Dangerous."
Oct. 29: "How to Steal a Million" and "Charade."
From Oct. 30: "The Big Heat" and "Scarlet Street."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 28: "The Drowning Pool" and "Performance."
From Oct. 29: "Rollerball" and "Slither."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 28: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" and "Blackbeard, the Pirate."
From Oct. 29: "A Hard Day's Night," "Help!," "Let It Be," and "Yellow Submarine."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 28: "Tommy."
From Oct. 29: "The Wind and the Lion."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Rooster Cogburn."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 30 (tentative): "Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 23: "Love and Death."
From Oct. 24: "Abduction."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Hearts of the West."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Texas Chain Saw Massacre."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Exhibition" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Conduct Unbecoming."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Royal Flash."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 27: "Yessongs."
From Oct. 27 at 7:30: "The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Undercovers Hero."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Sweet Movie."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Hard Times."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Smile."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (also titled "The Mystery of Kasper Hauser").

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 25: "A Pain in the A.."
From Oct. 26: "The Devil Is a Woman."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Three Days of the Condor."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 28: "The Day of the Locust."
From Oct. 29: "Bite the Bullet."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Oct. 28: "Le Sex Shop."
From Oct. 29: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Oct. 28: "Liza."
From Oct. 29: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 23: "The Passenger."
From Oct. 24: "Benji."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Undercovers Hero."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mahogany."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Rooster Cogburn."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Let's Do It Again."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 28: "Hard Times."
From Oct. 29: "Take a Hard Ride."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Oct. 23: "The Master Gunfighter."
From Oct. 24: "Abduction."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 22: "Trans-Europ-Express" and "The Man Who Lies."
Oct. 23: "La Dolce Vita" and "8½."
Oct. 24: "The Mother and the Whore."
Oct. 25: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
Oct. 26: "The Red Shoes" and "Romeo and Juliet."
Oct. 27: "Day for Night" and "Contempt."
Oct. 28: "Pirosmani" and "The Odd People."
Oct. 29: "Le Jeu avec le Feu" and "L'Eden et Après."
Oct. 30: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Fellini Satyricon."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"A Pain in the A.."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Undercovers Hero."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 28 at one or another of the theatres: "The Day of the Locust" and "The Conversation" / "Milestones" / "Oriental Blue" and "Teenage Cowgirls" (both X-rated).... ¶ Through Oct. 23: "The Thing" and "Isle of the Dead."... ¶ Oct. 24-25: "Cat People" and "I Walked with a Zombie."... ¶ Oct. 26-28: "Mighty Joe Young" and "Son of Kong."
From Oct. 29: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Just Before Nightfall."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lisztomania."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Let's Do It Again."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 28: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Oct. 29: "Rollerball" and "Slither."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Down the Ancient Stairs."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 22: "Morocco" and "Dishonored."
Oct. 23: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Los Olvidados."
Oct. 24: "Hail the Conquering Hero" and "Sullivan's Travels."
Oct. 25: "The Seventh Seal" and "Day of Wrath."
Oct. 26: "Donkey Skin" and "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg."
Oct. 27: "Murder, My Sweet" and "The Blue Dahlia."
Oct. 28: "Rules of the Game" and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange."
Oct. 29: "An American Tragedy" and "Shanghai Express."
Oct. 30: "Shoe-Shine" and "The Bicycle Thief."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Smile."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 23: "The Exorcist."
From Oct. 24: "Benji."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Night of Counting the Years."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Farewell, My Lovely."
Theatre 2: "Nashville."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 23: "The Exorcist."
From Oct. 24: "Abduction."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 28: "A Pain in the A.." and "Bed and Board."
From Oct. 29: To be announced.

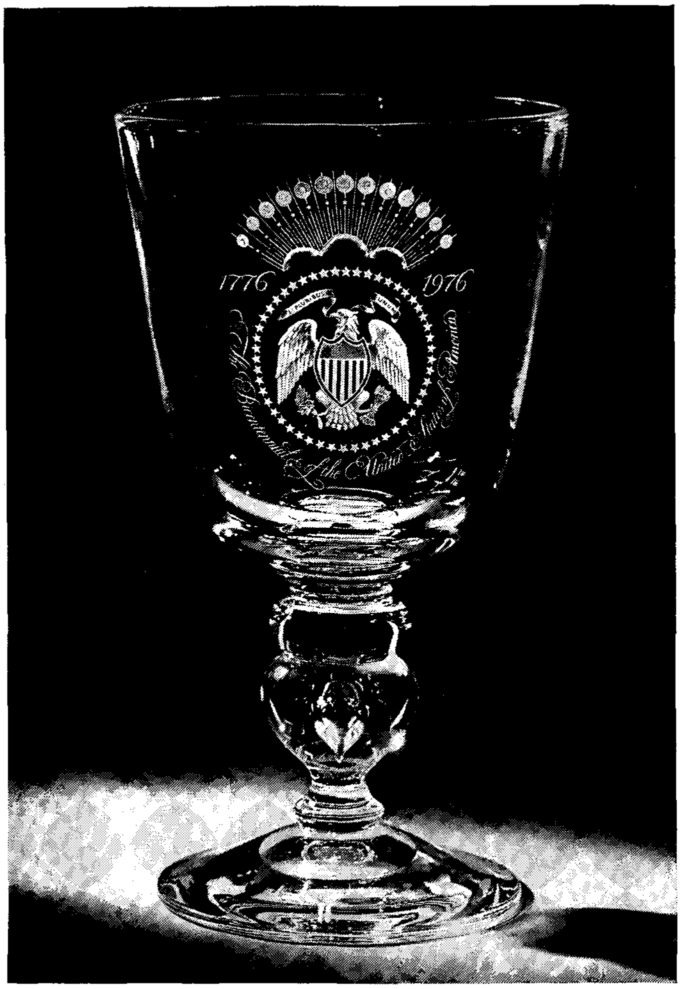
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 28: "Dirty Harry" and "Magnum Force."
From Oct. 29: "A Touch of Class" and "The Ruling Class."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Undercovers Hero."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 28: "Tommy" and "The Last American Hero."
From Oct. 29: "The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 22 at 2: "Wir Bitten zum Tanz" (1941), in German, directed by Hubert Marischka; no English subtitles.... ¶ Oct. 23 at 5:30: "The Forty-First" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Yakov Protazanov; no English inter-titles.... ¶ Oct. 23 at 8: "Alice in the Cities" (1974), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; English subtitles.... ¶ Oct. 24 at 2: "Don Diego and Pelageya" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Yakov Protazanov; no English inter-titles.... ¶ Oct. 24 at 5:30 and Oct. 25 at noon: "Rashomon" (1950), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune and Machiko Kyo; English subtitles.... ¶ Oct. 25 at 3: "Three Thieves" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Yakov Protazanov; no English inter-titles.... ¶ Oct. 25 at 5:30: "The Man from the Restaurant" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Yakov Protazanov; no English inter-titles.... ¶ Oct. 26 at 12:30 and 3: "In Search of the Bowhead Whale" (1974), directed by Bill Mason.... ¶ Oct. 26 at 5:30: "Don Diego and Pelageya."... ¶ Oct. 27 at 2: "The Forty-First."... ¶ Oct. 27 at 5:30: "A Woman of the World" (1925), directed by Malcolm St. Clair, with Pola Negri and Charles Emmett Mack.... ¶ Oct. 28 at 2: "The Man from the Restaurant."... ¶ Oct. 28 at 5:30: "Woo Who? May Wilson" (1969) and "Nana, Mom and Me" (1974), both directed by Amalie Rothschild.... ¶ Oct. 29 at 2: "A Woman of the World."... ¶ Oct. 30 at 5:30: "Three Comrades and One Invention" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexei Popov; no English inter-titles.... ¶ Oct. 30 at 8: "Schoolteacher Hofer"



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(1974), in German, directed by Peter Lilienthal; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 28: "Pursuit," directed by Bruce Nauman and Frank Owen; and "Pine Barrens," directed by Nancy Holt. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 29: "Places and Fantasies," a program of five short films. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Rice, Smith, Snow, Sharitis, Benglis, Warhol, and contemporary French independent filmmakers. Showings Oct. 22-23 at 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 24 at 6, 8, and 9:30; Oct. 25 at 2:30 and 6; Oct. 26 at 8; and Oct. 28-30 at 6, 8, and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Oct. 23-26: "Pull My Daisy" (1959), "Weegee's New York" (1950), "Skyscraper" (1959), and "N.Y., N.Y." (1957). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 30: Three films by Joyce Chopra. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Abduction—With Gregory Rozakis and David Pendleton, directed by Joseph Zito. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 24.)

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to face lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventful meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (Cinema Village; through Oct. 28.)

Alice in Wonderland (1933)—Charmless, wooden version, with Paramount's most famous stars barely recognizable—and then only by their voices, since they appear in huge false heads. And though it's fun to recognize them that way, those voices don't do much for the Lewis Carroll lines. The film was lavishly produced, with great care given to the settings and the costumes and the makeup, but the spirit is missing. Charlotte Henry plays Alice (with plucked eyebrows), Cary Grant is the Mock Turtle, Gary Cooper is the White Knight, Louise Fazenda is the White Queen, Richard Arlen is the Cheshire Cat, Jack Oakie is Tweedledum, and Alison Skipworth is the Duchess. Perhaps the most memorable, however, are W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen, Sterling Holloway as the Frog, and Baby Le Roy as the Joker. Norman McLeod directed; the text, by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies, includes material from "Through the Looking Glass." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 26.)

An American Tragedy (1931)—This version of the Dreiser novel, scripted by Samuel Hoffenstein and directed by Josef von Sternberg, is best in the scenes relating to the poor factory girl, Roberta (Sylvia Sidney), and her drowning; Sylvia Sidney is so appealing that the pathos of Roberta's situation is intensified. However, the film vulgarizes Dreiser's conception of Clyde Griffiths (the handsome, long-jawed, blond Phillips Holmes, who died young), and turns his drives and actions into tabloid commonplaces. Von Sternberg shows surprisingly little of the feeling for psychological complexity that he had brought to "The Blue Angel" the year before, and Dreiser furiously protested this picture (he sued Paramount). Although the film respects his framework, it seems indifferent to what it meant in the novel. What's left—a tragic romance—is still affecting. Frances Dee is the rich Sondra (the role Elizabeth Taylor played in a later version, "A Place in the Sun"), and the cast includes Irving Pichel. Lee Garmes is the cinematographer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (New Yorker; through Oct. 28.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Guild. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 24.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This Neo-Realist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Césare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 30.)

The Big Heat (1953)—It would be a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style and brought off a few stunningly executed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is a cop who ignores the orders of the brass and investigates a gangster (Alexander Scourby). Scourby's men plant a bomb in Ford's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) blows up. One of the gangsters (Lee Marvin) also throws scalding coffee at the high-living, tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame). Ford leaves the Police Department, and with Grahame's aid he enables the film to accumulate corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 30.)

Bite the Bullet—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (72nd Street East; starting Oct. 29.)

Blackbeard, the Pirate (1952)—With Robert Newton and Linda Darnell, directed by Raoul Walsh. (Cinema Village; through Oct. 28.)

The Blue Dahlia (1946)—Raymond Chandler wrote the screenplay of this untidily complicated thriller, directed by George Marshall. It threatens to turn into something, but it never does. The plot involves Alan Ladd as a Navy flyer out to revenge the murder of his wife (Doris Dowling); a night-club proprietor (Howard da Silva) whose own estranged wife (Veronica Lake) is hot for the flyer; and the flyer's psychoneurotic buddy (William Bendix) who can never remember just what he's been up to. There are also voyeurs, blackmailers, baffled cops, and mugs in the pay of the night-club proprietor. Ladd takes many a mauling before he gathers the heroine (Lake) in his arms. With Frank Faylen and Tom Powers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 27.)

Cabin in the Cotton (1932)—Bette Davis in her first wickedly sexy role, trying to tempt Richard Barthelmess away from virtue (Dorothy Jordan). The melodrama about the cheating Southern planters is naively socially conscious, but Davis has a lot of flesh impact. Michael Curtiz directed; with Henry B. Walthall, Clarence Muse, and oily, villainous Berton Churchill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 27-28.)

Cat People (1942)—The psychoanalyst (Tom Conway) calmly explains to his patient (Simone Simon) that her idea that she is turning into a member of the cat family is a fantasy; she silences him with fang and talon. Val Lewton made his name as a producer with this ironic horror film, produced for R.K.O. on a minuscule budget. While other horror producers were still using gorillas, haunted houses, and disembodied arms, Lewton and the director, Jacques Tourneur, employed suggestion, creepy sound effects, and inventive camera angles, leaving everything to the viewers' fear-filled imagination. Lewton pictures aren't really very good, but they're so much better than the almost totally incompetent horror trash that was being turned out at the time that his ingenuity seemed practically revolutionary. Some of the sequences, such as the scare at the swimming pool, are in their own way classic. The acting of most of the cast isn't up to the effects; with Kent Smith as the Cat Woman's husband. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 24-25.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps, and love triumphs. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

Conduct Unbecoming—With Michael York, Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard, Stacy Keach, Christopher Plummer, and Susannah York; directed by Michael Anderson. (Baronet.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 27.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/15/74.) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 28.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much by the same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. This is 1935, and he is at the bottom of the heap. We see him, looking hungry, spending as much time as possible in bed, writing Wild West stories that nobody reads. Jules Berry is his foppishly dressed employer, a gifted embezzler. Some scenes have the temperament of Restoration comedy. The film amounts to a fable about capitalism, to a caustic revenge farce, to an idyll sweetened by the grace of reprieve as the lovers on the run push their luck in a plundered interlude before the hero is caught. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 28.)

Dangerous (1936)—Bette Davis is such an eerie stimulant in this movie that you can see why some people loved her and others hated her, while still others were split. This is the mawkish, trashy movie in which she won her first Academy Award; the award was generally considered to be belated recognition of her work the year before in "Of Human Bondage," but terrible as "Dangerous" is, she hypes with an intensity that frequently makes it exciting. She plays Joyce Heath, a self-destructive, hard-drinking actress (possibly modelled on Jeanne Eagels) who is convinced that she jinxes the people she gets involved with. Davis is remarkable in her gone-to-the-dogs barroom scene, and she can be tough and surly, as in her scene with Alison Skipworth ("I don't want any of your greasy food; give me a drink"), but nobody could do much with the sequences in which she's required to renounce her true love, an architect (Franchot Tone), and sacrifice herself to the mealymouthed, dependent husband (John Eldredge) who is crippled for life as a result of her enraged, suicidal driving. Alfred E. Green directed, without much control over the tone, so that certain scenes seemed ludicrous even when the picture first came out. With Margaret Lindsay and Dick Foran. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 27-28.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply

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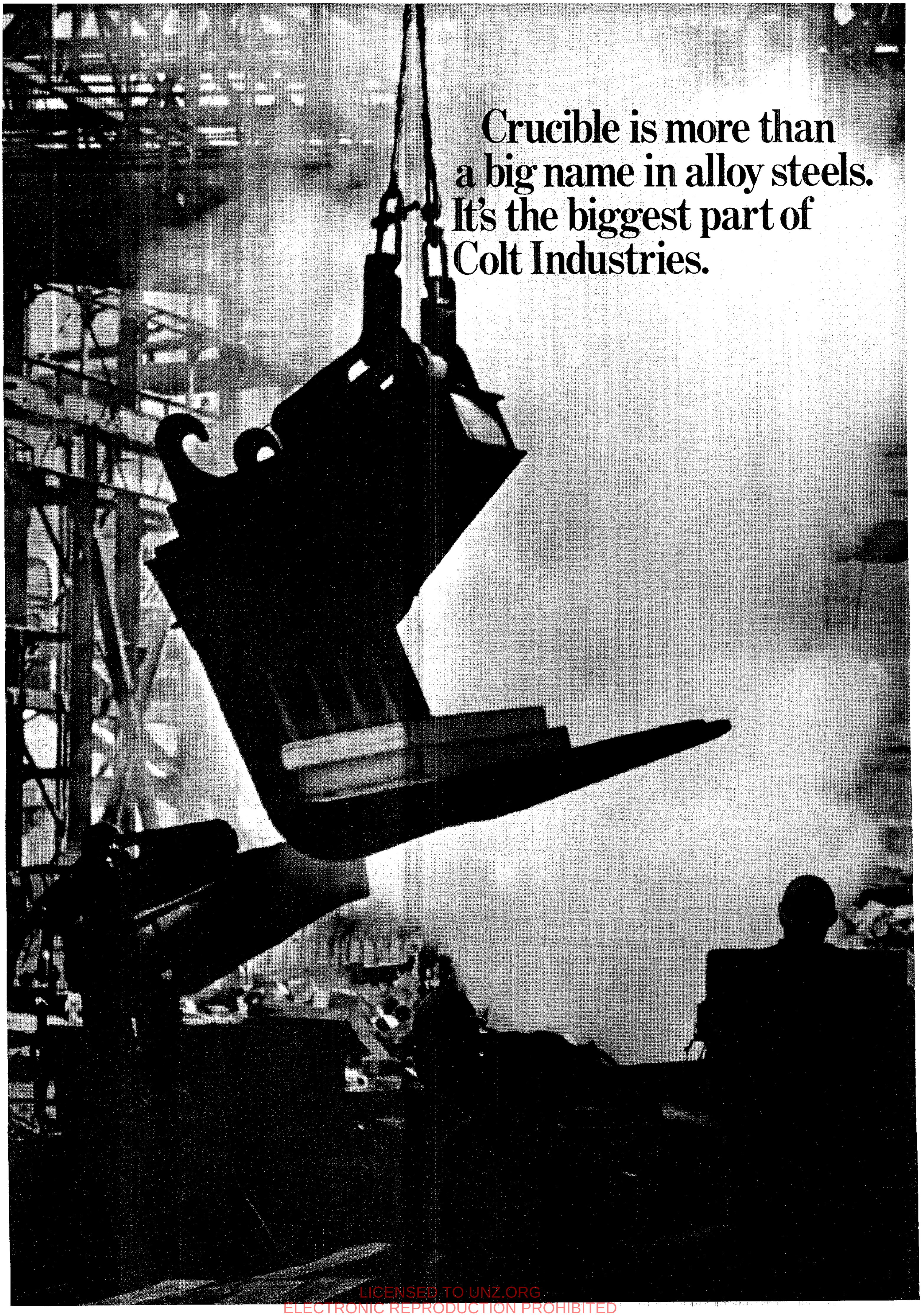
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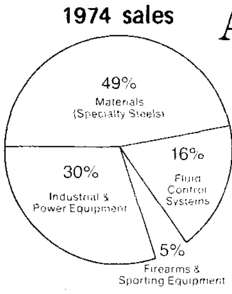

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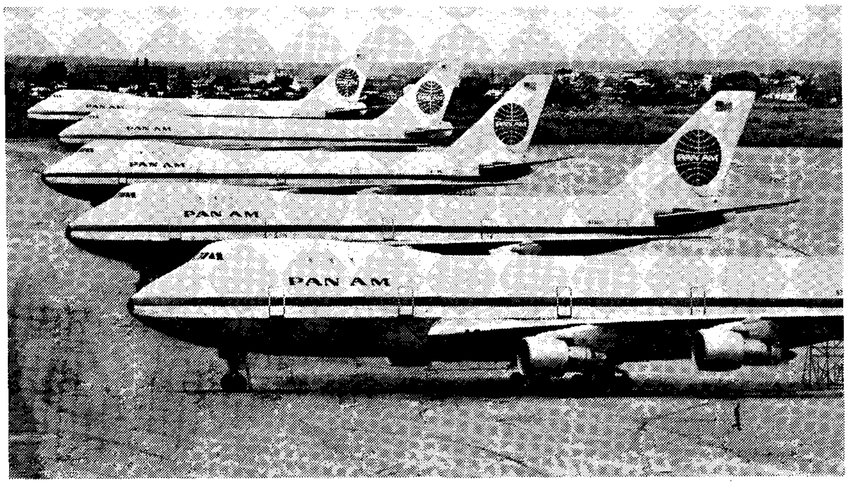

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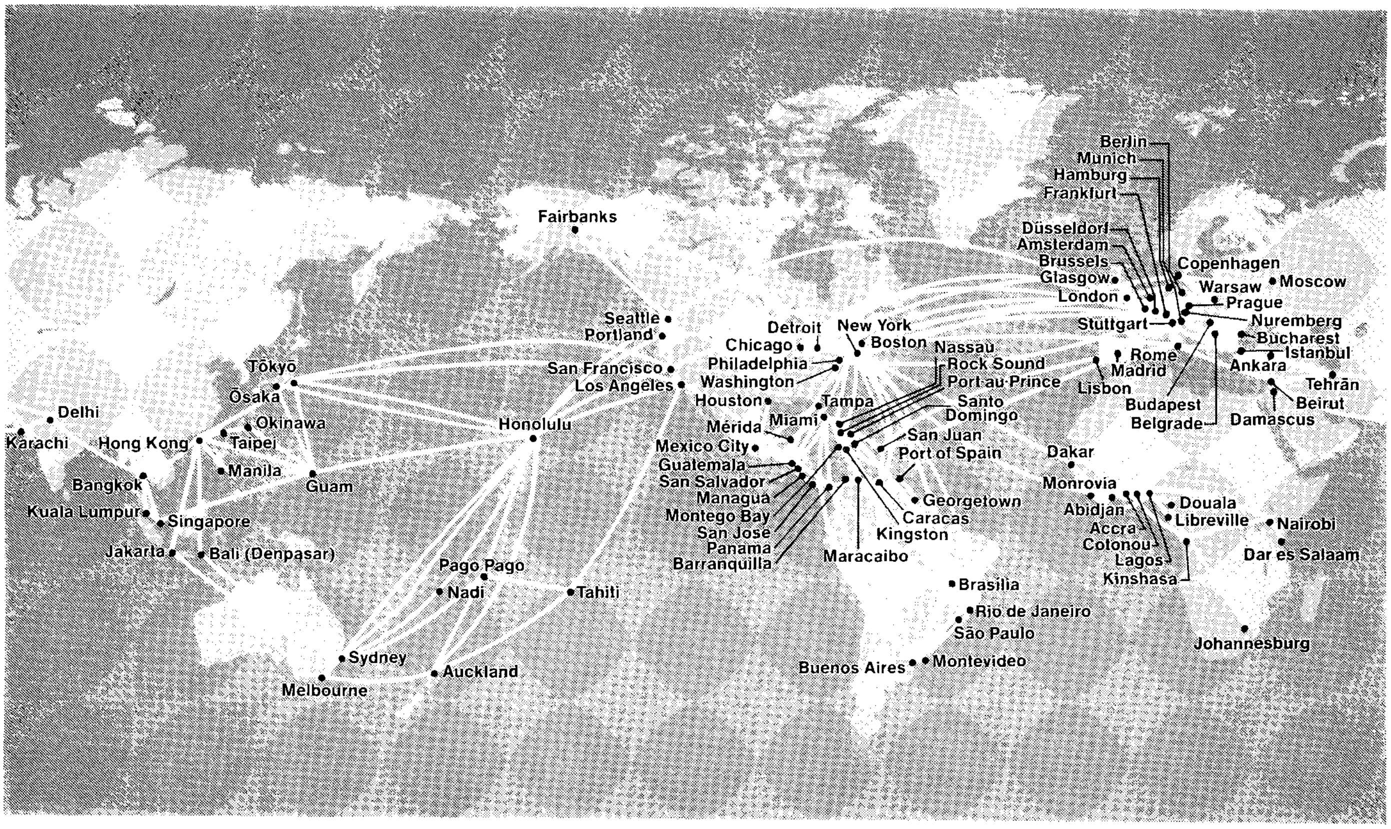

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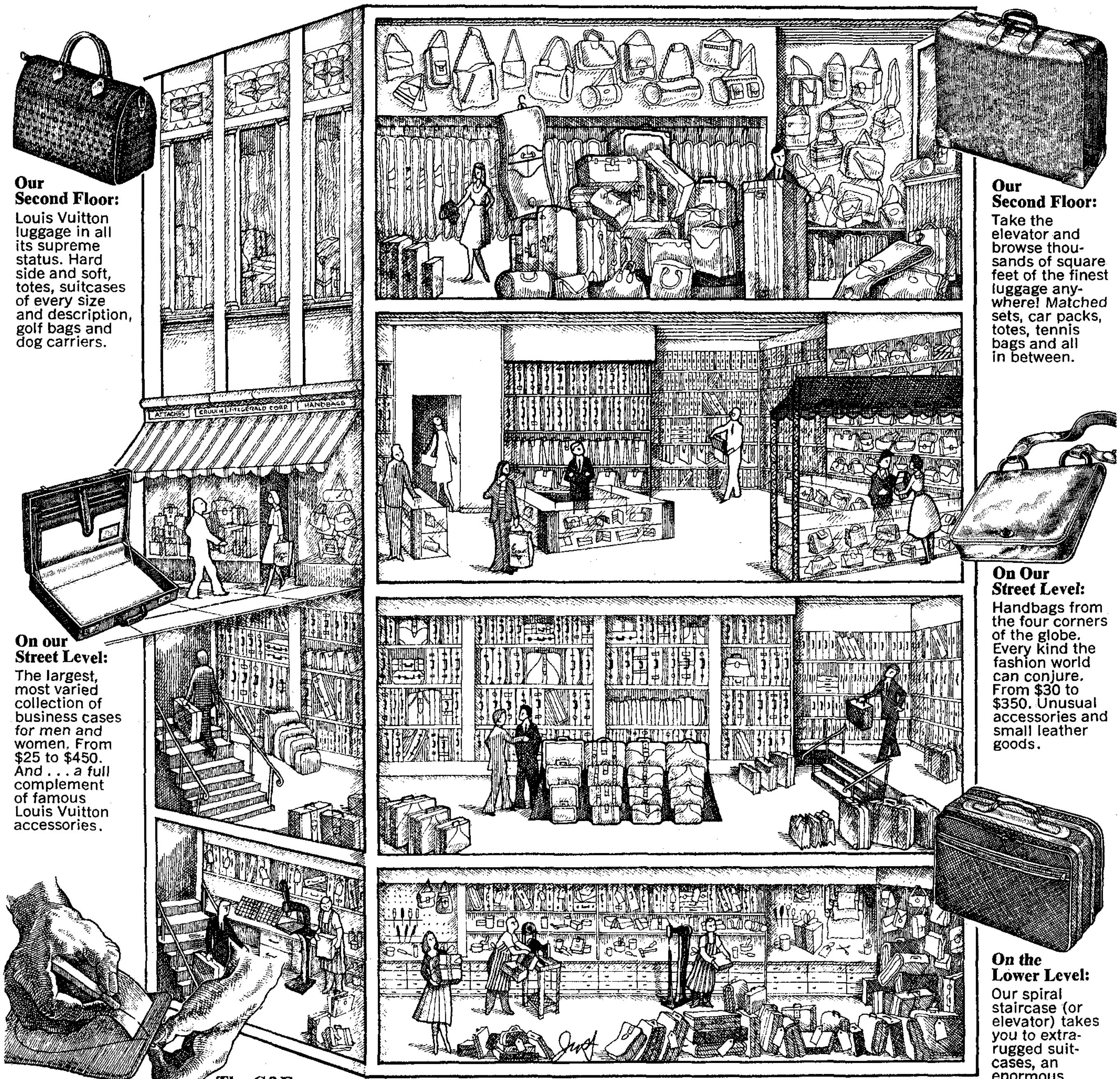

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 27.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 28.)

Day of Wrath (1943)—It has been said that Carl Dreyer's art begins to unfold just at the point where most directors give up, and this psychological masterpiece, suggesting a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka, is the proof. In 1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death because of her love for his son. When the pastor falls dead, she is tried for witchcraft. Accused of being a witch, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be. As all possibility of hope is stripped away from her, one's identification with her fear becomes unbearable; then Dreyer dissolves our terror as she is purified beyond even fear. The most powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, it explores the erotic fears of the "witch" and her accusers. In Danish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 25.)

The Devil Is a Woman—With Glenda Jackson, directed by Damiano Damiani. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 26.)

Dirty Harry (1971)—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Symphony; through Oct. 28.)

Dishonored (1931)—Dietrich, directed by von Sternberg, ecstatically plays the piano in a death cell. Absurd, but the best von Sternberg, and *echt* Dietrich. She seems always to come from another planet, and to be the only inhabitant of it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 23.)

Donkey Skin—Jacques Demy's Cinderella story about Catherine Deneuve dressed up in a donkey skin and working as a skivvy, but we all know she's Chanel No. 5 and the only person whose finger the prince's ring will fit. Wallpaper film, with pretty music by Michel Legrand. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 26.)

Down the Ancient Stairs—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Mauro Bolognini. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Drowning Pool—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (6/30/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 28.)

L'Eden et Après (1971)—With Catherine Jourdan and Pierre Zimmer, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 29.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 23.)

Every Man for Himself and God Against All—The story of Kasper Hauser, chained in a dungeon from infancy and fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. When he is an adult, the man carries him to a town square and abandons him. The townspeople train him in human habits and educate him, while he tries to retain his new-found pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, he is struck down by the caped figure, who returns and murders him. The Werner Herzog film, set in early-nineteenth-century Germany and based on an actual case, is a double fable, intermingling the deadening effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of the universe. Herzog has a visionary, estranged style; everyone is alone, immobilized, slightly stiff, and the film is a succession of unbalanced, slanted images. But this style is undramatic; it's numbingly pure. You fight to keep your eyes open. In German. (10/20/75) (Beekman.)

Exhibition—A documentary, by Jean-François Davy, about the public and private life of Claudine Beccarie, the French pornographic-film actress. (Fine Arts.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means; levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Cinema Studio, and Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 23.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 23.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 30.)

Hail the Conquering Hero (1944)—If you've never seen one of Preston Sturges's classic comedies, you may not quite know what hit you. He uses verbal slapstick as well as visual slapstick, and his comic timing is so quirkily effective that the dialogue keeps popping off, like a string of firecrackers. This satire on hero worship, patriotism, and mother love is one of his very best films. Eddie Bracken, son of his town's biggest First World War hero, joins the Marines in the Second World War and is discharged for hay fever. Ashamed, he writes his mother that he's been sent overseas, and thinking he can never return home, tells his girl (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her anymore. But one night he's out drinking with six Marines, and one of them, known as Bugsy, for good reason, tells him he should go home and see his beautiful mother; the sergeant (William Demarest) agrees, and they drag him home, claiming that he's a war hero. The town goes mad. With Freddie Steele, once middle-weight boxing champion of the world, as Bugsy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Cinema Village; starting Oct. 29.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Cinema Village; starting Oct. 29.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Columbia I. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 28.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stuntman in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. The people and the atmosphere are so good that one wants more of them; the rinky-dink chase plot isn't needed at all, and there are also unnecessary complications involving Herbert Edelman, as a Western-pulp publisher. But it's a film that plays on in the mind. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Sutton.)

Hester Street—With Steven Keats and Carol Kane, directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (Plaza.)

How to Steal a Million (1966)—An expensive cast in an anemic suspense comedy-romance. Audrey Hepburn is the devoted daughter of a vain, roguish art forger (Hugh Griffith); in order to save him from jail, she persuades a detective (Peter O'Toole) to help her steal a bogus Cellini "Venus" that her father has exhibited in a Paris museum. William Wyler directed, from a rather tired screenplay by Harry Kurnitz. The picture isn't offensive, and it's handsome enough, but it's just blah. With Charles Boyer, Eli Wallach, Marcel Dalio, and Fernand Gravey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

Isle of the Dead (1945)—Val Lewton produced, but except for a few touches, it's a mess—something about demons on a plague-ridden Greek island, involving premature burial and evil possession of the resurrected body. Boris Karloff and Katherine Emery are the leads; she comes out of her crypt and starts stabbing people with a trident. With Ellen Drew, Alan Napier, and Jason Robards, Sr., in a surprisingly poor performance. Mark Robson directed. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

I Walked with a Zombie (1943)—Horror picture, directed by Jacques Tourneur, about witchcraft and voodoo running wild in Haiti. The script derived from, of all things, "Jane Eyre." The heroine is the victim of a mysterious malady that has left her a speechless catatonic. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 24-25.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East; through Oct. 30, tentative.)

Le Jeu avec le Feu (1974)—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 30.)

Just Before Nightfall—Ostensibly about a sado-masochistic killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Claude Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol. In French. (8/4/75) (Elgin.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on back roads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (Olympia; through Oct. 28.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for very likely the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Cinema Village; starting Oct. 29.)

Let's Do It Again—A sequel to "Uptown Saturday Night," with Sidney Poitier and Bill Cosby repeating their original roles. Mr. Poitier is again the director. (86th St. East, and Festival.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

Lisztomania—With Roger Daltrey, directed by Ken Russell. (Ziegfeld.)

Liza—With Catherine Deneuve and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Marco Ferreri. (Juliet 2; through Oct. 28.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Eastside Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

Magnum Force (1973)—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (1/14/74) (Symphony; through Oct. 28.)

Mahogany—With Diana Ross, Anthony Perkins, and Billy Dee Williams; directed by Berry Gordy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Orpheum.)

The Man Who Lies (1970)—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 22.)

The Master Gunfighter—With Tom Laughlin, directed by Frank Laughlin. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Oct. 23.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 25.)

Mighty Joe Young (1949)—King Kong domesticized and turned into a children's pet. Terry Moore plays the orphan girl, raised in Africa, who buys a sweet, docile gorilla, who adores her; Robert Armstrong (who discovered King Kong) finds them and transports them to a Hollywood night club. Joe, a ten-footer, holds Terry and a grand piano up in the air on a platform while she beats out "Beautiful Dreamer." But Joe turns out to be a moralist who disapproves of drinking and carrying on, and eventually he wrecks the night club in an impressive fury. He engages in a pretty funny tug-of-war with a team composed of Man Mountain Dean, Primo Carnera, and some other oversize types. Ernest Schoedsack directed this nonsense; it has some spectacular effects, but a wretched script. With Ben Johnson. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 26-28.)

Milestones—Directed by Robert Kramer and John Douglas. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 28.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Playboy; through Oct. 28.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfection. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

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The Mother and the Whore (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (3/4/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 24.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurski), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 27.)

The Mystery of Kasper Hauser—See "Every Man for Himself and God Against All." The film has two titles. They only do it to annoy. (Beekman.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Art, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Night of Counting the Years—An Egyptian film, directed by Shadi Abdelsalam. (Regency.)

The Odd People (1974)—With Vasil Chkhaidze, directed by Eldar Shengelaia. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 28.)

Los Olvidados ("The Young and the Damned;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 23.)

A Pain in the A..—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. In French. (9/1/75) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Oct. 28.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Oct. 29.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 28.)

Pirosmani (1974)—With Avtandil Varazi, directed by Georgy Shengelaia. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 28.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 26.)

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; starting Oct. 29.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 26.)

Rooster Cogburn—With John Wayne and Katharine Hepburn, directed by Stuart Millar. (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

Royal Flash—Richard Lester directs George MacDonald Fraser's adaptation of one of his novels celebrating the inglorious career of Captain Harry Flashman, of the 11th Hussars (Malcolm McDowell), a rotten, snivelling Victorian coward. It's a parody of movie heroics, especially of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but Lester is on his own antic wavelength, and he doesn't try to tune us in. The characters don't care about each other, and we don't care about any of them. Lester has done all this carousing and pratfalling before; his inventiveness is beginning to seem desperate, compulsive—as if he kept piling on the jokes because he was bored. With Oliver Reed, Alan Bates, Britt Ekland, Florinda Bolkan, Alastair Sim, and Lionel Jeffries. (10/13/75) (Coronet.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 28.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Symphony; starting Oct. 29.)

Scarlet Street (1946)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir's "La Chienne;" in the American setting it's a sordid, low-life melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it's not one of Lang's best American movies. (It was originally banned in New York State—that is, denied a license—as "immoral, indecent, corrupt, and tending to

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incite crime," a judgment that seemed off the wall even then.) Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nagging widow (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds the ironies and the murder-plot devices home. (Robinson kills the girl and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson's paintings are actually by John Decker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 30.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with Death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 25.)

Le Sex Shop (1973)—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He opens up a store called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (Juliet 1; through Oct. 28.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for blackmarketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 30.)

Slither (1973)—The first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; starting Oct. 29.)

Smile—A fresh, mussy comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. A cousin to "Lord Love a Duck," the film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels; he's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Columbia II, and Paramount.)

Son of Kong (1933)—Papa looked like a colossal, terrifying gorilla, but Sonny—a white gorilla—though big enough, is rather cuddly. The effects are still ingenious, but this sequel is disappointing. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 26-28.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve") than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Oct. 29.)

Sweet Movie—With Carole Laure and Pierre Clémenti, directed by Dusan Makavejev. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema II.)

Take a Hard Ride—With Jim Brown and Lee Van Cleef, directed by Anthony M. Dawson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Oct. 29.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Playboy; through Oct. 28.)

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre (1974)—With Marilyn Burns, directed by Tobe Hopper. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Thing (1951)—Written by Charles Lederer and directed by Christian Nyby, about a belligerent and extremely brainy visitor from another planet who arrives at the North Pole in a flying saucer. The interplanetary guest is absolutely colossal, vegetable in anatomy, and hard to put up, let alone put up with. Quite well acted, and written in a funny pseudo-scientific style that sends up laboratory jargon. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, and it's empty, like "The Parallax View," so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews Tower East.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Gramercy, and Olympia; through Oct. 28.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Symphony; starting Oct. 29.)

Trans-Europ-Express (1968)—Alain Robbe-Grillet wrote and directed this tricky, rarefied burlesque on erotic crime fiction and on the relationship between fact and fiction, appearance and reality. Wearing a droopy mustache, he plays a movie director on a fast train trying to hack out the story of a picture about cocaine smuggling, and Jean-Louis Trintignant plays the actor who plays the smuggler—or is he the actual smuggler? Whenever you think you've got Robbe-Grillet's

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games sorted out, it all gets fuzzy again, and you've got to stay in there and keep doing detective work—or pass up the whole thing. With Marie-France Pisier as Eva, who is involved in sadomasochistic rites with Trintignant. (The dope peddler enjoys chaining up prostitutes.) In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Treasure Island (1934)—Wallace Beery as Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper as Jim Hawkins, in a lively, robust version of the Stevenson story, directed by Victor Fleming in the damn-the-budget style of M-G-M. The cast includes Lionel Barrymore (fortunately in a sinister role), Lewis Stone (more energetic than usual), and Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 26.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 26.)

Undercovers Hero—With Peter Sellers, directed by Roy Boulting. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, U. A. East, Greenwich, and Thalia.)

The Wind and the Lion—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt, Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American, but Milius is not a gifted storyteller. His characters talk incessantly, and toss away the information the audience needs to make sense of the action. People are killed so arbitrarily that the whole epic seems dissociated—as if Milius were trying to think like a nine-year-old boy but wasn't sure how he should feel about his boyish ideas; there isn't enough conviction behind this movie to hold it together. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Gramercy; starting Oct. 29.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a carefree, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Cinema Village; starting Oct. 29.)

Yessongs—A filmed rock concert, with Rick Wakeman, Steve Howe, John Anderson, Alan White, and Chris Squire. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through the afternoon of Oct. 27.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 25.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The performers include Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prize-fighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 25.)

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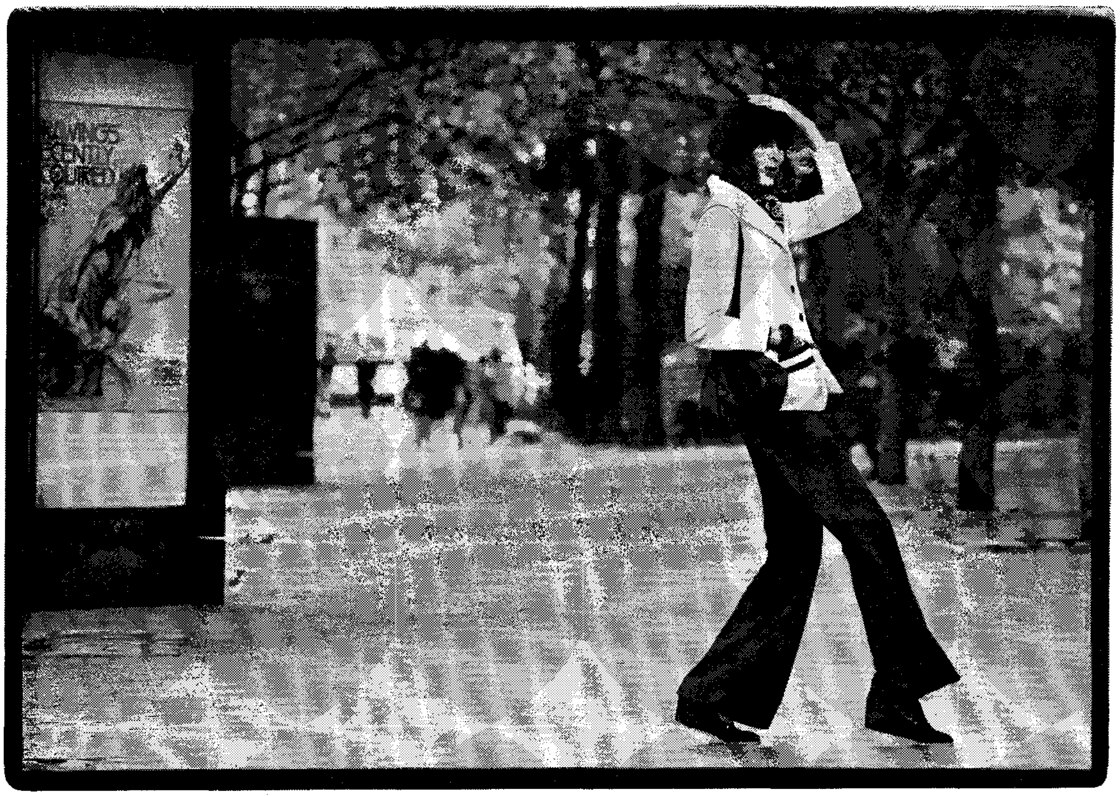

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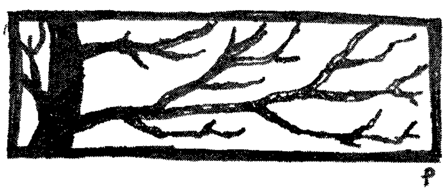
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR the last several years, a severe, new economic affliction that is not adequately described by the word "recession" has been abroad in the world. It attacks nations, cities, corporations, universities, newspapers, opera companies, theatres, and restaurants. Its most notable symptoms are unemployment, rising costs, and diminishing revenues and profit margins, which together make for what is usually called "stagflation," but its causes have yet to be diagnosed. In some cases, it appears to be fatal. England has it, Italy has it, Israel has it, Argentina has it, Zaïre has it, the United States has it, and, in a redundancy, New York City has it. Businessmen sometimes attribute it to high interest rates, environmentalists attribute it to diminishing resources, and Marxists attribute it to a crisis of the capitalist system. A layman might say that we suddenly seem to be living in a world that is unable to pay its bills. In New York, one name for this affliction is "default." Last Friday, the city lived side by side with default for a night and a day, and had a chance, in a manner of speaking, to try to acquaint itself with the size and the consequences of its own economic death. The latest threat emerged abruptly and in an unexpected quarter. Readers of the front pages of all but the very last editions of the papers that morning found no hint that anything out of the ordinary might be happening. The *News* was continuing an investigation of the state lottery, and its headline was "TIX GYP CUTS LOTTERY SALES;" the *Times* directed the attention of its readers to, among other things, Mayor Abraham Beame's decision to abandon plans for a convention center on Manhattan's West Side. In Governor Hugh Carey's office at Fifty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue, however, a vigil of sorts had been going on since before dawn. Scores of newsmen and several aides to Governor Carey were awaiting word from the three union representatives on the board of trustees of the New York City Teachers' Retirement System on whether or not they would invest a hundred and fifty million dollars of pension funds in Municipal Assistance Corporation bonds. Nominally, the union trustees were supposed to make the decision, but, as every newsman waiting in the pressroom knew, the deciding influence would in fact be that of Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers. Mr. Shanker's aim, it was said, was to get approval from the Emergency Financial Control Board, of which the Governor is chairman, for the terms of a contract he had negotiated with the Board of Education some weeks back, but which the Control Board subsequently rejected as too costly. The impression that Mr. Shanker's view would be the deciding one was strengthened when Governor Carey's press secretary, Robert Laird, a tall, slender, poised young man with a Clark Gable mustache, reported that when he had visited the room where the trustees were meeting they had asked him, "What's happening?" Laird then remarked, "It's all up to Shanker now." Upon Shanker's decision to purchase the MAC bonds depended a seven-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar loan to the city from the state; upon the receipt of the state loan depended the solvency of the city in the next month and a half; and upon the solvency of the city in the next month and a half depended—if Vice-President Rockefeller and Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany were to be believed—the economic well-being of the nation and the world. In other words, last Friday the economic health of the world may have depended upon a decision by Albert Shanker. This inverted state of affairs, in which the welfare of the globe had come to depend on the decision of a man unknown to most of the world, was possible only because the President of the United States, on whom such decisions usually rest, had declared the whole matter to be none of his business. In fact, early Friday morning, when an aide to Mayor Beame had put through a call to the White House to inform the President of the imminent peril, the President had been asleep, and his aides had declined to wake him. Now, as the hours went by, news was coming in that the President still refused to involve himself.



In the pressroom of the Governor's office, the crowd of waiting people was peering as hard as it could into the immediate future. The unprecedented nature of default was underscored by the fact that even the mechanical details of the prospective event were under debate. Aides and newsmen alike were wondering aloud what the exact moment of default would be. Some believed that default occurred when a noteholder, having taken his note to the Comptroller's window, or presented it to a bank for payment, was turned down. Others thought that a refusal to issue paychecks might constitute default, but then it was learned that this had already occurred: City Comptroller Harrison Goldin had directed the Sanitation Department to hold up some ten per cent of the paychecks due sanitation men that day, and no default had been declared. Another theory was that default occurred when the city applied in court for permission to adopt a set of priorities in meeting its financial obligations. The priorities had been established by a group of citizens known formally as the Contingency Committee but known to the *News* as the What-If Panel. Shortly before 8 A.M., Judge Irving Saypol, of the State Supreme Court, granted such permission, but it would not go into effect until it was filed with the county clerk and lengthy appeals were exhausted. The new priorities set forth by the committee revealed something new about default. In theory—and in state law—bond- and noteholders have first claim on city funds. In reality, as it was turning out, essential services were to have first claim on the money, and only after they had been taken care of would the bond- and noteholders get paid, which is to say that they probably would not get paid—or not for a while. The mere anticipation of default, it seemed, was enough to sweep aside provisions of long-established law.

In the pressroom, there was a mood of "tension," as news reports were already pointing out, but there was also a mood of gaiety—even of silliness. There was turning out to be a gap between what one *should* feel at the prospect of default and what one actually *did* feel, and one was reminded of the high spirits that sometimes prevail in wartime capitals. The feeling of giddiness was due in part, certainly, to the sheer unknownness of what lay ahead, which seemed to make almost any imaginings seem possible. Rumors of "panic" at banks and of troops in the streets of the city flared up and were knocked down. There was a great deal of joking, most of it having to do with the uncertainty of things. One joke went "You can't rely on the New York City government anymore: they never default when they say they will." Another went "A man hanging from a branch over a precipice shouts for help. A voice calls back, 'We'll help, but you gotta believe.' 'I believe, I believe. But in what?' 'You gotta believe in MAC bonds.' 'Is there anyone else up there?' "

Over at Gracie Mansion, more reporters and a large part of the city government, including Mayor Beame, were waiting to learn what Albert Shanker's decision would be. In the Susan Wagner Ballroom, reporters were eating lunch and exchanging gossip, and some were asleep. "This is a terrible place to cover the biggest story in New York," Joe Schoener, of the Associated Press, was heard to remark. "There are six pay phones downstairs and only five of them work. And when I got here this morning we were all standing out by the gate with the squirrels. Then I tried to hear Congressman Peter Peyser's statement about phone calls he made to Washington last night, and someone put a television camera on my head." The Mayor, too, had been trying to discern the shape of the immediate future, and had already written a statement for use in case of default. Its first words were: "A new era began for New York City today." The debate among the press over just how and when default would occur was also going on in Gracie Mansion, and the reporters were a little bitter because the matter had not been cleared up. "At first they said seven this morning," one tired-looking bearded man said. "Then Bob Laird said default would take place at 3 P.M., after the closing of the banks. It's virgin territory." At one point, the sound of a helicopter passing overhead was heard. "Listen," a reporter said. "Here comes the money."

As for Mr. Shanker himself, he was sequestered, as the day wore on, in the upper East Side apartment of Richard Ravitch, a major New York City builder whom the *Times* has described as the "troubleshooter for and representative of the Governor" in this crisis. Meeting with him there, during the day, were the Governor himself; former federal Judge Simon H. Rifkind, who is MAC's counsel; and Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., who is president of the New York City Central Labor Council, and who had also accompanied the Teachers' Union president to Gracie Mansion earlier in the day. Mr. Van Arsdale, reporters familiar with the labor beat said, was representing the city's other municipal unions, all of which were understood to favor the teachers' investment. Sometime before two, Van Arsdale slipped out of the apartment and went to the United Federation of Teachers offices, at 260 Park Avenue South, and began calling other labor leaders with what must have been pleasant news for them to hear, because at about two-ten, fifty minutes before the supposed deadline for default, Albert Shanker appeared before the group waiting in Governor Carey's office and announced that he had recommended to the union trustees of the Teachers' Retirement System that they make the investment in MAC bonds. With this, the crisis was over, for the moment. Later, it was reported that Shanker had first told Governor Carey of his decision, and that Carey had then called Beame. This sequence of events seemed to accurately rank the three men in the order of their importance in the events of the day. Shanker's face bore the most eloquent news about the nature of default that had been received so far. His expression showed the glum irritation and the anger that are notable features of his customary public manner, but behind the irritation and the anger was a chapfallen listlessness that spoke the whole truth about what had happened. Mr. Shanker had the look of a man who has actually seen the dread beast that others have known only through rumor and legend. He said, "Look, the pressure is not from the Governor, and it's not from the Mayor. The pressure is from the situation." One thing Shanker had evidently learned was that the What-If Panel had placed the needs of teachers and their salaries rather low on the list of priorities signed by Judge Saypol that morning, which meant that default could be more harmful for the teachers than whatever loss might be incurred through an investment in MAC bonds. The trustees, who had voted against the investment the night before, now voted unanimously for it. Governor Carey appeared and read a telegram to President Ford, in which he said that the state's efforts to keep the city afloat could succeed only until December 1st, and that after that the federal government would have to take over. Throughout the day, the efforts to describe default had produced a number of metaphors. One newsman, for instance, said that New York had "almost gone over the edge of the cliff of fiscal solvency," and now Governor Carey added another metaphor. "President Ford has been out on a plank," he said. "We're now inviting him to come back to the ship."

From Governor Carey's office, Mr. Shanker proceeded downtown to the United Federation of Teachers offices. He was weary and rumpled when he arrived, and a reporter remarked, "You look like you've been in a fight." He shrugged and managed a smile. Later, in some off-the-cuff remarks, he charged that Mayor Beame and Governor Carey had "both coöperated in the destruction of our school system, and they have also coöperated in the destruction of collective bargaining in the city." But, he added, when default was at issue, "The union's, the people's rights—everything goes out the window."

"You're doing exactly what you said you wouldn't do last night," a reporter observed.

"That's right," he answered. "And what would the story have read like tomorrow if I hadn't?" As it was, he pointed out, the day's headlines had already announced the suspension of city construction projects. "That means

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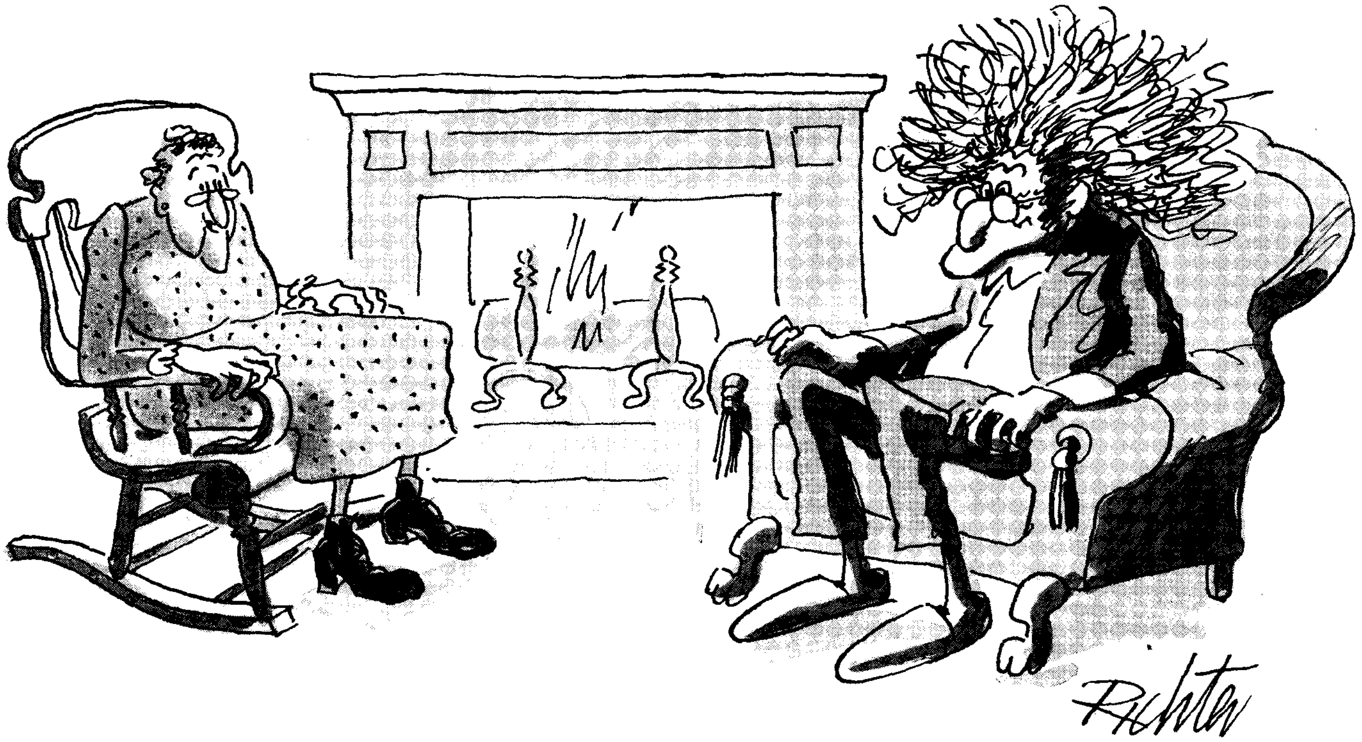


"I'll say one thing for you, Arthur. You've kept your hair."

people are already out of work and will be collecting unemployment. Two billion dollars in business is being removed from New York City, and that means unemployment has got to go up. Unless there are some increases in city and state taxes, and aid from the federal government, we'll have default anyway, and from that will come the bankruptcy of a large number of companies, and then more unemployment."

"Did you have any contact with the White House?" a reporter asked.

"No," Shanker replied. "But I heard that the Mayor woke up the President this morning. If he did, it's a good thing."

Another union officer described the day's events in slightly different terms. "There comes a time," he said, "when you have to realize that nobody's contract—none of the benefits we've fought so hard for—is going to be worth a damn in a bankrupt city. If nobody else backs off, I guess we have to. It says something for labor's great vitality that we can."

The next morning, a story by Steven Matthews in the *News* gave an account of how Mr. Shanker had hit upon his style of leadership. "In 1960," Matthews wrote, "the New York Teachers Guild, the forerunner of the U.F.T., attempted to get a raise from the city and was told there was no money. Later that year, the city was hit by a hurricane and a heavy snowfall; millions of dollars suddenly became available for cleanup operations. When Shanker went to Mayor Wagner to inquire where the money had come from, he was told, 'Al, those were disasters.' 'That,' the union leader remembers, 'was when we decided to become a disaster.'" On Friday, this self-appointed disaster—the equal of snowstorms and hurricanes—had met in default a disaster that was his match. And as the news came in from around the globe in the aftermath, it became clear that others, too, had caught a glimpse of the default of New York City, and had been daunted by what they saw. Throughout the day, Mayor Beame's office had received calls from around the nation and from abroad, including a call from Bangkok, Thailand, asking how serious the situation was. In the bond markets, trading nearly came to a standstill. The price of gold rose against a weakened dollar. In Europe, editorialists expressed their distress. In England, Andrew Knight, the editor of the London *Economist*, said, "We have seen welcome signs of recovery in the United States recently. The last thing we need is for the American banking system to become cautious about its lending. We really depend on getting the great flywheel of the world spinning again." Asked what he thought of the Ford Administration's handling of the New York crisis, he replied, "Irresponsible." In a time of universal economic uneasiness, a city that is seen by many people as the strongest city on the earth faltered for a moment, and the whole world caught its breath.

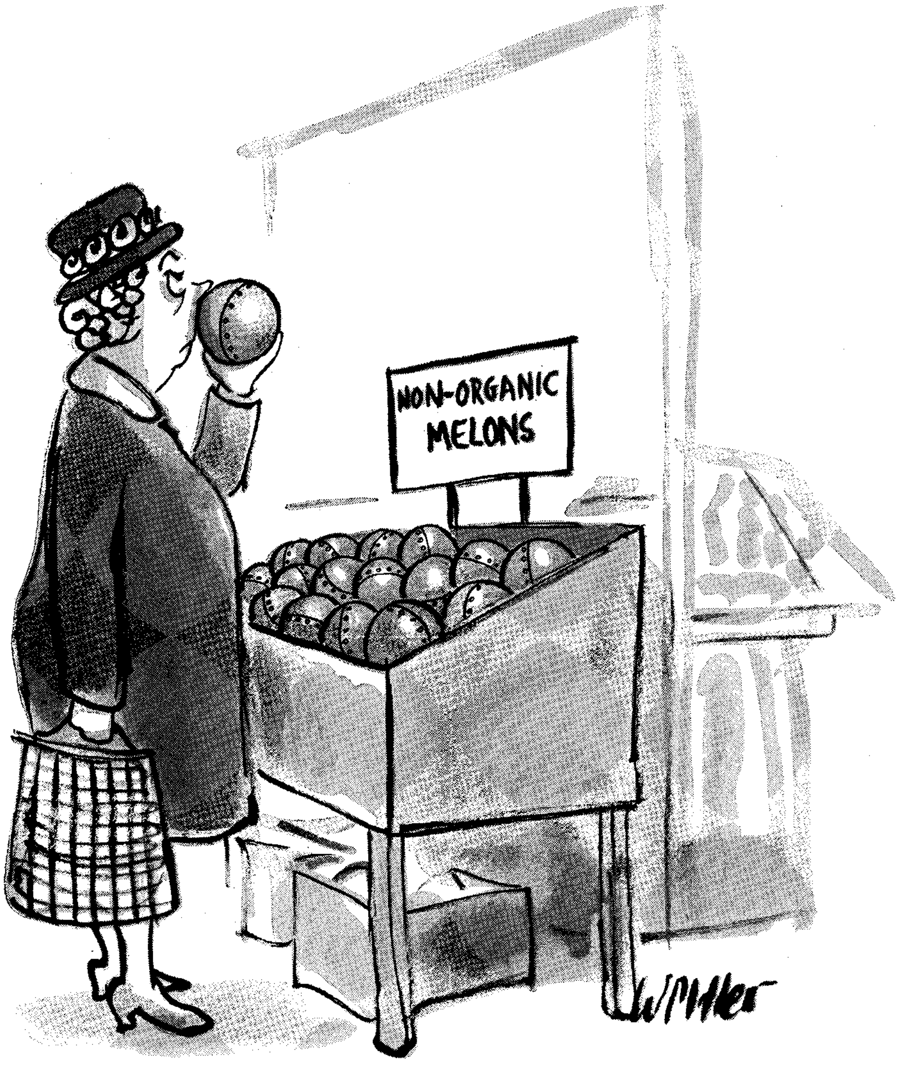
Testing

EVERY fall, the members of the International Motor Press Association go to a race track in the Greater New York area and drive some of the new cars (provided free by obliging manufacturers) very fast around the track all day, stopping only briefly for lunch. Writers for publications like *Car & Driver*, *Road & Track*, *Motor Trend*, and *Hot Rod* belong to the IMPA, and most of them own their own crash helmets. This year, the event was held at the Bridgehampton Road Racing Circuit, on Long Island, and we motored out with Diana, a woman who takes pictures of cars, and Cliff Gromer, the editor of *Motorcycle World*. One of the interesting things about Cliff Gromer is that he used to work for the New York State Employment Service, where he played many practical jokes, such as dressing as Santa Claus, putting moose horns on his Yamaha 350, and riding through the office Christmas party.

When we got to Bridgehampton, sixty-five 1976 cars were waiting in numbered slots in the pit just off the main straightaway. Most of the cars were small, most were foreign, some were exotic. Mazda, Porsche, Volvo, Saab, Subaru, Toyota, VW Rabbit, VW Scirocco (named after a hot, violent wind of the Sahara), Maserati Khamsin (also named after a hot, violent wind of the Sahara—presumably a different one), Lamborghini Urraco, Lotus Elite, Chevrolet's new subcompact the Chevette, MG, Triumph, Aston Martin, Ford Pinto, Mercedes-Benz, Rolls-Royce. Also a wedge-shaped electric Citi-Car with a socket in one side and the need to be recharged at frequent intervals. After a man from the Road Racing Drivers Club told a hundred and fifty or so IMPA members and guests what to expect of Bridgehampton's twisting track—a 2.85-mile one—some of the people ran for the cars while others stood around not knowing what to do. We hopped into a Honda Civic CVCC, figured out how it worked, and drove off. Fine. Then we drove a yellow 911 E Porsche. Even better. Everybody was really hauling around the track; when the cars pulled back into the pit, the smell of fried brake pad and braised clutch plate was very strong. We drove various humdrum economy cars for a while, but the depressing lowering of expectations that they bespoke seemed somehow un-automotive and un-American, and, longing for a good, fat, gas-swilling Buick Riviera, we moved over to the racing cars. Got into a Lamborghini with an imitation-suède dash after a long wait. Lots of people standing around looking. Couldn't get it into reverse. Mortified. Had to ask the Lamborghini representative how to do it. Drove one lap, and then the track closed for lunch.

At lunch, people saved tables for themselves and their friends by putting their crash helmets on the tables of their choice while they stood in line. All the people stood in line, and all their helmets sat on the tables. Volvo gave away T-shirts, and there was ice cream and cake roll for dessert.

After lunch, people drove even faster than they had driven before lunch. One fellow ran out of gas on the back section and had to be towed in. We drove a Spinnaker, which is designed to look exactly like a 1952 MG-TD. It has a Volkswagen engine, which is like an ordinary Volkswagen engine in every detail except that it was made in Brazil. It felt as if we were driving a piece of office furniture. We almost spun out on the last curve, and spent the rest of the afternoon watching an event called a gymkhana. The driver who made it through a two-hundred-yard slalom course of traffic cones in the shortest time won a free tuneup, a driving helmet, and a set of Champion sparkplugs.

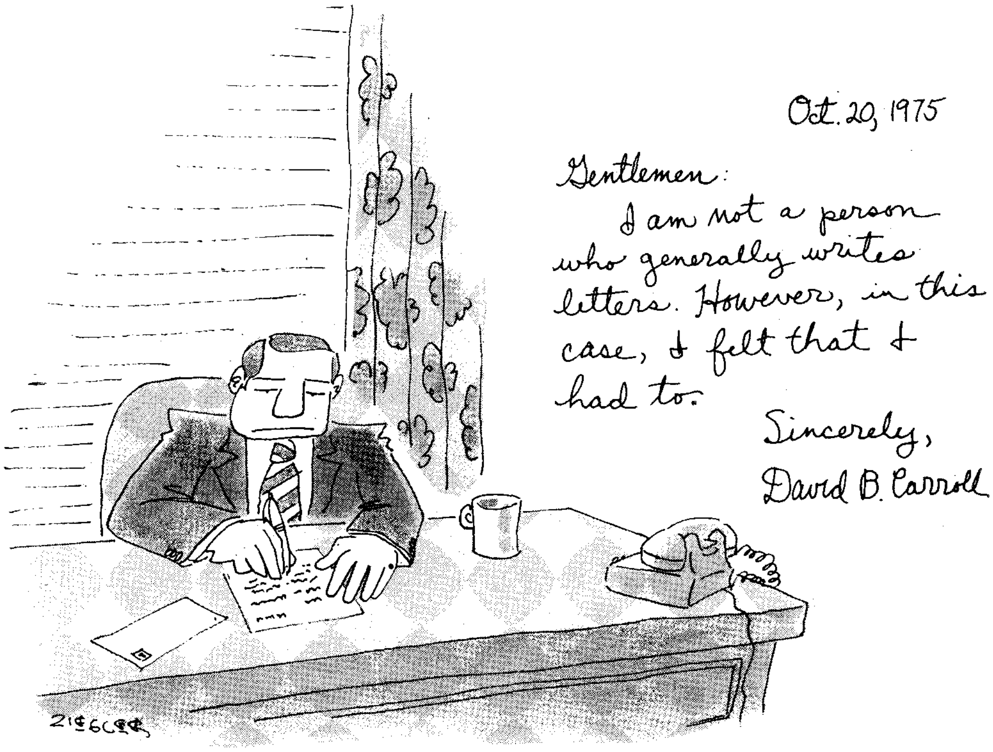


Two Commercial Parties

THE other evening, Revlon, the big cosmetics company, threw a party in the first-floor-accessories department (hats, gloves, scarves, cosmetics—things like that) of Bloomingdale's, to celebrate the opening of the movie "Mahogany," starring Diana Ross, and to introduce a new line of "Orient-inspired" colors, called China Bronze, in their Touch & Glow makeup. Since Miss Ross is the model for Touch & Glow in the movie, we naturally assumed that China Bronze was another line of colors for black women. Great. *Black* is beautiful, true, but it never hurts to try to be more beautiful. Well, we were wrong.

At the party, we walked in and immediately had our picture taken by a couple of photographers from Polaroid, who then pasted the photograph on a black piece of cardboard and told us that this framed picture of us was taken by the SX-70 camera. We checked out a rumor that Diana Ross might make an appearance and were told that she was in California, about to have a baby. We looked around and saw Tony Perkins, who also stars in the movie, wearing a denim shirt and denim pants; Ben Vereen, wearing a handsome black velvet suit, which he told us was designed specially for him by Jacques Bellini; Jacques Bellini, wearing a handsome black velvet jacket, which he told us he had designed for himself; some unrecognizable well-dressed, smiling people eating Chinese-style spareribs and fried chicken; lots of other unrecognizable well-dressed, smiling people drinking champagne; and more unrecognizable well-dressed, smiling people watching scenes from "Mahogany" on a color television set. What we didn't see were any black women who looked as if they might be wearing the new China Bronze colors.

Just as we were about to inquire what, exactly, was going on, a slim, pretty, non-black young woman, wearing a cluster of yellow flowers in her hair, a brightly colored shirt, and black pants, came up to us and said that her name was Kathy Fields, that she was a makeup consultant for Revlon, that she was with the China Bronze "collection," and that she was actually wearing one of the new hues.



Oct. 20, 1975

Gentlemen:
I am not a person who generally writes letters. However, in this case, I felt that I had to.
Sincerely,
David B. Carroll

We took a good look at her face. It was cherry red, as if she had just stuck it in a hot oven. "I think it's a dynamite look," she said.

"But aren't these colors for black women?" we asked.

"Well, yes," she said. "But—"

Before she could finish, a very light-complexioned Negro man who was standing nearby jumped in and said, "No, they aren't."

The man introduced himself as Ron Marablé, beauty consultant for Revlon. Then he told us, "They're not black cosmetics. People are no longer into that. There is no longer such a thing as black cosmetics. We don't believe there is a different makeup for different people. There are many different skin tones in the world, and black is just one of them. I know. I went to art school for eight years, and then I went to Europe. I did Sophia Loren in Rome. I studied with her makeup artist for a year. I have done Melba Moore, Freda Payne, Nina Simone, Virna Lisi, Nancy Wilson, and—oh, Coretta King. Don't forget that. She was my favorite—Coretta King. I used to be the beauty editor for *Ebony*. I used to do before-and-after—I would take a woman and make her over. I would take an ugly woman and make her pretty. But this is a makeup for any woman. Any woman can wear it. We have a range of colors here. Bronze, copper, rust—all the warm earth colors. They're going over well. On the first day, we sold three thousand dollars. Today, we did twenty-five hundred. And tomorrow we hope to do over three thousand."

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THERE are some contemporary notions that to us are familiar but elusive. One or two, like Selective Enforcement, are clearly jokes. Others, like The New Populism, evoke a substantial presence, but when you try to shake hands you walk right through them. The most durable of the teasing holograms in the latter category (perhaps because it is the most useful) is The Progressive Man—that man who suppresses his waist, widens his lapels, and is unafraid of masculine-fragrance products. We have yet to meet the Exemplar, or Prince of Wales, of this type, but we have been to a number of parties in his honor.

Bonwit's gave one last week. Theoretically, the party was given for Ken Williams, managing director of Turnbull & Asser, the London shirtmakers. Mr. Williams was dressed like The Progressive Man—double-breasted, suppressed waist, wide lapels, black-and-silver figured tie—but he explained that he liked jeans and funny ties with girls on them, so while he can be *a* Progressive Man, we guess that he is not The Progressive Man himself. We asked Dorothy Christensen, the new menswear buyer for Bonwit's, a vivacious woman in pearls, for news from the forefront of fashion. "Have a drink," she said.

"No, really," we said. "How does your approach to fashion buying differ from the approach of others?"

"Have a drink. Do you know Henry? Henry, get over here. Henry!" Henry, a man in a blazer and with slicked-back hair, came over. "Henry's the ex-fashion buyer. No, no, the ex-ex-buyer. I'm *not talking* about the one in between."

Henry didn't want to talk about clothes, either.

But then we met a man who did. This was another friend of Miss Christensen's, called Dick Kallman. "Dick used to be an actor," said Miss Christensen. "Maybe he still is. Anyway, he lives in my building."

Dick Kallman is a designer, and he was the only man at the party we talked to who referred to The Progressive Man by name. "Bonwit's is making a concerted effort to get that man—The Progressive Man—back here," he said.

"I didn't say that," said Miss Christensen.

"Don't you want The Progressive Man?" we asked.

"I want every man in this town in this shop," she said.

"And, of course, the exciting thing," said Mr. Kallman, "is sexy clothes for men."

"I didn't say that," said Miss Christensen.

"Nonetheless," said Mr. Kallman, "it's absolutely true. This fall, we're doing jersey for men for the first time, and exciting new things, using stretch terry."

"Oh, God!" said Miss Christensen.

The food at the party was good. The catering was done by Donald Bruce White. There were clams on the half shell over by the sweaters; there were little cucumber sandwiches, passed on silverlike trays; and there was potted shrimp on melba toast on the Aramis counter. Bobby Short records were played.

We talked to Ken Williams again. He said that, as for shirts, he had a very strong feeling for big, bold stripes. He said that it was time for fun again. "In London, everyone is very bright for parties," he said.

We talked to Bobby Short, also present in person. Bobby Short dresses too well to be The Progressive Man, but he goes to all the parties given in that man's honor. Nine years ago, he was at a party at Bonwit's for Pierre Cardin, which more or less launched the movement.

"Nine years ago, they weren't playing your records," we said.

"Nine years ago, I don't think I had a record," he replied.

DIFFICULT PEOPLE SAYING GOODBYE

DURING my first marriage my mother used to be afraid that I would move far away and leave her. But, as it turns out, she is leaving me.

My first husband was French, from Paris, named Pierre. "Pierre? He's really named Pierre?" my mother whispered to me the night I introduced them. To her, Pierre was the name of a character Jackie Gleason might play on television. I was twenty-one and I sneered at the provincialism of her remark. But now I know what she was trying somehow to say. Her Ellen would not be comfortable for long married to a Pierre.

I had spent my junior year of college in Paris and had fallen in love with the city. Back in New York for my senior year, I met Pierre at a party and immediately fell in love with him. He was tall and bland, and he helped me with my French. His father owned a chain of supermarkets in the outskirts of Paris. If his father had owned a chain of supermarkets in the outskirts of Baltimore I might have been less impressed.

My mother did not have the chance to cry at our wedding. I waited for three days after the ceremony to call and tell her I was Madame Pierre Renaud. But six months after that, on the day before Pierre and I were supposed to vacate our New York sublet and go home to Paris, I went home to New Jersey instead. Pierre called me from our apartment, wanting to know what was wrong. In my schoolgirl French, I talked to Pierre about lack of communication. He called me from the airport. When it came time to say goodbye forever, I was crying. "*Adieu*, Pierre," I sobbed into the phone, "*Adieu*." For dinner that night my mother made me pot roast and noodle pudding, my favorites, and hummed tunelessly over the stove. Then, after dinner, I returned to our sublet alone.

But now it is my mother who is going far away. This November, she and my father are flying South. To Florida. West Palm Beach, to be exact. They have their new home already—a three-room condominium. My father stretches out the syllables when he says the word: con-do-min-i-um. Each syllable was expensive.

They have sold their house and most of their furniture. The needlepoint footstool and small blue velvet love seat that I always liked are now in my bedroom. It is the master bedroom of the enormous old apartment that Philip, my second husband, and I bought a year ago, when our twin sons started school and I went back to work. The love seat looks out of place in my bedroom, but familiarity and a blue-and-pale-green throw pillow will in time make the blue of its upholstery more compatible with the green of my walls. The rest of my parents' belongings—pillows, bedspreads, color TV, two sets of china (one Wedgwood, one Blue Willow)—are hurtling down some highway in a moving van right at this moment, pointed due south.

Three days from now, on Saturday, there will be a family dinner at a restaurant to say a formal goodbye over glasses of rosé. When a farewell party was first brought up, by me, my mother wanted to cook. "I'll make cookies for the children. You know they love my pinwheels. They're going to miss my pinwheels. And a pound cake for Philip." (She is very fond of Philip.) But then Mother remembered that a dinner at home was impossible. The dining-room table and chairs had been sold to a neighbor's newlywed cousin and were being picked up early Saturday morning.

So it will be a restaurant on Saturday—that is, if I manage to throw off this cold. I'm trying my best. Instead of letting it linger and turn to flu, I'm home for the day, drinking hot tea with lemon. After the boys left for school, I decided to go back to bed. I called my sitter and told her she didn't have to come this afternoon. With the boys away, the apartment is pleasantly quiet. I am settling in for a nap, when the phone rings.

"El-len—"

"Mama, I was just thinking about you."

"Why are you home? What's wrong? I just called your office—"

"Nothing really," I say. "I have half a cold."

"I'm in the city. I thought I'd walk around the stores one last time. Macy's. Gimbels. Maybe go up to Bloomingdale's and look at the decorator rooms. I know it's crazy. As if there weren't department stores in Florida."

"Is Daddy with you?"

"No. He's packing, sorting, God knows what."

(Last week my father went to his factory for the last time. His upholstery business, too, has been sold—to someone younger. The twenty Puerto Rican girls he employed to make studio-couch covers gave him a party. "I never expected it," he told me afterward. "They even had a cake—pineapple. Too sweet, but I ate it. I couldn't hurt their feelings. And they gave me a clock radio. Can you imagine? Those girls . . ." To him they were an interchangeable procession of Marias, Conchitas, Rositas. He was amazed that they could have real feeling for a decent, easy boss. My father has worked for fifty-six years, from the time he was eleven. When he tells my sons about working as a sweeper in a factory, they laugh. Little boys don't work. Grandpa is making it up. Grandpa is being silly.)

"Frankly, your father is driving me a little crazy now that he's around all the time. . . ." my mother says on the phone. Her voice trails off. She sounds upset.

"Mother, listen. Come and have lunch with me," I say. "The boys are in school. They won't be home until two-thirty. For once it's so quiet it won't seem like my apartment."

"Well, it's awfully cold walking around. In the paper today they said it was seventy-five and sunny in Florida. A heat wave. . . . What shall I bring you?"

"Mama, even I have food."

"Do you have tuna fish?"

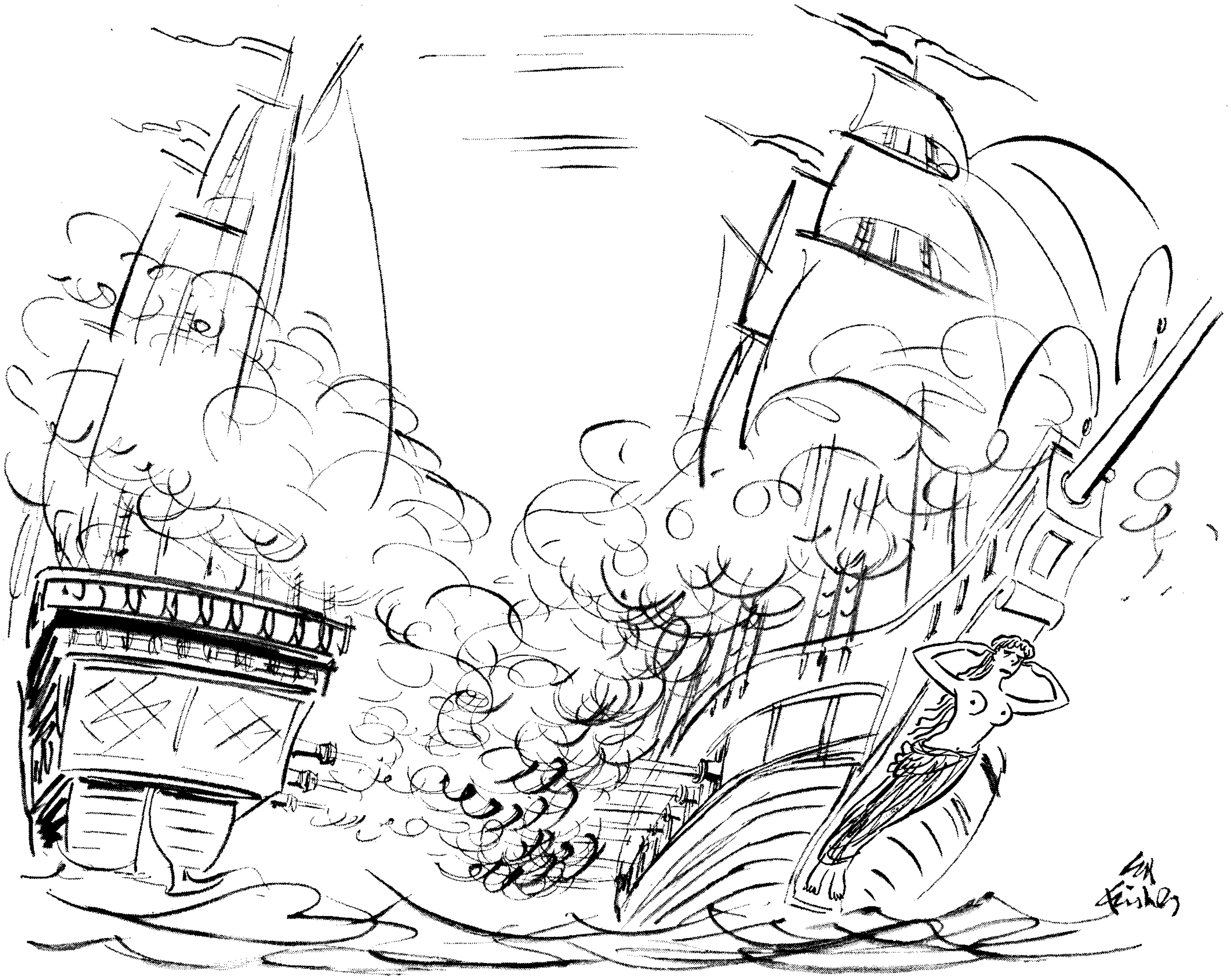
"Yes, I have tuna fish." (Who doesn't have tuna fish? Ten years ago such a question might have infuriated me. Even five years ago I might have said something. But now I blow my nose and remain calm.)

"All I want is half a sandwich. I'm on a diet." She has been trying to lose five pounds for as long as I remember.

"I'll see you in half an hour," I say firmly. I hang up the phone before she can change her mind. My mother, a born New Yorker, has become afraid of the subway. But she will not spend another dime to tell me no. So she will come.

I get out of bed, go to the bathroom and brush my teeth again, wash my face again. I will get dressed in a shirt and slacks and put some makeup on. Nowadays we present the same face to one another that we present to strangers. I put on base, a little lipgloss, a touch of spotstick around my red-rimmed nose—both to reassure my mother and to protect myself from any possible criticism of my appearance. Sure, I'm all right. I look all right, don't I? Then I must be all right.

There have been times, many times through the years, when my appearance was wide open to attacks from



her. I remember one dateless Saturday night when I was a teen-ager and she and my aunt were analyzing my physical liabilities in a staccato counterpoint while I sat in the same room listening to every word.

"And her hair? Why doesn't she do something about her hair?" my aunt said.

"I tell her all the time—put some rollers in," my mother said. "Don't I put rollers in every night?"

"And those eyeglass frames."

"I know. She should wear blue frames—something with a little color, a little sparkle."

"What about contacts?"

"I've offered to pay for contacts. Haven't I offered to pay for contacts?"

After my aunt left, my mother and I had a fantastic battle—one of the many screaming matches that I remember from my adolescence. Old battles, of course, and no longer of much interest. I remember the way I felt, but I no longer feel the way I felt. That's the difference. And I also know now that throughout my childhood I went after my mother in my own way.

I remember once—I must have been only about nine—my mother and I were eating lunch out together after a morning of shopping. (We were having tuna fish that day, too, as I recall.) The man at the next table began to flirt with my mother. I sensed it. I knew it, and I wanted to stop it.

As the two of them chatted, my mother smiling and giggly, a piece of lettuce from her sandwich lodged between her front teeth. "Mama," I said, "you have green in your teeth."

She kept on talking.

I said it again. "Mama, something's wrong with your teeth."

She blushed and reached for her compact. The man finished his coffee and departed. She was angry at me all the way home.

Another memory seems to surface here. On the morning after I gave birth to my twin sons, my mother came to the hospital to visit me. She did not exult over the babies. "Four and a half pounds each. They look like chickens." She was happy, delighted to be a grandmother, delighted with these grandchildren. Still, she looked me over with her critical flat dark eyes, and then asked me why I was wearing my glasses. Was she afraid I would be unattractive to my husband, doctor, infant sons? Was she just making light conversation? Did she really care? "Because I was up all night having babies and my eyes are a little tired this morning," I think I snarled at her.

I should have known better. On the morning I became a mother, a visit with my own mother could never be awash with sentiment, as affectionate and placid as a greeting card. After all, my mother and I are difficult people.

MY street-door buzzer rings. She is coming upstairs. I button my shirt and shuffle to the door in my slippers. I open it the moment she rings.

"You should ask who it is," she says, walking in.

"I knew it was you."

"What if it wasn't?"

"But it is."

"All right, all right." She looks at me. "You don't look as if you have a cold."

"I'm taking lots of Vitamin C."

"How are the boys? Do they have colds, too?"

"They're fine. Terrific. They are

even managing to sit still in school all day. A major miracle."

I take her coat. She is wearing a typical outfit: a short furry car coat, a pants suit, and a sweater. A knitted hat is pulled down to cover her ears.

"How's Philip? Is he busy?"

"Yes."

"And your job?"

"Fine. Everything's all right. Nothing's new."

"Believe me, these are the best years of your life," she says.

We walk down the hall to the kitchen. "Have you done anything more in the apartment?" she asks, looking around.

"No."

"Aren't you ever going to finish the study?"

"Sure, sometime."

"It's a shame, a half-finished room like that."

I go to the stove and put the kettle on. "Are you hungry, Mama? Do you want your sandwich now? How about some soup to warm you up?"

"Just the sandwich." She sits in the chair, her head thrust forward, her shoulders curving. Her beautiful olive skin is unwrinkled, but lately she looks much older to me. (When she came back from buying the apartment in Florida, her hands were covered with large brown spots. She noticed when I stared. "Freckles," she said. "You know I always get freckles from the sun.")

"Maybe I ought to call your father," she says. "I left him a sandwich at home. Left it out on the table. Do you know your father is used to eating his lunch at eleven-thirty? I've just gotten the breakfast dishes in the dishwasher and he says, 'What's for lunch?' "

I get out the can of tuna fish, the mayonnaise, the celery.

"You know that joke?" she says. "I married him for better or for worse, but not for lunch. One of the women in Florida told me that one."

"Is it so hard to have Daddy around all the time?"

"Well, you know your father. He's got to be doing something all the time. Yesterday he decided to fix the bedroom window that sticks. 'What for?' I said. 'You've sold the house. It's their problem.' Of course he's complaining that his shoulder is sore because he was pushing and tugging that window so much."

I measure the coffee in the filter, pour in the boiling water. I put two pieces of bread in the toaster.

"Do you know what your father said to me in Florida?" she asks, looking up. "We went to the movies the night we bought the apartment, and, sitting in the theatre before the lights went down, your father said to me, 'Look at all the old people. Nothing but old people. It's terrible. It's disgusting.' And I said to him, 'What do *you* think we are? We're the old people, too, you know.' " Her voice is shrill.

"But, Mama, you want to go to Florida, don't you?" I say. "I thought it was all decided. Daddy doesn't want to work anymore. All your friends are there. Mama, you do really want to make this move?"

And suddenly she is crying. Her shoulders move up and down.

"Mama—" I rush to her, but then I stop and stand back, and pat her tentatively on her shoulder. We have never been physically affectionate. I sit down next to her and try to take her hand. But she is searching her bag for a handkerchief and coming up with bits of tissue. I get her a paper napkin and wipe her eyes.

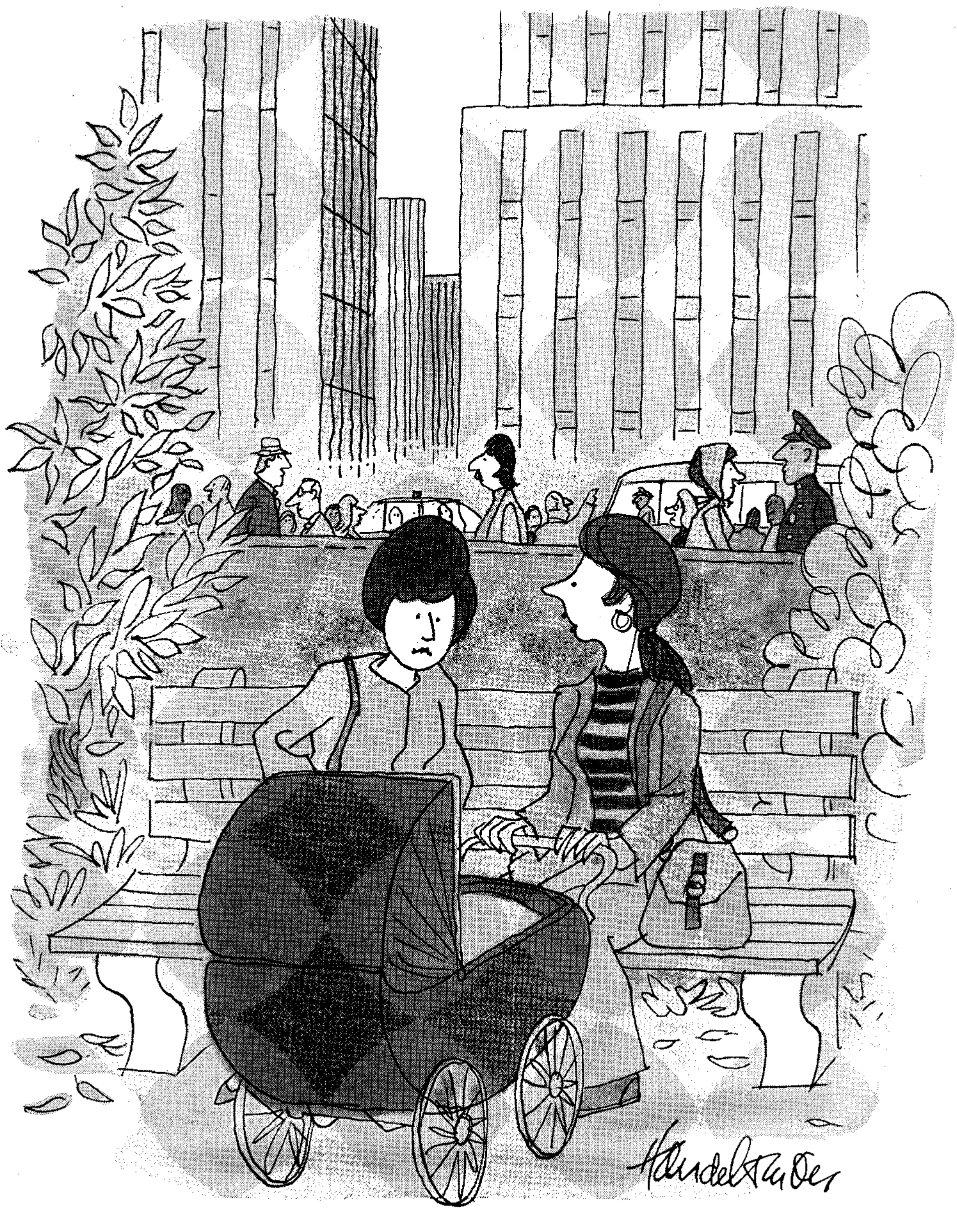
"Mama, it's natural that you're upset and nervous," I say. "It's a big move. A big change. But you'll like it there. You know you'll like it there."

"How do I know that?" she asks sharply. "Your father says he's going to take up golf. Can you imagine? Running around, knocking a little ball around. Can you imagine? Your father?"

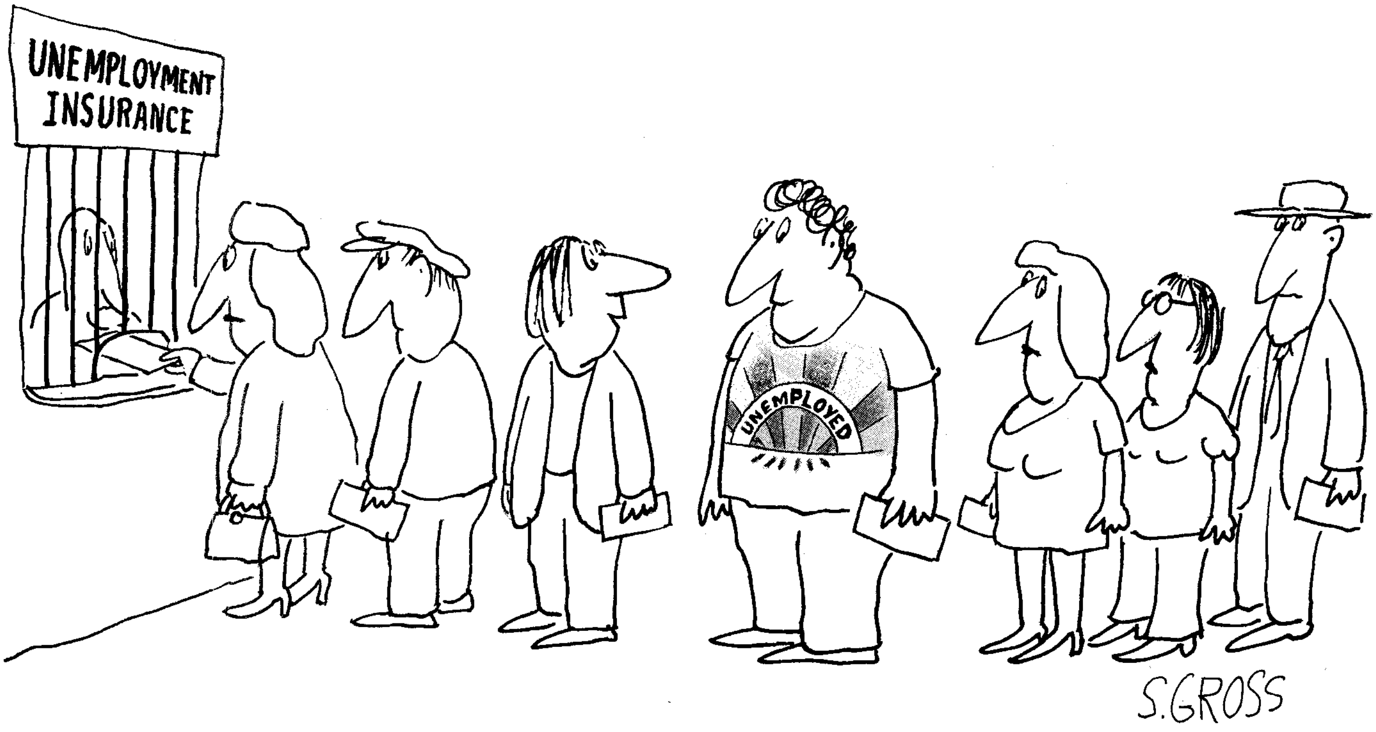
"It'll give him something to do."

"Yes, yes. He's got to have something to do. Sometimes I'm afraid we'll go crazy, the two of us, in three little air-conditioned rooms, with the sun beating down outside and nothing to do."

"Mama, you know that's not true. You have lots of friends there to see, to go out with. And you said you wanted to take some courses in art, in painting. You'll fix up the apartment. Mama, you'll have lots of things to



"He has my nose and his father's anger."



"Gee, where'd you get the nifty T-shirt?"

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do," I say. But I know that what she is crying about is something more than the prospect of boredom. And why shouldn't she cry?

"Mama, how about a drink? A glass of wine?" I ask softly.

"With tuna fish?"

"Why not? You're a gourmet?"

She shrugs. "O.K."

I get the jug of wine that is cooling in the refrigerator. I throw away the cold toast and make two fresh pieces.

She sips the wine tentatively, dries her eyes again. "Not bad," she says. "I cut out a recipe for peaches in white wine. I thought you'd like it. I'll bring it Saturday."

She eats her sandwich. Then she eats a piece of cake. She drinks her coffee and smokes a cigarette; she smokes one cigarette after every meal. She does not inhale.

We talk lazily, casually, about the usual things. The kind of rug I should get for the study—a rya? a Bokhara?—the color she will paint her bedroom in the new apartment.

I show her a long dress I bought for a party. She admires it, though I don't think she likes it, and I'm sure she thinks I spent too much money. She shows me a sweater she is knitting for Philip. She will send it to him for Christmas—our first Christmas apart. Her eyes get a little red again, but she does not cry. I offer her another cup of coffee.

"No, I'd better go. Your father will be wondering where I am."

"Call him. You took the bus, didn't you? You didn't drive? So you don't have to worry about traffic. Can't you stay until the children get home? I know they'll want to see you." This is true. My sons have nothing but love for the grandma who makes them pinwheel cookies and takes them to the movies on Saturday afternoon and has a patience with them I don't remember her ever having with me.

But she shakes her head. "No, I better get back to your father," she says. She won't admit it, but I think she is too tired for my sons' high spirits in the middle of the afternoon.

I get her coat. Peering into the hall mirror, she puts on a layer of pink powder, a coating of bright rose lipstick.

"Mama, it'll be all right," I say, patting her shoulder.

She gives a laugh. "Listen, it's too late to change our minds. I can't tell your father I don't want to move to Florida now. He'd kill me!"

She is her usual self again, peering nearsightedly into the mirror, putting on another layer of powder. Walking to the door, she gives the study one more disapproving glance. "And get a rug, for God's sake; get some drapes."

I kiss her cheek. Her hair under her hat is reddish-brown and streaky. She does the color herself, even cuts it herself.

I walk her to the elevator. "And don't be late on Saturday," she says. "The reservation is for six. Be on time, for once."

"Yes, Mother. We'll be on time." I wait with her for the elevator. Wave goodbye. Goodbye.

I go back into the apartment. I had intended to nap, but the boys will be home in just a few minutes. I hang up my long dress, go back into the kitchen, and wash the lunch dishes. The boys will want me to play with them, read with them, make them snacks, do some of the things that mothers do for their children, that my mother did for me. I sit at the table, but the kitchen is too still, too quiet. My head is heavy and I feel very tired.

The buzzer rings: the boys are home. I wait by the door, sniffling. They fling it open, and their eyes look round with surprise. I explain, "After you left I decided to stay home. I have a little cold. . . ."

They jump up and down, shrieking, "Mommy's home, Mommy's home!" They are so happy they punch each other. They are so happy they are punching me. —MYRNA BLYTH

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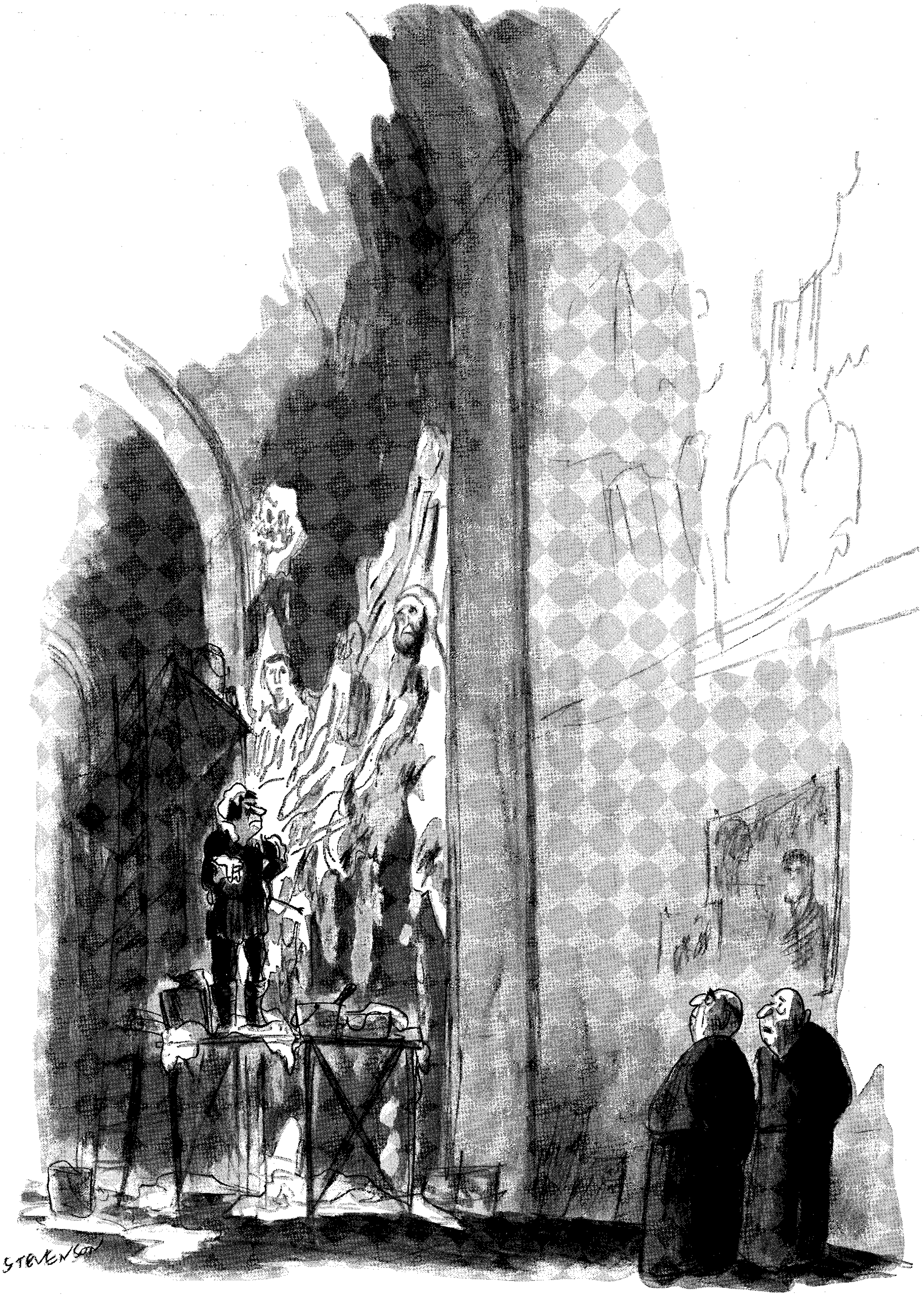
12 MILES OF RAILROAD TRACK—A Stratton amendment to force Penn Central to turn over those 12 miles of missing track in Rensselaer County so Amtrak can get that new Boston-Albany-Chicago express operating again, has been signed into law. The *new run will start Oct. 31st*, even before the missing track has been fully replaced.—*Congressman Samuel S. Stratton's Report from Washington.*

Just hang onto your seat and *don't worry!*



"*For a little extra we could have got Giotto.*"

WALKING HOME FROM THE ICEHOUSE

I pack in for the night
Carrying whatever I need
In pockets and clipboard
Culling the exits for ripeness
Trying the bus marked AGE
Heading for the icehouse
I do the opposite
of take
Remembering the way
in pieces
The path no wider
than a string
Every spring
the meadow by the icehouse
Overflowed
Killdeer
moss smothering
Surfaces
Tadpoles dotting the clear water
But the access road
dwindles
Down again
becoming this path
I scratch
through the deepest woods
I know
The trees like a wall
Some green marble sweating
Bears and wildcats
Once we walked those
Marbled veins
Wandering a thickness
Suddenly lithe
Spidery with ferns
Alone I knew
The softness stiffened
And lost me like a door
Slammed shut
A closet of faces and fingers
And hot whispers
At your back
Anything could happen then
The floor go limp with snakes
And the air grip
Like muscles in a throat
With the wildcat's screech and thump
The one orange word the woods spoke
Screaming wild
locking the door
I drop to my hands and knees
Crawling under ferns
until
I touch ancient toys
Trucks and tractors
just blocks of rust
I find old clothes
a tiny
Checked jacket
I find rings
And ticket stubs
A waterlogged yearbook
Old furniture comes apart
in my hands
We caught tadpoles in mason jars
And now
I walk that way again
Past the icehouse
and the road to school
Bob and Ruth and I
Soaked to the waist
Limp flowers
In our hands for bribes
We pass George Buck's
George who nursed
his sick heart
Home from town
twice a week
I see him walk
then pause
Counting to sixty
He's back there as we pass
Bouquets wilting
pants icy
on our thighs
He made the finest bows
Strings so tight
they hummed
Now I'm sifting hard
Wilderness all around
Darkness smothering my skin
I pick up baby teeth like pennies
Lost hair like pins
So dark
my eyes are pebbles
We shiver
in the chill
Dreading the fever
of kitchens
The quick heat
of scolding air
And their father's
tantrums
The walk is always longer than you think
It takes us by Harry Culp's
Empty house
large and shady
So much deeper than our houses
And his toys
were numerous with delight
But they did no good
I remember his pale skin
And the way his
tiny arms
jutted
From shirts
that always seemed too big
Older
he reached
our size again
Then grew smaller
shrinking back
To babyhood to please
his aging parents
The last time
He was like
a sack of ivory kindling
In his father's arms
lost in the huge
Folds of striped
overalls
head lolling
Loose as a baby's
engineer's cap
askew
I leave this neighborhood
This room
This paper
I leave the dark city
And my neighbors
all those sleeping
irritants
I leave this and pack in
All the way
All the way
to the broken fields
Of fathers and sons
The dark nights of coughing
The sounds of morning
As he banged fire
from the iron stove
Now we hurry by the Culps's
And I drop off Bob and Ruth
And slip home
Down the hill
hearing their father say
He'll tan their
skinny little asses
Now I flinch
past swamp
And hopeless mason jars
Tadpoles bleak soup
in sunlight
Past the icehouse and the road to Boise
The exit from trees
and freedom
Everyone said Bob's and Ruth's father
Was as cocky
as a banty rooster
And it was true
he stood that way
Stocky and straight
chin high
handy with his fists
Later
as the war moved us west
And we forgot the town
I saw him in bed
just milk leg
He said
Bob and Ruth looked scared
We had little to say
Later still
we heard his mind
Went
He visited home sometimes
Playing in the yard
Like a three-year-old
His children's
youngest brother

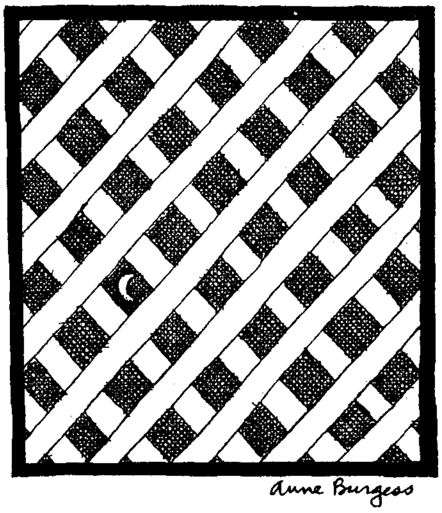
—VERN RUTSALA

TWELVE YEARS

IN April, 1963, just after my twenty-third birthday, I signed into a hotel in West Berlin, took a cab to Checkpoint Charlie, and approached a border guard with a suitcase in one hand and two passports in the other—one American passport made out to Joel Agee and one East German passport representing Joel Uhse. I had brought the latter in the naïve belief that it would facilitate my obtaining a visa from the German Democratic Republic, where I had lived from 1948 to 1960. "Where did you get this passport?" asked the guard, not believing his eyes. "Someone forgot to take it away from me when I left three years ago," I said. "I left legally, by the way. I was Bodo Uhse's stepson. You know, the writer. My mother and I are American. That explains the two names." With a sinking heart I realized that I would have a lot more explaining to do.

For a day and a night I was suspected of being an American spy. In a room at the border barracks, I was stripped, and my belongings were subjected to an extremely careful scrutiny. Each seam, each inch of each shoelace, the bindings of books, even an ordinary pencil were tapped, poked, and minutely inspected. I tried to explain for the fifth time that I was here to see my stepfather's grave, to visit old friends, perhaps to enroll in the university, but was told to keep my mouth shut. It didn't seem to occur to these zealous men that a skillful sleuth such as they believed they had trapped would never have blandly handed over to them the evidence that would lead to his capture. Or did they suspect some monstrously subtle bluff? Having exhausted their considerable expertise at searching for whatever illicit items I wasn't carrying, they sent me on to the central police station. Two glum and remarkably tall policemen escorted me to a humming black DKW sedan. We walked past a long row of Western visitors awaiting their turn at having their passports inspected. Sandwiched between these uniformed giants, in my American-style raincoat, I felt naked and guilty. I stuck a hand in my pocket, trying to affect nonchalance. "*Nehmen Sie die Hand aus der Tasche!*" barked the man on my right. Was he afraid I might whip out a weapon that had somehow escaped detection? No, it was etiquette he was demanding—formal obeisance to official authority. I had heard that command often enough in school to recognize its import. But this time it came from someone my own age, and I toyed with the idea of ignoring his order, but thought better of it, and pulled my hand out of my pocket. I was told to sit down in the back of the car; the policemen sat before me, identically stiff-necked and silent beneath their identical caps. One of them was holding a manila folder containing my passports. It was dark by now, and drizzling. We drove past block after block of unlit buildings silhouetted against the blue-black sky. Once in a while a jagged ruin slid by. A large illuminated placard proclaimed a familiar slogan: "DER SOZIALISMUS SIEGT!" The streets were vacant.

The Headquarters of the People's Police was an enormous foursquare mountain of fenestrated granite, colossally ugly, all mass and no grace, resounding with huge pillars, mammoth stairs, and vast pompous hallways, the whole thing brutally lit up with neon. To my acute annoyance, the policemen there did not believe me, either. "Do you take us for fools!" they shouted. "Stop hedging around! We've got you cornered! Your game is up!" However, they didn't lay hands on me, which is more than can be said for another prisoner, whose pitiful screams, accompanied by several dull thuds and an angry shout, rang briefly down the corridor where I had been ordered to wait until my next interrogation. Maybe they were lenient and even generous toward me (one man gave me a piece of his sandwich) because I waited patiently, secure in the knowledge that Bodo's friends would vouch for me as soon as these idiots got around to testing my story. In the end I was released with profuse apologies, went to sleep at the crack of dawn with the sound of awakening birds in my ears, blissfully featherbedded in the house of a plainclothesman's aunt (since no hotel rooms could be gotten), woke up at noon, sat down to a roast-duck dinner and champagne, was handed back both my passports, and received a chauffeured ride to the graveyard where my stepfather was interred side by side with numerous other writers and poets.

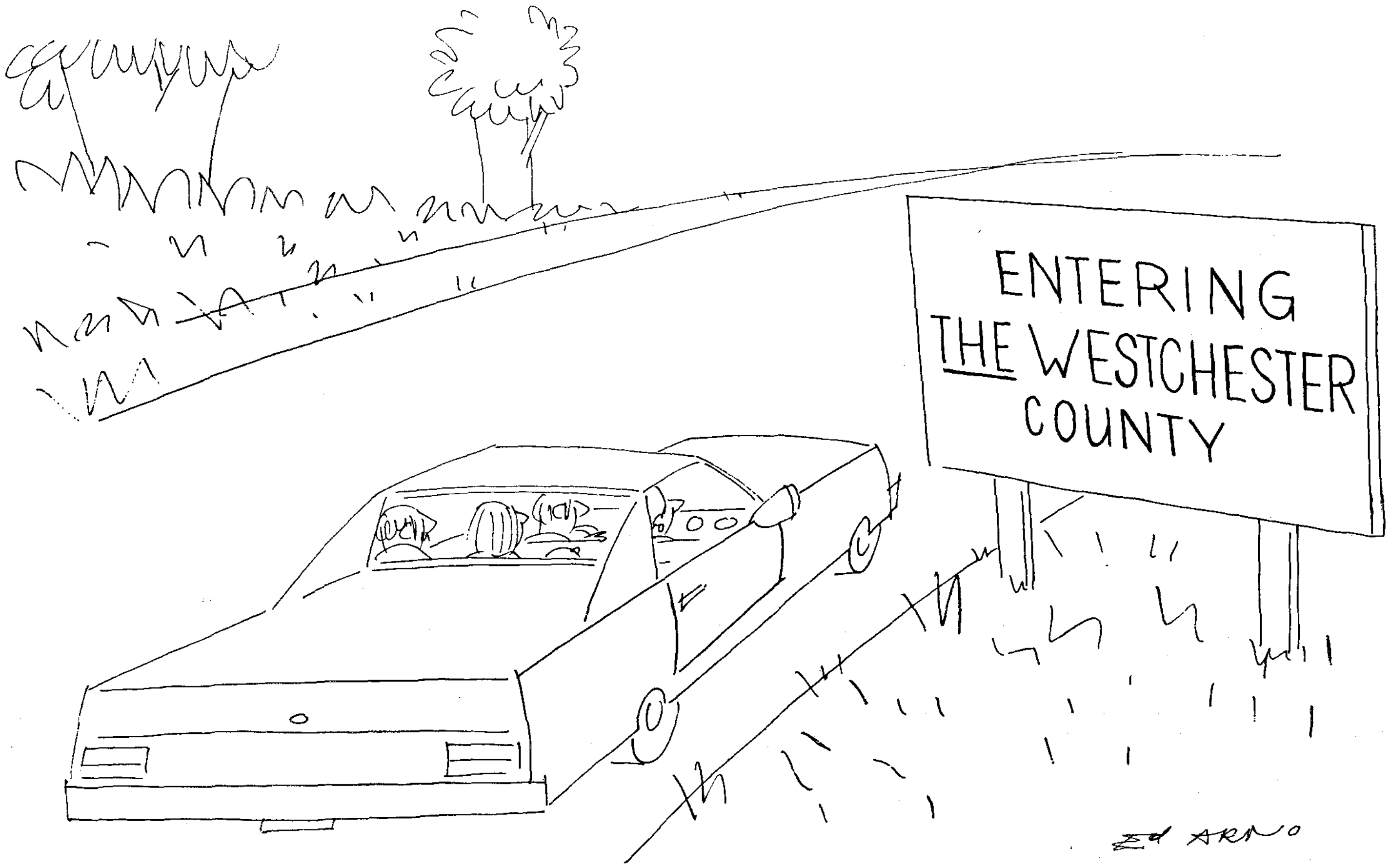


It was the remembrance of this strange homecoming—through the back door, as it were—that first prompted me to review the twelve years I had lived in the G.D.R.

I WENT there with my family when I was eight years old. Because no direct connection was available, my stepfather, my mother, my brother Stefan, and I sailed from Mexico (where we had been living) to Leningrad, on a Russian freighter, the Dmitry Donskoy. My first, passing glimpse of Germany was from the deck of this ship, as it slowly nosed its way through the Nord-Ostsee Kanal, guided by a short man in a black raincoat, who, to my surprise, was called a pilot.

It was the first land we had seen in two weeks—a delicious sight. On the bank, running alongside the ship, was a band of boys about my age, and they were shouting in Russian, "Comrades! Comrades! Give us cigarettes!" The sailors threw packs of cigarettes into the water and the boys dashed in after them. One officer wrapped a chain around a large carton of cigars, hoping to get it all the way to the shore that way, but it fell short and sank, and the boys dove for it in vain, and by the time they caught up with us again we had reached the open sea. How I admired them—their independence, evinced not only by the absence of supervising adults but by their familiarity with tobacco; the way they had all that territory to themselves, that tall grass and deep water!

A few weeks later, another ship brought us back to Germany from Leningrad, into the Baltic seaport of Warnemünde, northwest of Berlin. I was asleep when the foghorn roused me, and looking through the porthole I could sense, shrouded in the blackest night, the presence of the land where I would be living from now on. The silhouette of a cliff or a building glided by, voices were calling—a loud one from our ship and a fainter one from the shore. The ship's engines had stopped, but we were moving. My stepfather joined me at the porthole with tears in his eyes. He had been in exile for fifteen years.



I don't know where our first home in East Germany was. I believe we stayed in a hotel; I remember a large building full of elderly people and with a downward-sloping garden with mossy rocks and a most romantic natural tunnel formed by overarching bushes. I was lonely there. My mother was busy taking care of my brother, who was only two years old, and I spent many a melancholy hour in my tunnel. I made up a story about a little bird that had befriended me and came to sit on the rim of my breast pocket—the idea came from "The Secret Garden"—and my mother pretended to believe it, so in the end I believed it, too.

I was being tutored in German. I liked my tutor, though now I hardly remember him, except that he was thin and blond, and that he became obsequious when my stepfather was around. On Easter or Christmas, he took me to his place to show me off to his family. He lived in the French sector of town, we in the Russian. To get to the French sector, you had to pass through the British and American sectors. Each sector had its own currency, and, to my eyes, its own peculiarly French, American, English, or Russian atmosphere. At the teacher's house I was fed cake and hot chocolate and made to recite Goethe's "Zauberlehrling" before an assembly of smiling faces. Then, in the garden behind the house, they showed me one of the world's marvels: a huge mushroom, vermillion with white warts on top, and a stem the size of a fair-sized tree trunk—the kind you see in the illustrations of "Grimm's Fairy Tales," along with dwarfs and toads. I couldn't have been more awed and astonished if I'd been introduced to an elephant. My bird friend took flight before this cool, soft, undeniably real presence in the French sector. Moreover, my tutor confirmed my description of the mushroom's size, forcing my skeptical mother to believe me, rather than make believe she did. Skillfully taking advantage of my enthusiasm, he taught me several fairy tales involving toadstools, and a nursery rhyme that still evokes a kind of elfin wonder in me:

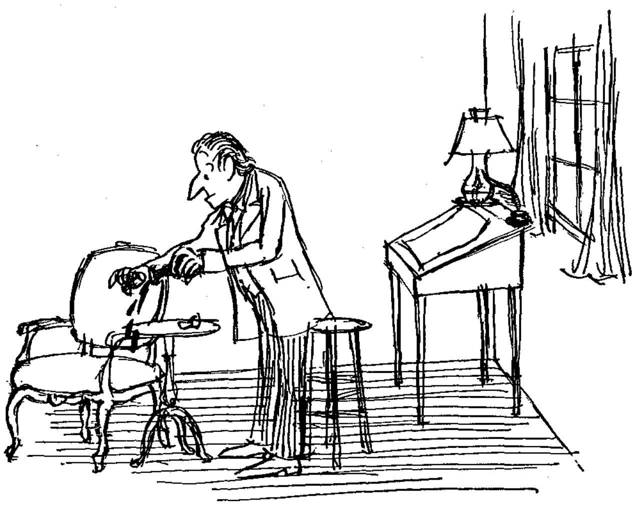
Ein Männlein steht im Walde,
ganz still und stumm.
Es hat ein purpurrotes
Mäntlein um.
Sagt, wer mag das Männlein sein,
das da steht so ganz allein,
mit dem purpurroten Mäntlein um?

A rough English version is: "A little man stands in the forest, silent and still. He wears a bright-red cloak. Pray, who may this little man be, standing there all alone, wearing his bright-red cloak?"

But "*still und stumm,*" "*Mäntlein um,*" "*purpurrot,*" and "*ganz allein*"—it would take some magic to translate that.

MY stepfather had little to do with me at that time. At least I don't remember much of any contact with him then. I imagine he was very busy attending banquets and accepting honors and taking on Party functions and meeting old comrades, for he was an Old Communist—a distinction comparable to patriarchal age in ancient China—a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, a well-known novelist of the Socialist Realist school of literature. We had brought with us huge sacks of rice and, I believe, flour to help us through the food scarcity that we knew existed. But Bodo had not counted on the institution of Privilege, his lifelong enemy, a distant target during the years of exile but now softly and treacherously enveloping, like a polyp with years for tentacles and flattery for suction cups and a dogmatic faith for the blinding shroud of ink. We were well taken care of from the start.

We soon got a house of our own—a villa by the edge of a lake, in the Russian sector of the little border town of Gross-Glienicke, southwest of Berlin. Potsdam was about a half hour away by car, Berlin two hours. This house, and in fact the whole section of



town in which it was situated, had once belonged to wealthy Jews, all of whom had been killed by the Nazis. I sometimes wondered what the family had been like who had walked these floors and looked out of these windows not so long ago. There was no trace of them. I had a room to myself, upstairs, with a door leading out onto a balcony and a window overlooking the garden and the lake. My brother slept in a smaller room next to mine, and my parents' room, the largest of the three, also led out onto the balcony. The room below mine was the maid's, and the one below my parents' bedroom was the living room. There was a tiled bathroom upstairs, with a spacious tub and a bidet, and a smaller one downstairs, containing just a toilet, presumably for servants. And a kitchen, of course, and a foyer. If the weather was nice, we ate on a large stone terrace in back of the house. A flagstone path led down to the lake, and to a wooden shack, once a servants' domicile, which Bodo (Stefan and I always called our parents by their first names, Bodo and Alma) used as a studio. A weeping willow stood there, its lowest branches drooping into the water. From a wooden platform you could dive into the lake. Nearer to the house stood a large, dignified pine. It was easy to climb up it, almost to the top, where the wind caused the branches to sway a little too precariously for the enjoyment of imaginary adventures. And beneath my window was a magnolia tree that opened its large, delicate blossoms each spring.

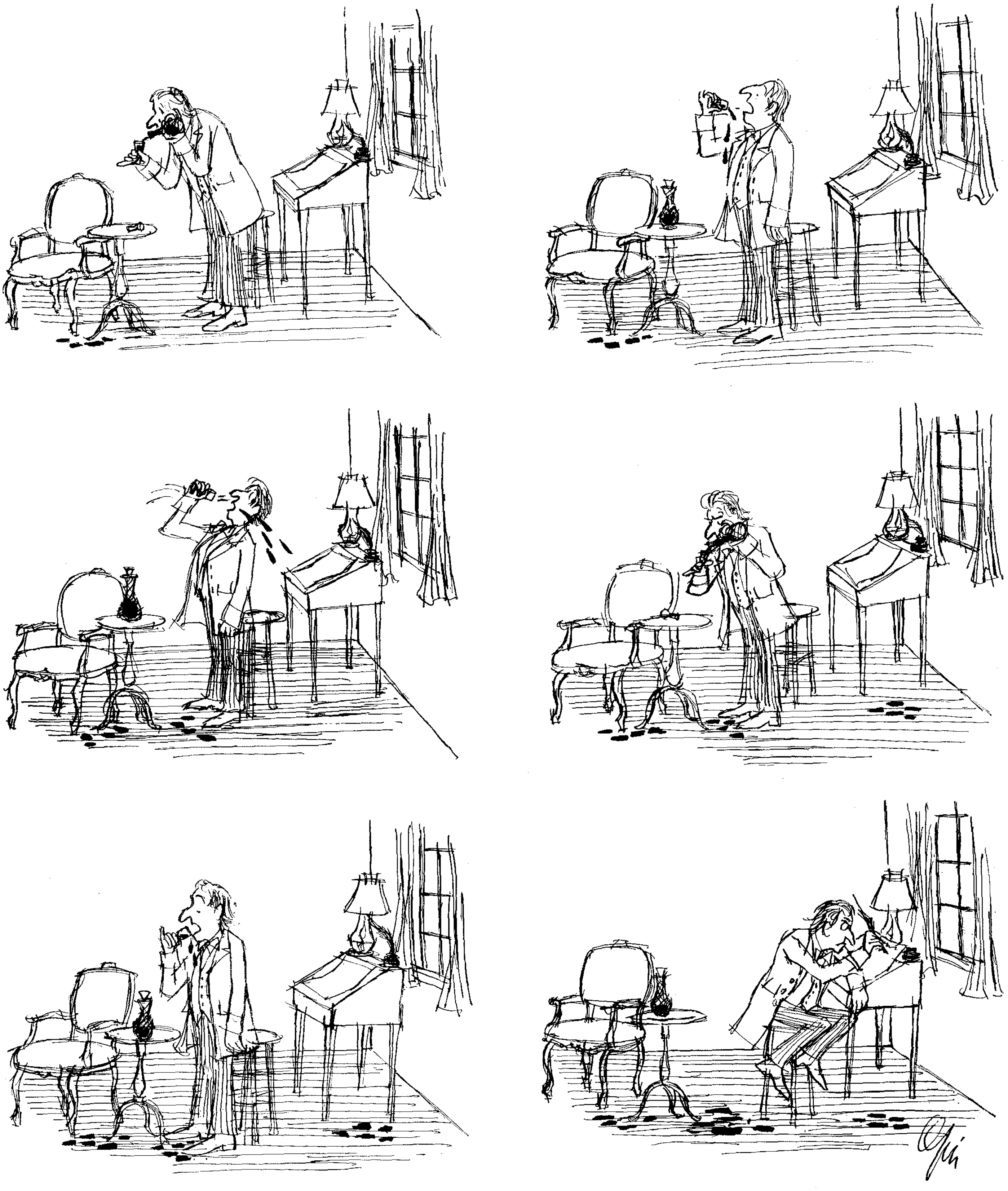
But when we arrived it was winter. I had been given a sled for Christmas, and at the insistence of my parents and our chauffeur, Jochen, I set out one day for a hill where some children were sledding. When they heard my broken German and my Mexican-American accent, all playing stopped and a circle formed around me. I was identified as an "Ami"—an American. My clothes were different from theirs. Strangest of all, I was wearing earmuffs. My sled was appreciated—it seemed to be of superior quality.

I played with these kids every day, and it wasn't long before my value as a curiosity wore off and the bare fact of my foreignness remained as an irritant. I couldn't understand half of what they were saying, and had a hard time making myself understood. They seemed to be joking at my expense. Eventually this culminated in total ostracism. There were jeers; snowballs were thrown at me, a mass of snow was stuffed down my collar. After that, I was alone again, for how long I can't say.

As soon as my German was good enough, I was sent to school. This time I was luckier in my company. There were two or three wonderfully friendly and thoughtful boys who took me under their wing. They seemed to be proud of me. When I mispronounced a word, they would call their friends' attention to it, as if I were a first-rate humorist; I was included in their amusement, and they always took care to clue me in on the joke. Thanks to them I began to feel at home where I was, and within a year my German had become fluent, with hardly a trace of an accent.

I remember one instance in which I became the laughingstock of ten or fifteen kids who had the good fortune of being near me when I launched into a pedantic lecture on sexual intercourse. My mother had solemnly informed me of the unsuspected uses to which genitals could be put, and of the wonderful biological function their coupling served. That this procedure was accompanied by pleasure I also knew. I felt terribly enlightened and considered it a good deed to pass on this rare knowledge. It took me quite a while to realize that I was the ignorant one, not they. As I started explaining, supplementing with gestures what I couldn't supply in words, an extraordinary hilarity began to develop around me. I took this for a sign of ignorant disbelief and earnestly continued my disquisition: yes, it was admittedly very funny, this manner of making children, but that was the true state of affairs. My audience increased rapidly, and for the benefit of latecomers I was urged to tell it all from the beginning.

Most of these kids came from peasant families. During the summer months, while I was at a bathing resort on the Baltic Sea with my family, they were working on their parents' farms. We, too, cultivated a few vegetables in our garden in Gross-Glienicke, and we had chickens, and later on a horse, not to mention dogs, cats, canaries, lizards,

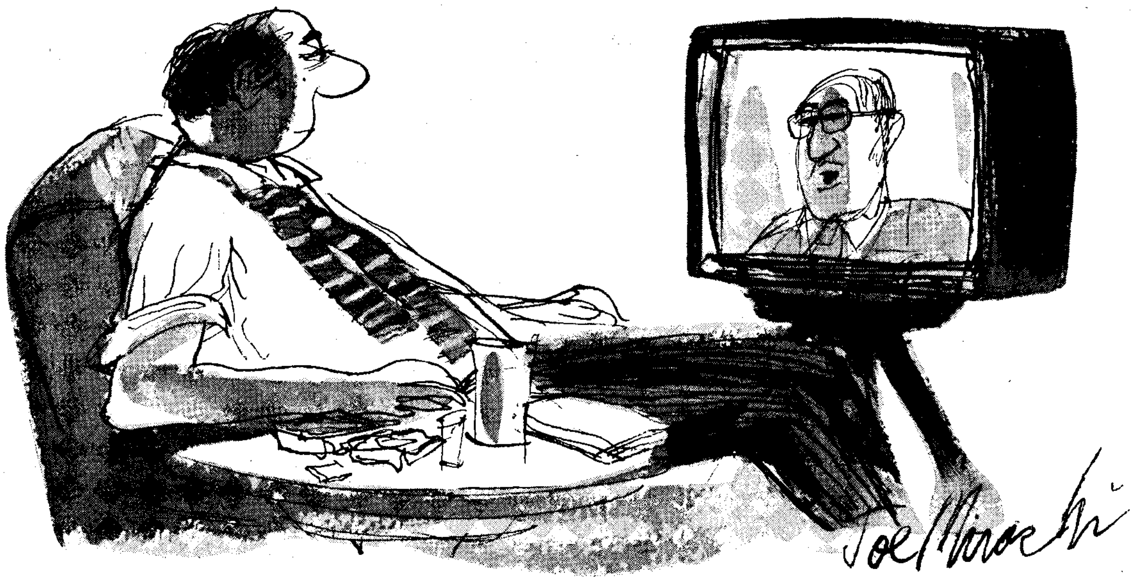


"There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

• •

squirrels, and a magpie. For the first ten or eleven years of my life—before I was seduced by the pleasures of hunting and fishing—I was convinced that plants, animals, even insects were exactly the same as people (a point of view to which I have since returned). But to my classmates animals were livestock, and even pets were expected to function as killers of mice and threats to trespassers.

I was, for a while, a good student—"brilliant," in fact; "exceptionally gifted." Everyone agreed on that. When I was twelve, I was promoted a year ahead of my age group—a decision that may have contributed to my eventual academic collapse. It seemed a mistake even then. Being the youngest in the class exacerbated my shyness. Nor did I take well to the high expectations placed upon me. Flattering as it was to be deemed exceptional, it involved a frightening isolation. I would much rather have had dashing good looks, or superlative skill at soccer or ice-skating. I began to avoid all those cultural temptations—literature, piano



"This has been an NBC special report. We now switch you back to CBS."

• •

teachers, a prospective study course with a famous boys' choir—that threatened to elevate me still further above my friends. Instead, I devoured and helped circulate forbidden books, such as Karl May's "Winnetou" saga (the original "Lone Ranger") and the murky adventures, densely printed in West Germany, of a pathologically fearless detective named Tom Brack.

One morning, around the beginning of the eighth grade, a stout, bald, red-faced man with steel-rimmed spectacles entered the classroom of Frau Kluepke, our kindly, nebulous, incomprehensible math teacher. He introduced himself as Herr Müller (I have not used, in this account, the actual names of a good many people), and told us that he would be replacing Frau Kluepke from now on; no explanation was given, but he made it clear that he expected the change to be drastic. While he spoke—in a sonorous and level baritone—he whittled the bark off several sticks he had brought with him, letting the shavings fall on the floor. He had memorized our names and the order in which we were seated, and one by one he fixed a cold blue gaze on each of us, and not so much called us by our names as let us know that he knew well who hid behind each name, and was not to be deceived. Still whittling, he said that he had been informed of the practice, on the part of "certain elements," of doing homework in school during recess, despite explicit prohibition by the director. He warned us not to try this on him, as he could tell by the ink how long ago something had been written, and he would not accept work done in pencil or ball-point pen or any medium other than telltale ink. By now the sticks were ready—four rods of varying length and flexibility. He eyed them with satisfaction. Then he informed us of their purpose, which all along we had dreaded but not quite believed could be true: offenders would be punished by a whipping.

His subsequent behavior was surprisingly pleasant. He seemed reasonable, even humorous, and after a week the rods disappeared. So by the time Lent came around, Herr Müller seemed innocuous enough for a little fun at his expense. We decided to celebrate the season by pulling the shades to darken the room and planting lighted candles in the inkwells. No gentler mutiny could be imagined, but it sufficed to kindle a monumental display of wrath in Herr Müller. As soon as he walked in, he switched on the light, and we saw that his face and bald head had turned a deeper shade of red than was usual. With a terrifying roar, he had us spring to our feet; with another roar, we were ordered to blow out the candles; next, all those with candles on their desks were commanded to step out in the hallway. From the hallway he led us in a brisk march to an empty classroom. I shivered at the thought of those rods. But his punishment was unforeseen, as befitted the crime. He had us walk single file past him and out the door, and each boy was given a crisp hard slap on the cheek. When my turn came, I winced and the blow glanced off my head. He pulled me back and slapped me solidly across the cheek—harder, it seemed to me, than he had hit the others—and twice, to boot. I was outraged.

Of course, I told my parents what had happened, and Bodo came to my defense, quietly and mildly, I'm sure, but with all the weight of his Old Communist, Member of the People's Chamber importance weighing against Herr Müller's known background as an officer in a Nazi submarine. There was no more slapping after that, or even threats of corporal punishment, which in any case was forbidden by law. But Herr Müller avenged himself subtly. He did it mainly with his eyes. He would be joking with the rest of the class, and as soon as I joined in the general relaxation I'd get one of those implacable blue stares. He not only frightened me but succeeded in filling me with a vague, sickening sense of guilt in his presence. After a while my ability to comprehend his teaching was impaired, and this offered him more substance with which to terrorize and humiliate me. Nor did he overdo it to the extent where I might have had occasion to denounce him again to my parents. He did it so well that I didn't realize he had it in for me until, as a matter of fact, now that I think back on it. I always felt that I was at fault in some deep way that only Herr Müller's eyes could fathom, and that the judgment issuing from them was just, if terrible. It was true, after all, that I didn't comb my hair properly, that I wasn't good at math, that I had a tendency to drift off during class, that I always had ink smeared on my hands or face; and it was also true that Herr Müller had become the most popular teacher in school, that his jokes stirred us out of our boredom, that he was popular in town as well, that he had the most powerful right leg on Gross-Glienicke's soccer team ever, and, finally, that this universally liked and respected man despised me. When one day he said, "Uhse"—I had Bodo's surname then, and Müller could pronounce it in a way that spelled doom—"*dein Schicksal ist besiegelt*," it seemed that my fate was indeed sealed and that judgment was at hand. I had failed a crucial test, and Müller was informing me of the likelihood of my failing the grade altogether; but I felt overtones of a wider and more far-reaching threat, and I believe he meant me to feel that.

I began playing hooky.

In this connection, I have to mention my friend Uwe, without whose encouragement and assistance I would never have played hooky as intensively as I did. Acknowledgments are also due to Mark Twain, especially for "Huckleberry Finn;" also to Thoreau and to several Chinese poets and painters, because, though I didn't know them yet, I'm sure I was anticipating their companionship; and to an Austrian writer whose name I never learned, who read on the radio an exhilarating essay in praise of laziness—something about lying on a hill in an ocean of clover and blissfully "wasting his life." Sitting at home now, over twenty years later, on a weekday afternoon, a glass of plum wine next to my typewriter, an unemployment check coming to me Monday, and having read a few pages of Thoreau minutes ago, I turn back to those times with a special pleasure.

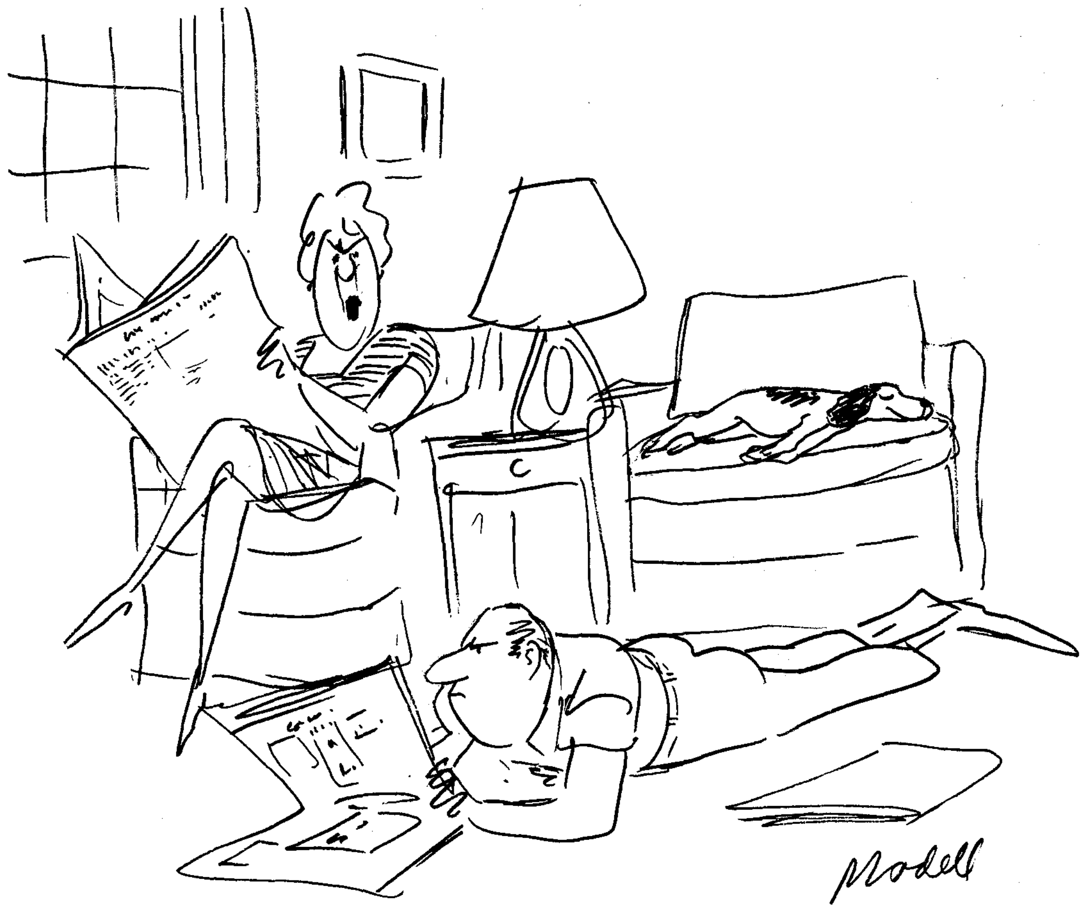
Uwe's interest was mainly in building an elaborate hiding place in the woods, and adding each day to the interior decoration—now a rug, next day a stool, or a board set up as a shelf for our books. His was a builder's enthusiasm, mine a dreamer's, but we got along fine; I helped him build, and he tolerated my dreaming. I can't for the life of me remember what these dreams were, but I know for a fact that I spent a lot of time staring vacantly, because my mother once took me to a doctor to remedy this condition, along with another supposed disease she inferred from my habit of drawing phlegm up my nose by means of loud snorts. The doctor agreed that the bridge of my nose was rather narrow, but he was averse to the idea of cauterizing the nasal passages, since the discomfort was mainly located in my mother's ears; he also said that getting rid of phlegm via the throat was more natural than using a handkerchief. On the subject of daydreaming, he reproved her gently but firmly, and in my presence, for suggesting to him in my presence that there was something wrong with me on account of daydreaming. "He's not lethargic," he said. "He's just a typical thirteen-year-old." I'm still a typical thirteen-year-old.

Uwe returned to going to school regularly, but I continued to set out, on many a morning, always with the exhilaration of a first venture, for my now solitary retreat in the woods. Actually there were several others. One was a dugout from which some German soldier may have murdered American troops when they marched by in the spring of 1945. It was exciting to see and not be seen. Some of my friends walked by on their way to school. About nine-thirty, every few days, Bodo would be driven past on his way to Berlin. Sometimes Alma would pass by on horseback. When policemen or soldiers passed, I ducked especially low, because I assumed they had a special instinct for hidden people. Occasionally a dog would discover me and bark, and I'd seriously worry about being found out.

When this place got boring I ventured deeper into the woods, past another large lake, past the Russian soldiers' encampments, and off all beaten tracks, so as to run the risk of getting lost and maybe having a real adventure. Nothing dramatic like that ever happened, but I did catch a glimpse now and then of foxes and wild geese and rabbits and deer; and, lying in a grove of young pine trees, I would let my body become so immobile that it seemed to melt into the cool damp earth and moss, and I would open my sense of hearing as wide as possible, to take in every creak and cry, rustle or song around me. If I got up and walked, crows and magpies fluttered before me, screaming as if to alarm the whole forest, and in the brush I could hear the commotion of the general flight.

IT wasn't only Herr Müller who made me withdraw like that. There was also a black-haired, blue-eyed beauty who sat in front of me in class. Her name was Ursula Tunger—Ursel for short. She'd been there all along, but suddenly everything about her was different. The outline of her neck, her little hand winding a lock of hair behind her ear, as if beckoning me—what painful bliss it was to be near her! A smile from her would fill me with happiness for hours.

I don't know how my attachment began, but I do remember an incident



"Oh, for heaven's sake! If you're just going to lie there and sulk, take my chair."

that may have been a critical moment in its development. Ursel and her freckled friend, Erika, Uwe, two other boys, and I were running around in a pine-tree-studded valley right across from the People's Police Station; or, rather, the boys were chasing the girls; or actually, to be really precise, Ursula was inviting us to catch her, and Erika was tagging along, giggling, with her hand over her mouth. Ursel was caught and rather roughly tumbled. I personally held her in much too precious esteem to lay hands on her so rudely, but my friends, including Uwe, were less inhibited. They dragged her by her feet behind some bushes where no one could see, and tried to undress her. It was Erika, not Ursula, who stopped them with shrieks and loud mentions of the People's Police. It was then agreed that Ursel be set free, provided she would state her preference among the four of us, in descending order. She named me third, and Uwe fourth. I knew why she named him fourth—because he was fat and had a squeaky voice. But why was I third, I who loved her so much—yes, that was it, I *loved* her!

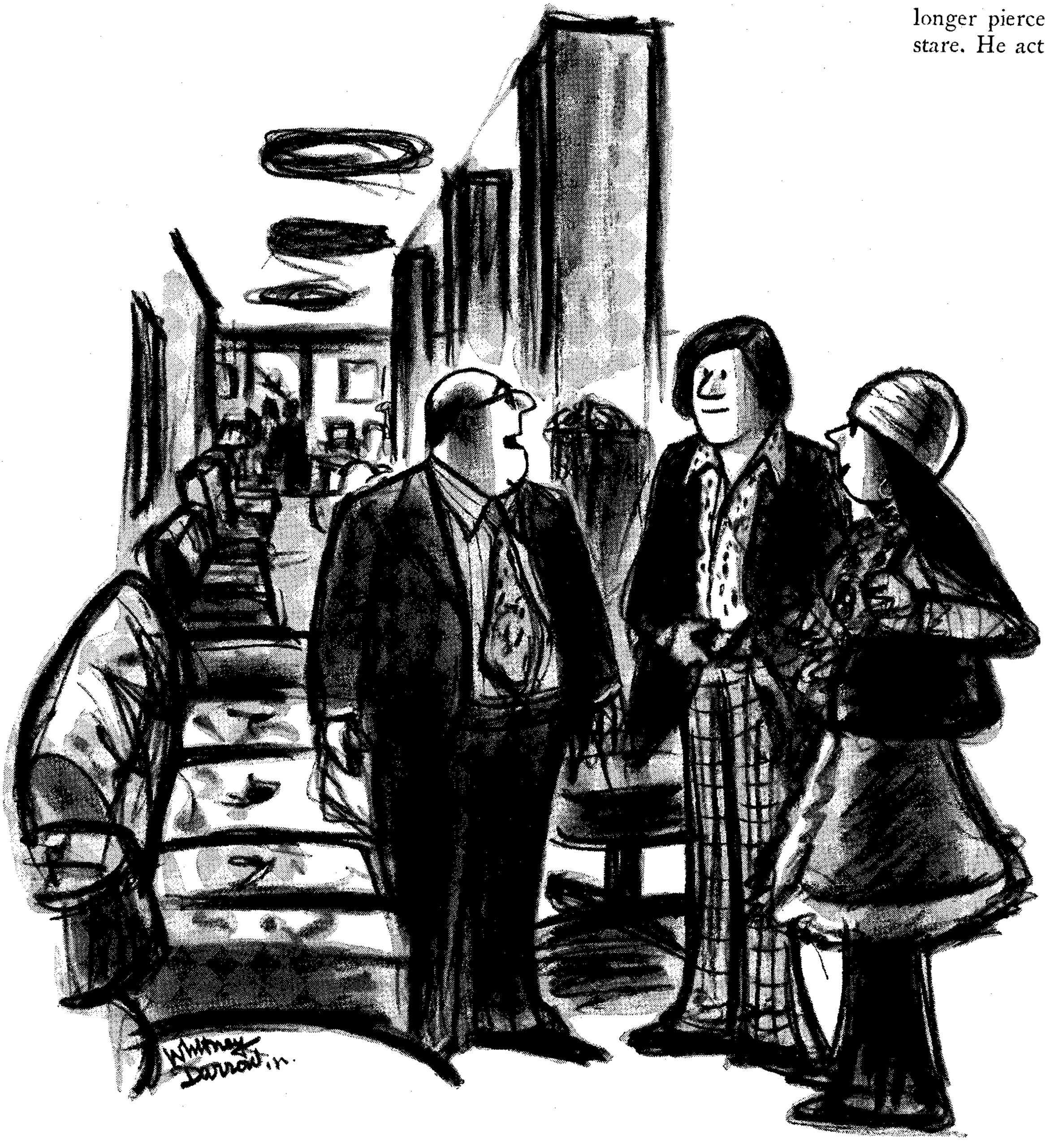
Uwe's feelings were hurt. On the way home, in a bitter rage, he declared that he'd found Ursel repulsive. "Her skin is ugly! Take a good look at her—she's got eczema all over her forehead!" I knew, of course, that Ursula was without blemish. Clearly, Uwe was deranged with the pain of thwarted love. Yes, he, too, was in love!

As soon as I got home, I informed Alma that I was in love, and that my love was unrequited. She was surprisingly unsympathetic, and said this was a matter I'd have to work out on my own; I was a young man now.

Between Herr Müller's attention and Ursel's indifference, going to school became depressing indeed. I took to the woods sometimes for days in a row, with an almost mystical sense of unburdening.

After a while, it appeared fairly certain that I would fail the eighth grade—a real disgrace for an offspring of the *Intelligenz*. Then Bodo asked Herr Müller to tutor me in math, and, abruptly, Herr Müller, disarmed and flattered by Bodo's humble appeal for help, became friendly. On the wall in a room of his house, where we worked, hung a color photograph of a thinner, younger Herr Müller, with an officer's cap smartly tilted on his straw-blond head, gazing into space through unpleasantly hard, cold blue eyes, like colored glass buttons on a doll. But the real Herr Müller no longer pierced me with his malignant stare. He actually took a liking to me. Together we pored over graphs and equations, like alchemists over their bubbling alembic, both of us glowing with excitement; for the task of transmuting the leaden dross of my mathematical idiocy to a pure golden A in the finals was as much of a challenge to him as it was to me. "You can do it," he said. "With your intelligence . . ." And with that incomplete sentence, and the expansive gesture that indicated the unlimited possibilities of its completion, he returned to me a hundredfold what he had taken from me during the time of our enmity.

I stopped playing hooky completely. And I studied, crammed, practiced for hours on end: not only math but biology, physics, chemistry, history, the hundred-metre dash—all my weaknesses. I did it for Herr Müller, who believed in my intelligence. And then, just three weeks before the finals, without any announcement in class and without saying goodbye to me, he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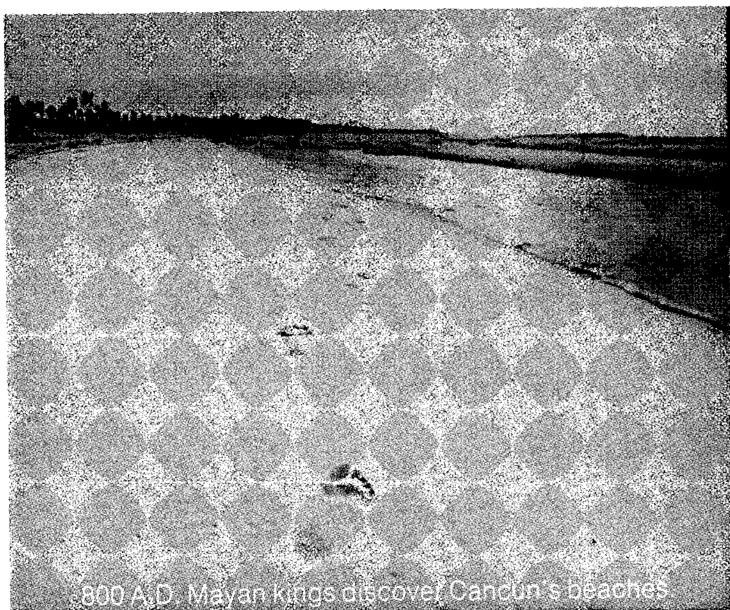
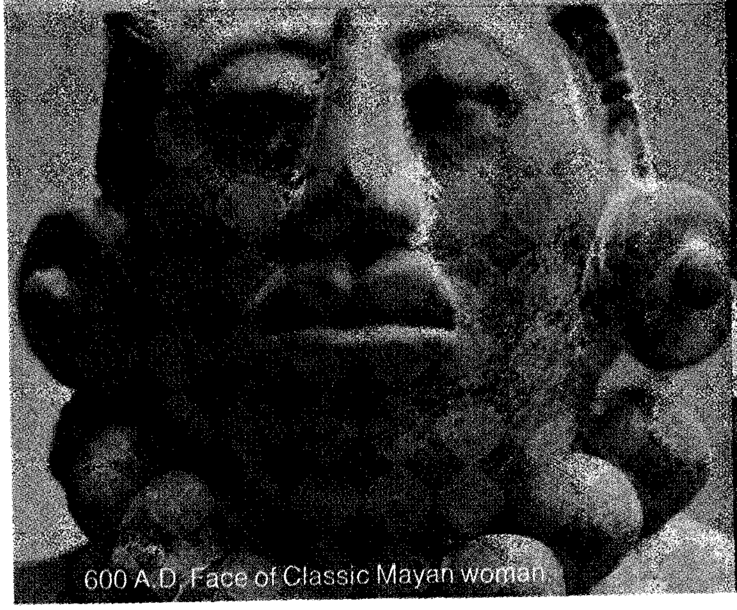
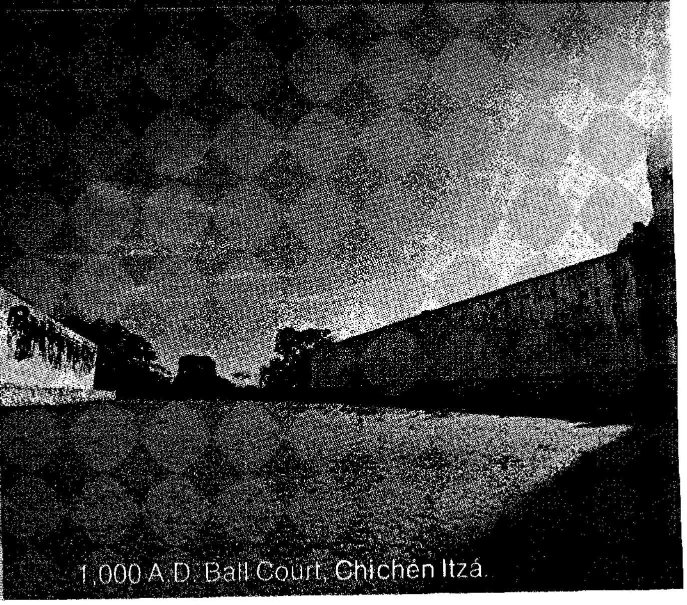


800 A.D. Mayan kings discover Cancún's beaches.

900 A.D. An architectural wonder at Chichén Itzá.



600 A.D. Face of Classic Mayan woman.



1,000 A.D. Ball Court, Chichén Itzá.

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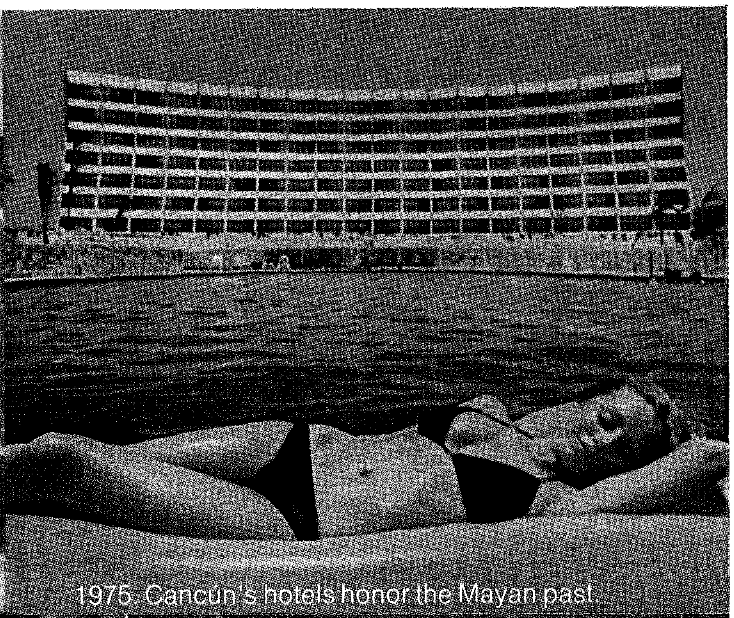
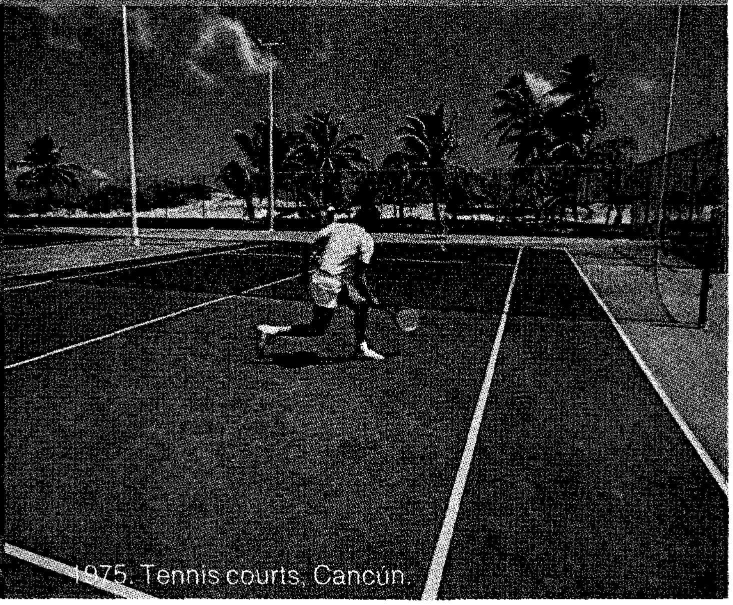

1975. Cancún's hotels honor the Mayan past.

1975. A friendly Mayan welcome.


1975. Tennis courts, Cancún.

is the way it is.

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packed his bags and left for another town—I never learned why. But the momentum of my studies was too great to allow me to withdraw to the woods again. I felt no need for it. I passed the examinations with honors.

A year later I met Herr Müller at a soccer game in Gross-Glienicke. The first thing he wanted to know was how I did in the exams.

THAT eighth-grade graduation was the pinnacle of my scholastic career. Immediately after it began a long, protracted descent and withdrawal that took me seven years to accomplish.

It was an hour's bus ride to my new school, in Potsdam. After several months, I still had the feeling of exile I'd had on my first trip there. On the way home, looking out the bus window, I would imagine I was a prisoner of war returning from Siberia and recognizing with profound gratitude and mounting exhilaration the half-forgotten landmarks of his home, until, walking down the last stretch of dirt road, where the house and its wire fence became visible and the tall poplars swayed in unison, as if to greet him, his weary feet broke into an eager trot, transported by wings of joy. Once through the front door, of course, home was just home and I was I—and that was good enough. It was a pleasure to dive into the lake and wash off the gray despair of a wasted morning. Inconceivable to sacrifice the afternoon to homework.

My midterm grades were predictably poor. Naturally, my parents were troubled, and questioned and counselled me as best they could, and of course the school warned me of my impending failure. But my mind was set: knowing I would probably have to repeat the term, and that even passing the grade, by some miracle, would only mean more of the same frustration, I gave to the morrow as little thought as possible.

Most adults who knew me watched and spoke about my problem with puzzled but sympathetic interest. The one exception was my Russian teacher, who passionately denounced me in front of the class: "The only F for this test comes from Uhse. And I want you to take a good look at him, if you haven't done so already, because he is talented and intelligent as perhaps no one else in this class, maybe this school. But he is lazy—damnably, unconscionably lazy!" "*Faul wie die Sünde*" was the sonorous German phrase, underscored by a stabbing forefinger. I let it thrust me right back into the woods, and to simplify matters I composed a letter in what Bodo considered to be his inimitable Gothic handwriting, explaining that I had been stricken by a bad case of pulmonary bronchitis and would be convalescing in a sanatorium for an indeterminate length of time.

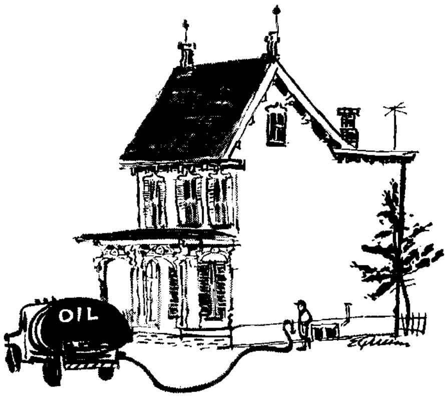
Imagine spending every weekday morning in the woods by yourself, keeping clear of all human contact, and taking care all the time to maintain complete secrecy about what you're doing. Subtle and surprising changes take place. Solitude becomes a pleasant companion, and relative immobility, without books or flights of the imagination, is full of romance and adventure. To come upon a fox's hole, for instance, and recognize the tiny tracks before the entrance, and hide behind a rock on a patch of emerald moss and wait for hours, and gradually feel the immense luxury of existence in your nostrils and travelling up your spine in happy shudders, until you start laughing out loud, and keep on laughing, infected by your own deliciously absurd lightheartedness; and then the magpies go screeching in all directions to warn the forest of the madman in its midst, and, of course, the fox never shows its face, and you come home flushed with a radiant satisfaction. Then, not to tell anyone, and go again next day.

"How are things in school, Joel?"

"Oh, fine. I'm starting to like it."

In the afternoon I'd play soccer till my knees got weak.

When the final exams came at the end of the year, in a last-ditch attempt to save my skin I prepared some tiny cards densely covered with important information. Everyone in class was impressed, and I was more than willing to share my treasure. Unfortunately I was caught passing one of the cards: there was a sickening sensation of cold inevitability as the teacher's face rose from something she was reading and her eyes came to rest on my hand frozen halfway behind my back. Had she found only that one card, I might have been pardoned; but beneath my desk were the seven or eight others—massive evidence of premeditated malfeasance. She told me to hand in my exam paper and go home.



Three days later we were given our report cards. Up to that moment I had tried to stave off disaster, at least in my imagination—I would be given another test, I would be passed because of my recognized capacity to make up for time wasted and lessons not learnt. That afternoon, I stood waiting for the bus in Potsdam with my report card folded up in my shirt pocket. The sun was beating down—the first day of a long vacation. The square was empty—an enormous asphalt floor with white lines marking the places where the buses were to park. I felt a peculiar, melancholy elation: I was falling.

THAT summer, or perhaps it was the one after (the exact chronology of my remaining years in high school eludes me)—one of these summers—in Ahrenshoop, a seaside resort favored by the *Intelligenz*, I met a boy named Peter Vogel, and, thanks to him, two charming and beautiful sisters, Gudrun and Gisela. They were sexy, too—especially Gisela, the younger one—and Peter was forthrightly intent on getting into bed with them. I dared not hope for such a miracle, but in the happy atmosphere of the days we spent playing and swimming on the beach I lost some of my shyness, and discovered that I could amuse and charm the girls. That served all the needs I permitted myself to feel.

The beach we used was the *Nacktstrand*, officially reserved, by whatever agency held responsibility in such matters, for the enjoyment of nudity. The stamp of governmental sanction and the constant proximity of one or another set of parents were factors as inhibiting as the most stringent morality could devise. The girls wore nothing but tiny crucifixes that dangled between their breasts—a detail I could have chosen to ignore if Peter hadn't spoken to me about it with lecherous satisfaction. Nevertheless, on the beach—and that was where we saw the most of the girls and their breasts—the utmost care had to be taken to prevent sexual excitement. It took quite a bit of mental and physical subterfuge. Years later Peter told me that he had slept with both of the girls, and that Gudrun had had a crush on me. "She did?" "Didn't you know? Couldn't you tell?" I wished that it

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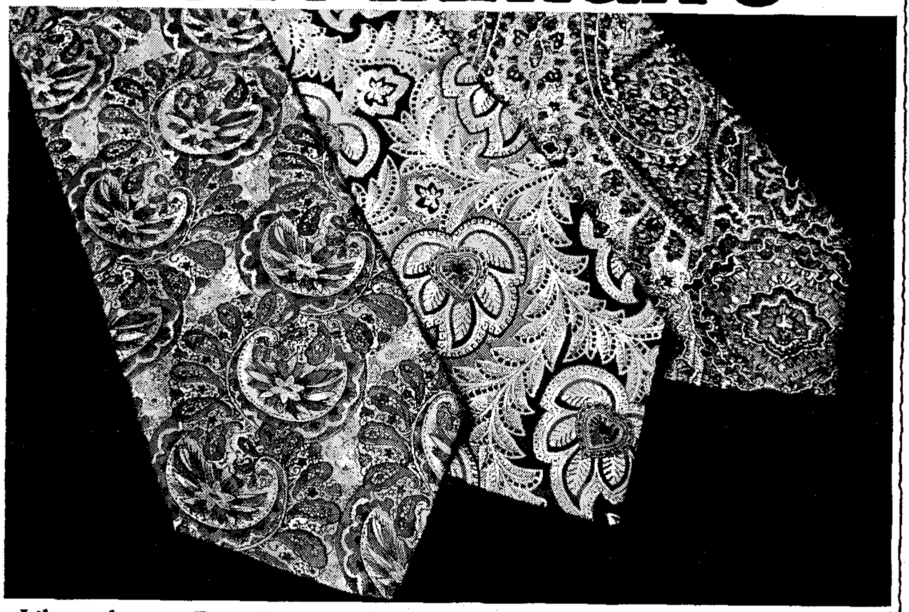

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had been Gisela, and that, in any case, I had known.

IN September I was transferred to a new school, also in Potsdam, and moved into a boarding house for boys. This spared me the daily long bus ride. On weekends, I was allowed to go home. There were a great many boys between the ages of fifteen and nineteen, and we were watched over by a tall, dignified, fat young blonde with corkscrew locks, who floated about in ample floor-length lavender, somehow Grecian robes. After about half a year, I realized I had gained, both at the boarding house and in school, a reputation for dullness, if not downright stupidity. I'd suspected as much but had trusted in my prowess at German composition, thanks to which several illiterate seniors finagled a surprised A at the bottom of their homework assignments. One day, during a basketball game, just after I had parried some sarcastic wisecrack with a witty reply, I heard a voice saying, "Would you believe it? Uhse said that!"

And I was failing again. Intensive conferences took place—between Bodo and my teachers, between me and my teachers, between me and my parents. Bodo took hours off from his work to coach me in mathematics and physics (which he wasn't too skilled at himself), and I resented him for it. Through my window I could see the lake, some boys paddling by in a boat they had made out of a bomb casing. At least let me enjoy my weekends!

I learned that Ursula Tunger had married Willi Haas, a local soccer hero with short, powerful O-shaped legs. He was so unlike me that it hurt.

Deeper and deeper I fell.

My fifteen-year-old world was bleak indeed. I didn't even have friends. Peter lived in Berlin, and Uwe had moved with his parents to another town. For all I knew, I was a rather trivial mistake of creation, just a tiny nucleus of private gloom, rather shoddy in appearance, pulsating uselessly and without much vigor, sometimes in my dormitory, sometimes on a school bench, sometimes at home in Gross-Glienicke—it hardly made a difference where—while around me was a universe marked by purpose, efficiency, order, usefulness, and productivity, if not exactly happiness. There were political upheavals, of course—the airlift that sent American planes roaring over our heads toward the Gatow airport in West Berlin; the uprising in 1953, when the rumble of Russian tanks heading for Berlin shook our vil-

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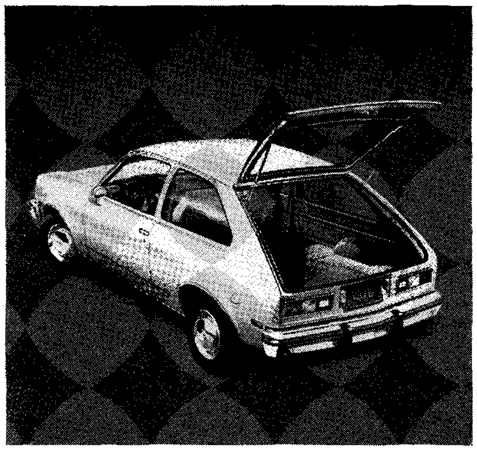

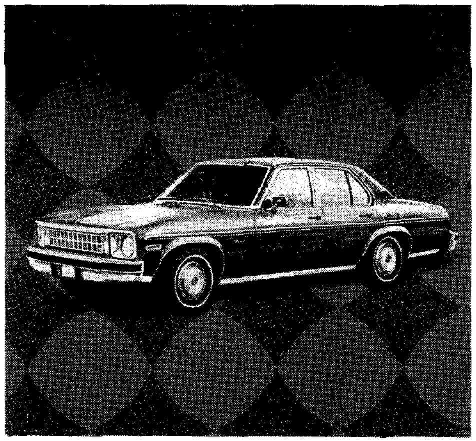

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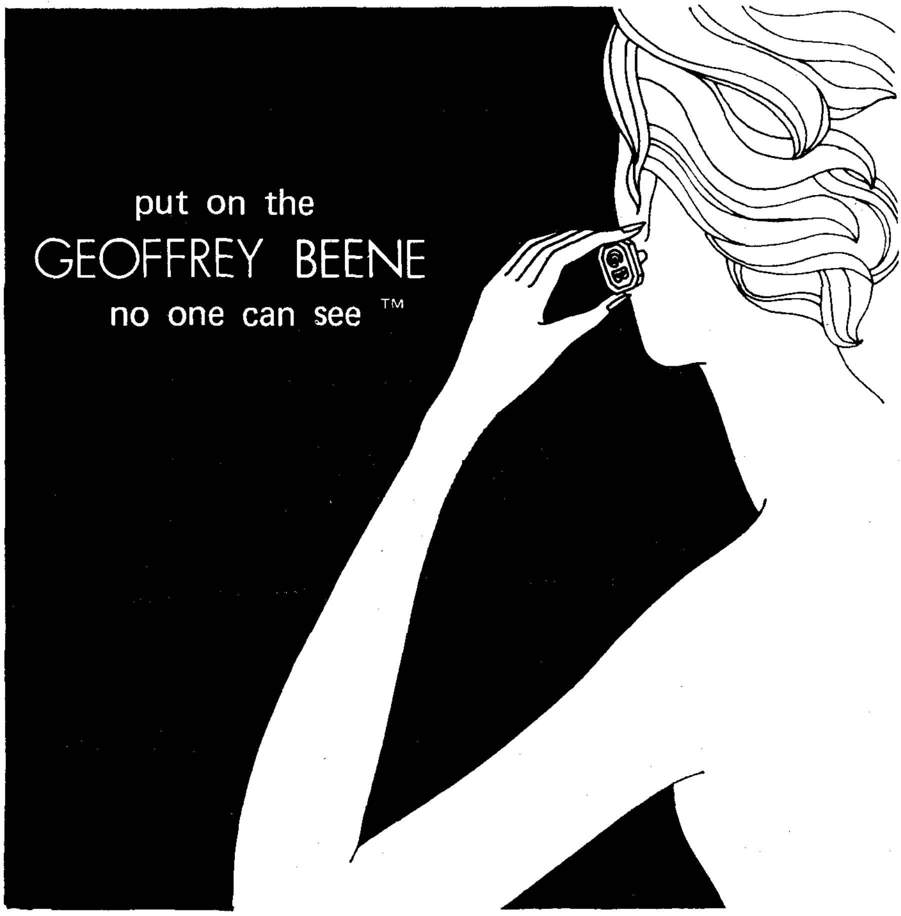

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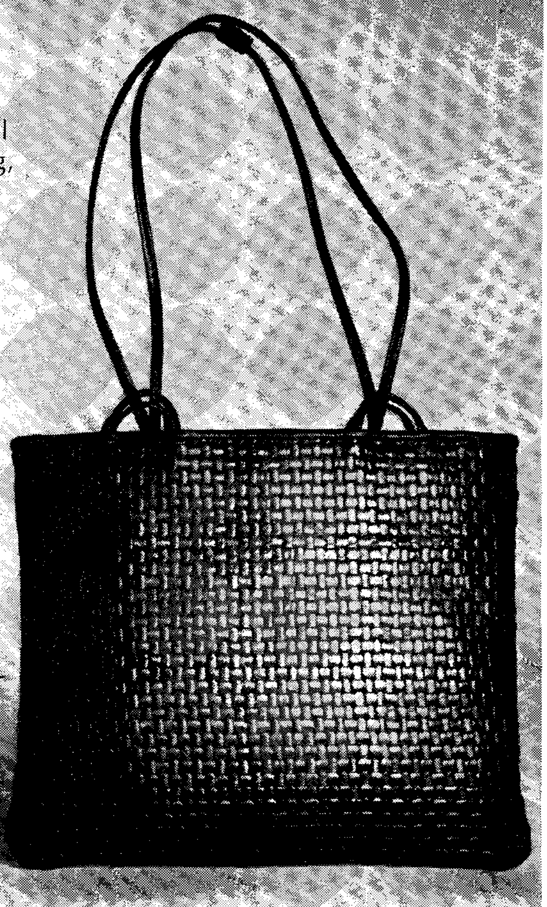

BONWIT TELLER

lage for an entire day; the war in Korea, which, though far away, elicited occasional mutterings among adults that a Third World War might erupt. But these were minor disturbances, faintly entertaining while they happened, then quickly forgotten, subsumed in the general pattern of orderly progress, which, after all, was conducted by the same intensely purposeful and industrious people who drove the tanks and planes and were attempting to educate me in school. The real disorder was in me: I had no purpose in life.

The idea of suicide began to appeal to me, not just for the soothing balm of self-pity but for the logic of it. It seemed right—right for me, and right for them.

SUDDENLY my parents were fighting. It was very surprising. They never fought—disagreements, yes, a petty quarrel occasionally, but never a violently angry scene. They loved one another.

Now Alma was in a constant tearful rage, Bodo alternately depressed and furious. The horse, the dog, the maid, my brother, and I slunk off to a safe distance. Bodo had slept with someone—that much was clear. One day, he drove off to Berlin, ostensibly to work (it was Sunday), and Alma, seeing in me her only ally in this cold country, told me, half in tears, half vengefully, all about Gertrud, Bodo's secretary: how Bodo had brought her to visit; how Alma had liked and trusted her, even asked her to model (Alma had begun painting in oils); how Bodo had had an affair with Gertrud; how they had betrayed Alma, exploited her naïve generosity; how deceptively affectionate and thoughtful Bodo had been throughout this time, bringing Alma flowers, taking her to the opera.

This episode had an enlivening effect on me. Here I was, abruptly promoted from the level of problem child to a rank above Bodo (now a scoundrel), Alma's confidant, mature, compassionate, neutral but understanding. Even after the fabric of domestic harmony had been mended with Gertrud's dismissal and the passage of some time, it was obvious that my parents, too, had their problems; they weren't so wise, nor was I all that hopelessly useless. School also changed for the better. Somehow I managed to pass the ninth grade the second time around.

Up and down goes the way.

I'VE hardly mentioned my brother Stefan in all these pages. Of course he was there, near me, all along. I've

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Has the work been "hand-pulled"?

If you examine a print under a magnifying glass and discover a regular pattern of small dots, you will know immediately that it is not an original work.

If the print is a serigraph (produced by a silk-screen process), the ink will seem rather like paint and appear to be sitting upon (rather than absorbed into) the paper.

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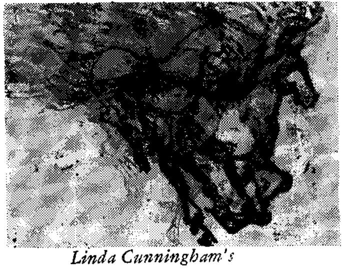
Contemporary original prints will always be signed in pencil by the artist himself, to indicate personal supervision and approval of the individual print.

Original prints are always produced in limited editions, at the most several hundred copies. If thousands of copies are available, then the work is almost certainly *not* original. (In most cases, to assure that the integrity of their work is not violated, artists will destroy the plate after the edition has been produced.)

The print will have a figure on its border, indicating the number of prints pulled and the number of the individual print in the sequence.


Linda Cunningham's original etching, "Winged Pegasus," limited edition of 60.

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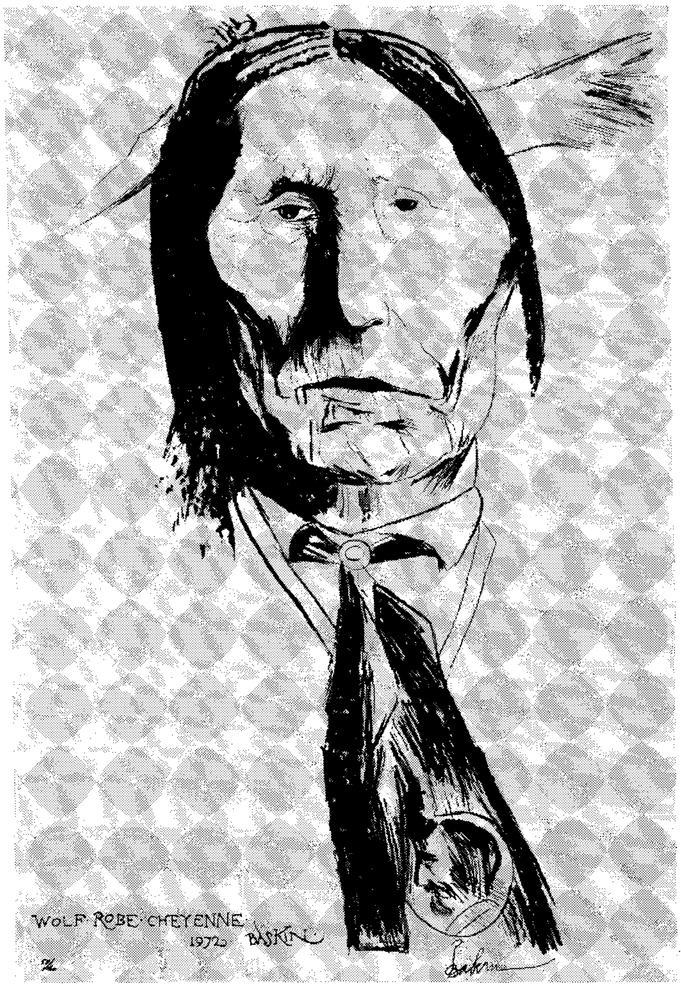

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Did the artist personally sign the individual work?

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avoided remembering him because his life ended in ruins a little over a year ago. I don't yet know how to think about him—how to evaluate what I remember of him; how to separate and how to connect the shy, sickly, precocious child and the twenty-six-year-old lunatic who jumped out a window in God knows what rage, panic, or delusion. It is painful for me to write about his very sad childhood in any detail because I contributed to it, both actively and by default, out of jealousy and out of a need to dominate. I excluded him from my games with my friends, insisting that he was too young for us, and at other times, when I did condescend to play with him, it was with a kind of pushy superiority—natural, perhaps, in brothers six years apart in age, but still a source of shame and self-reproach when I think back on it. There were times when my jealousy materialized as physical disgust—the pale freckles covering his face, his habit of saving his desserts and sweets revolted me. Nor could I forgive him the only weapon he had against me, which was to tell on me. It infuriated me that his complaints were always believed and always dignified with the most serious attention (in large part owing to the fact that he told the truth), while on several occasions mine were dismissed as lies or exaggerations (which they often were). The immediate facts had little bearing on my feelings. I felt victimized by his existence.

Stefan worshipped me. He wanted to be like me in all ways, even to the color of my hair. Like me, he drew, painted, read, and wrote. After a while, he became so adept at writing and drawing that it no longer was a clear case of his emulating me. It was I who had cause for envy now. At nine he was attracting attention with solid accomplishments in the form of illustrated manuscripts, regular little works, whereas I, at fifteen, was clinging to the empty promise of talents for which I was furnishing no tangible evidence. He was creative, I was dreamy. Stefan was Bodo Uhse's remarkably talented son, while Joel was his rather woozy and problematic stepson. (My own father was also a writer, but unknown then and there.)

Our relationship changed for the better, I think, when Stefan started getting sick. He had scarlet fever, which developed into a serious inflammation of the tonsils. A tonsillectomy was performed. Two months later it had to be repeated. After the second operation he was put in a glass box

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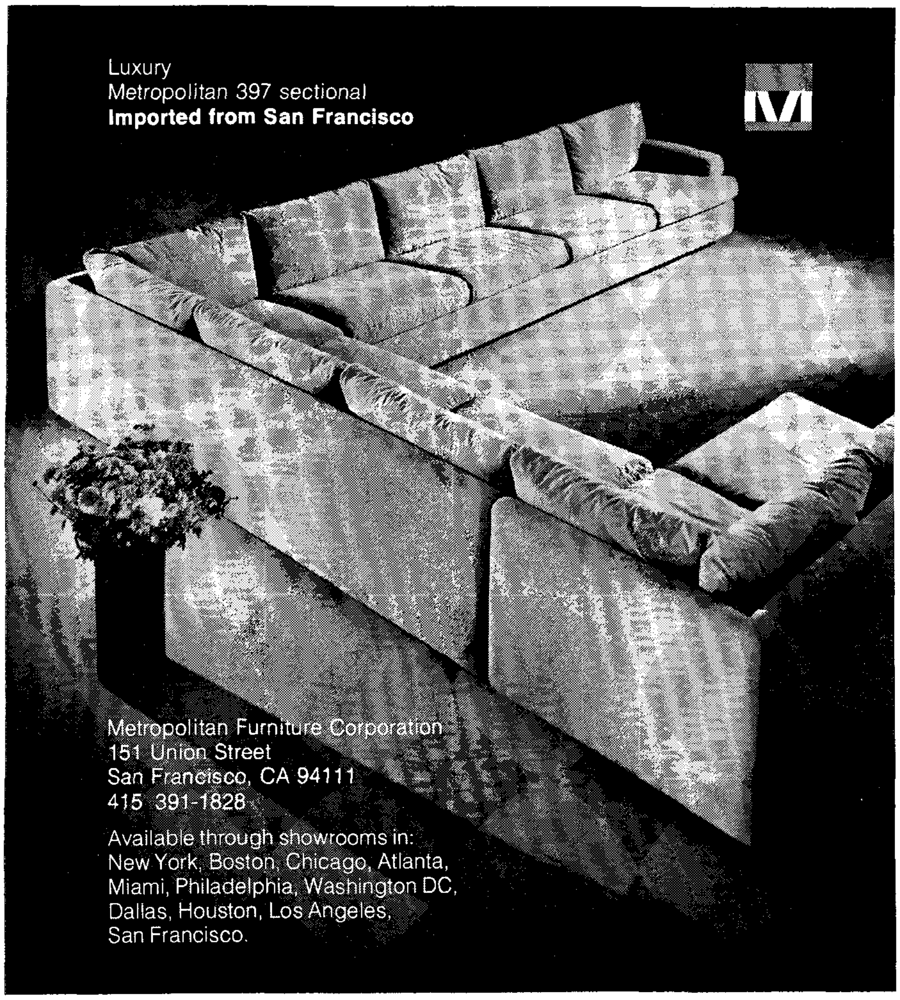
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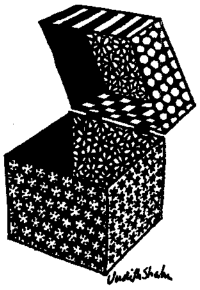
ordinarily used as an incubator. Moreover, no one was allowed to visit him until a week after his operation. No amount of pleading by Alma and Bodo could make a dent in this ordinance. For a week he lay in complete isolation, except for those times when he was fed or bathed or his sheets were changed. Shortly before this nightmare, he and I had seen a movie about the men who had planned the extermination camps in Germany. Night after night he had woken up terrified, his dreams haunted by the memory of a scene in which several animals—a lamb, a hen, a mouse, and a dog—were asphyxiated in a glass gas chamber, under the eyes of various scientists and statesmen. I am quite certain that the analogy of his situation in the hospital to that gruesome image must have occurred to him in ways it would be useless to imagine; and that it was there he developed asthma, which periodically kept him in bed and literally dependent on his mother for the breath of life, throughout his remaining childhood.



I ask the reader's indulgence for not going any further into Stefan's life than this. One's own past tribulations shrink to manageable proportions with the passage of time, but the pain of others is not so easily disposed of. Someday, his story may be published as he himself told it, in long journals, more eloquently and more truthfully than anyone else could do it. It is myself I am remembering here, and it seems both right and merciful to let Stefan's sallow, preoccupied face return to the peripheral shadows of my attention. May love restore him.

THAT year (it must have been 1956), we moved to Berlin. My next school, named after the physicist and biologist Hermann von Helmholtz, famous for his pioneering work in optics, had windows you couldn't see through—a huge four-story building, ruthlessly uniting at least seven incompatible styles of architecture into one amorphous ugly bulwark of brown brick. Instantly I vanished among its throngs, and again dozed through physics and math and chemistry and history and biology and French and Russian classes, and during recess wandered pretty much friendless in the big dirt courtyard, wistfully watching the girls.

One morning a new student was introduced to my class: it was Peter Vogel, my companion of two summer vacations. From that moment everything was different. I no longer felt strange and unacceptable, and quickly shed much of my shyness. I had developed a habit, before Peter's arrival, of showing up every morning exactly five minutes late. Now my excuses ceased to be shamefaced repetitions of the usual "I overslept" or "I missed the streetcar" and became bold, increasingly elaborate inventions, which the class began to look forward to—a new installment, dependable as the morning paper, five minutes after nine each day (provided I wasn't playing hooky): "The neighbor's goat broke loose and was standing in front of our door, and I was afraid to go out, and when I tried the front window it was stuck," or "The streetcar bumped into an apple cart and tipped over all the apples, and everybody had to help pile the apples back into the cart before the streetcar could move on." It was fun to think up a new story each day on the way to school, and see the expectant smiles when I stepped into class. Soon the teachers stopped asking me to excuse myself, and complained to my parents instead.

And then Helmut arrived. Why he was taken out of his school and transferred to ours so late in the term the teacher didn't explain. Helmut himself bashfully answered our questions with evasive generalities. But our feeling was that his delinquency must have been considerable. For one thing, he had been introduced to the class with a good deal less than the warm endorsement Peter had received—not exactly coldly, but with a touch of suppressed apprehension in the teacher's glance and tone of voice, as if she were thinking, Let's hope for the best. And there was a hoodlumlike swagger and sneer he affected, and he wore jackets with oversized shoulder pads, and his hair was greased and styled in ducktail fashion—clearly a hood, clearly someone to stay on the good side of. So we thought. Actually he was a self-effacing, awkward, rather melancholy boy, no real menace to anyone, just a misfit to his very bones.

As if to compound the deception wrought by his thuggish appearance, the periodic addition of a simple prop served to disguise him still further; several times a day, whenever he was called on to recite, he extracted from his breast pocket a pair of steel-rimmed glasses and, having carefully

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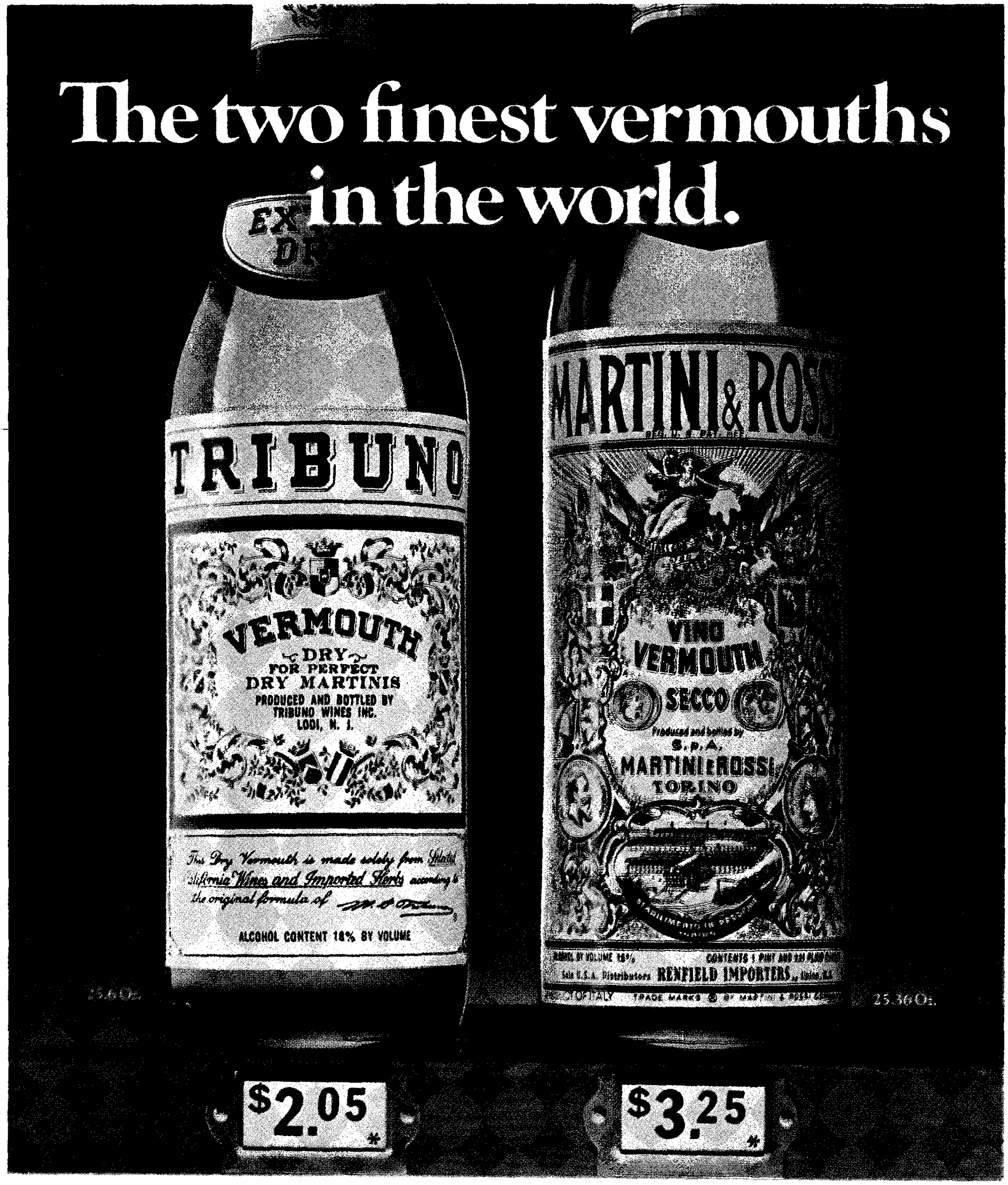
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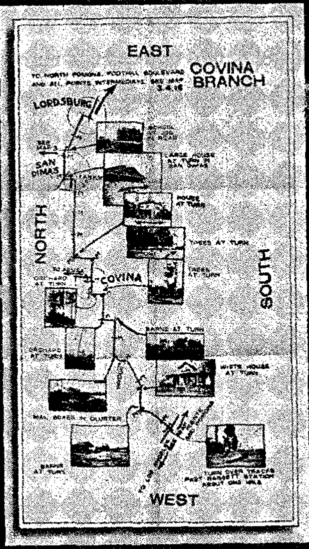

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wrapped their slightly wavy wires around his ears with a curiously pedantic earnestness, was suddenly transformed into the image of a myopic dreamer pretending, for some far-fetched reason, to doctorlike intellectuality (with the ducktail and shoulder pads absurdly appended). He didn't need his glasses for reading, and when one day a lens fell out and shattered he took two months to replace it, without, however, missing a single occasion to repeat his strange routine.

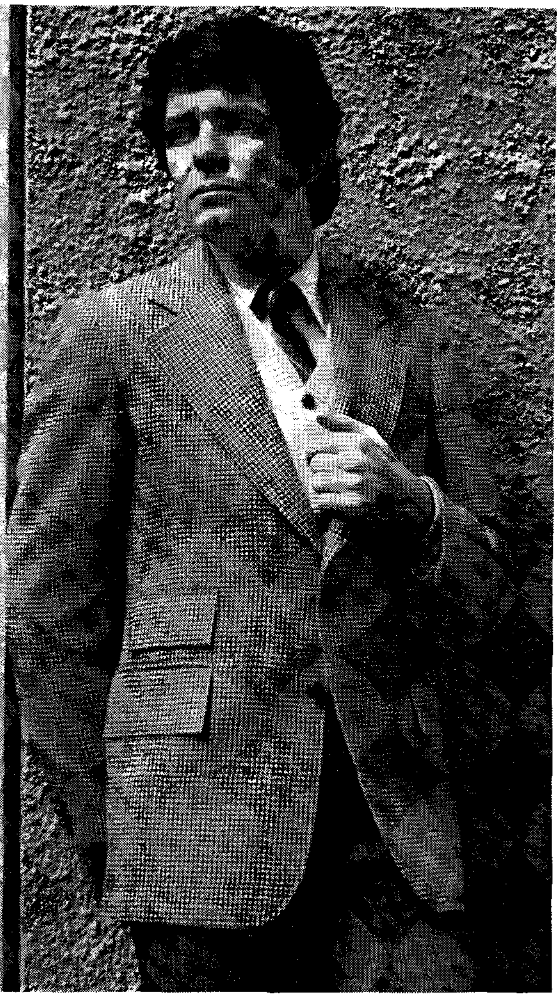
The effect was subtly and, in the course of dozens of performances, cumulatively comical. Any time a teacher put a question to Helmut, our faces would suddenly become animated with sly expectancy; a kind of inaudible chuckle went through our rows. Helmut would reach for his glasses and install them with the usual fumbling pedantry, clear his throat, and address himself to the question with beetle-browed deliberation, tracing vague explanatory diagrams in the air with his fingers, orating at length and with an incredible paucity of factual information, until ordered to sit down again. It was never clear to us whether he was being intentionally funny or not, but in any case he didn't seem to mind our laughing.

After a while, the teachers stopped calling on him.

One day he stood up in the middle of class, packed his books, and started to walk out. The teacher demanded to know who had given him permission to leave. "No one. It's just too boring," he said, and closed the door behind him.

The news spread to the other classes. By the time Helmut returned, a few days later, he had become a celebrity, almost a hero. I was proud to be his friend—his only friend, you might say, since no one else came close to matching his reckless will to fail.

Soon after that, during a science class, five of us followed him out the window, single file, onto a scaffolding where masons were restoring the school's hideous façade, and down the narrow ladders from floor to floor, knocking on each window as we passed, beckoning hundreds of gaping faces to join us in a general revolt (nobody did). Another time, Helmut got the son of a watchmaker to bring a gallon of phosphorescent paint to school, and someone else to bring a pulley and a rope. The school's skeleton was carefully painted, and concealed behind a cupboard in a corner of the classroom. The pulley was fastened to the wall above the skeleton's head, and one end



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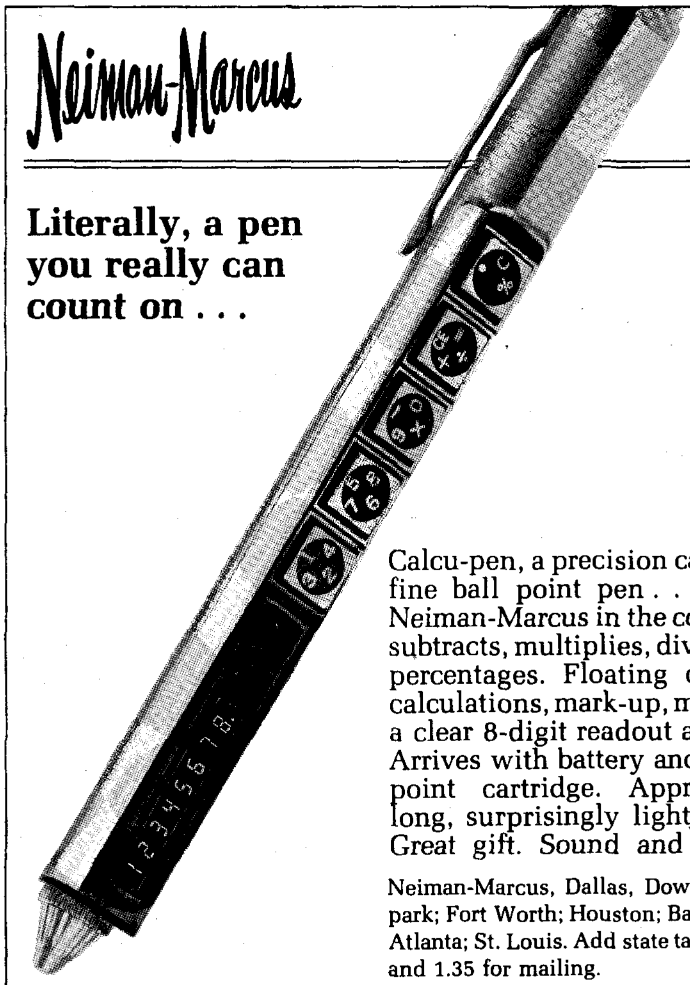

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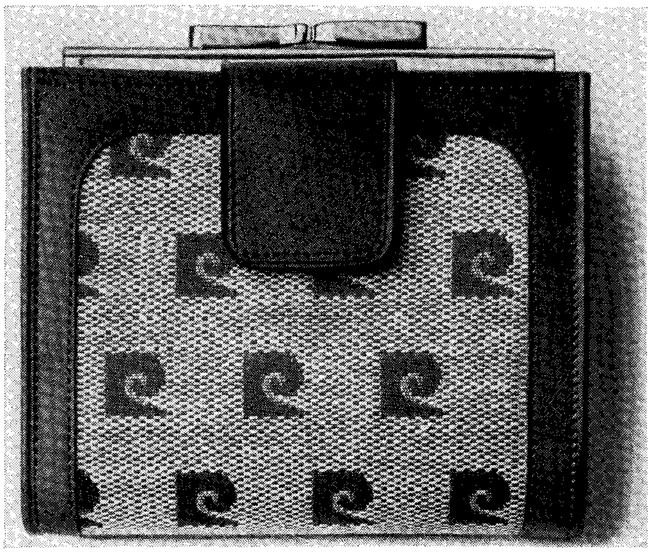

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of the rope was attached to the stand that held the bones upright. The other end was slung over the pulley and hidden behind the closet. The occasion was the showing of an educational film about revolutionary Soviet methods of farming. As soon as the lights went off, the loose end of the rope was hastily conveyed from hand to hand until it reached Helmut's. Slowly and majestically, like a ghostly moon, the top of the skull rose over the top of the cupboard, accompanied by the screams and laughter of the class, and was followed by the rest of the head, the neck, the shoulders, and a few ribs, at which point the skeleton noisily dropped back into darkness as Helmut threw the rope away.

As in most American high schools, East German law prohibits the expulsion of students under a certain age. The most the teachers could do was threaten to fail us, and the one weapon they had to that end, other than giving vent to personal anger or wagging their fingers at us, was handing out *Tadel*—official demerits—which were entered in a little black book of records each of us had to keep, and which our parents had to sign weekly. A certain number of *Tadel* could insure one's failing the class, no matter what one's grades were. But since, under Helmut's leadership, *Tadel* had become medals of honor, the burden of pedagogical responsibility passed from the teachers to the parents. The school did its utmost to enlist their support. Wage war on absenteeism! Enforce the production of homework! If coming home with one's black book full of *Tadel* was made sufficiently unpleasant, the scales might tip back in favor of progress and order. This, I believe, is what happened to most of our classmates. Suddenly, at the very last minute, they became unnaturally reasonable and pliable. They were no longer with us. Peter anxiously wavered, and suffered, unable to join either camp wholeheartedly. Only Helmut and I remained unreformed.

In the end—who would have suspected it?—the Party took action. Peter and I were put on trial before a tribunal of Party members that included several teachers from my school and an official of the Board of Education of the Democratic Sector of Greater Berlin. The reasoning behind this was simple: our fathers were highly regarded public figures (or "*Bonzen*," as they were called by the more cynical), so what we did reflected not just on our parents but on the Party. We were being charged with something

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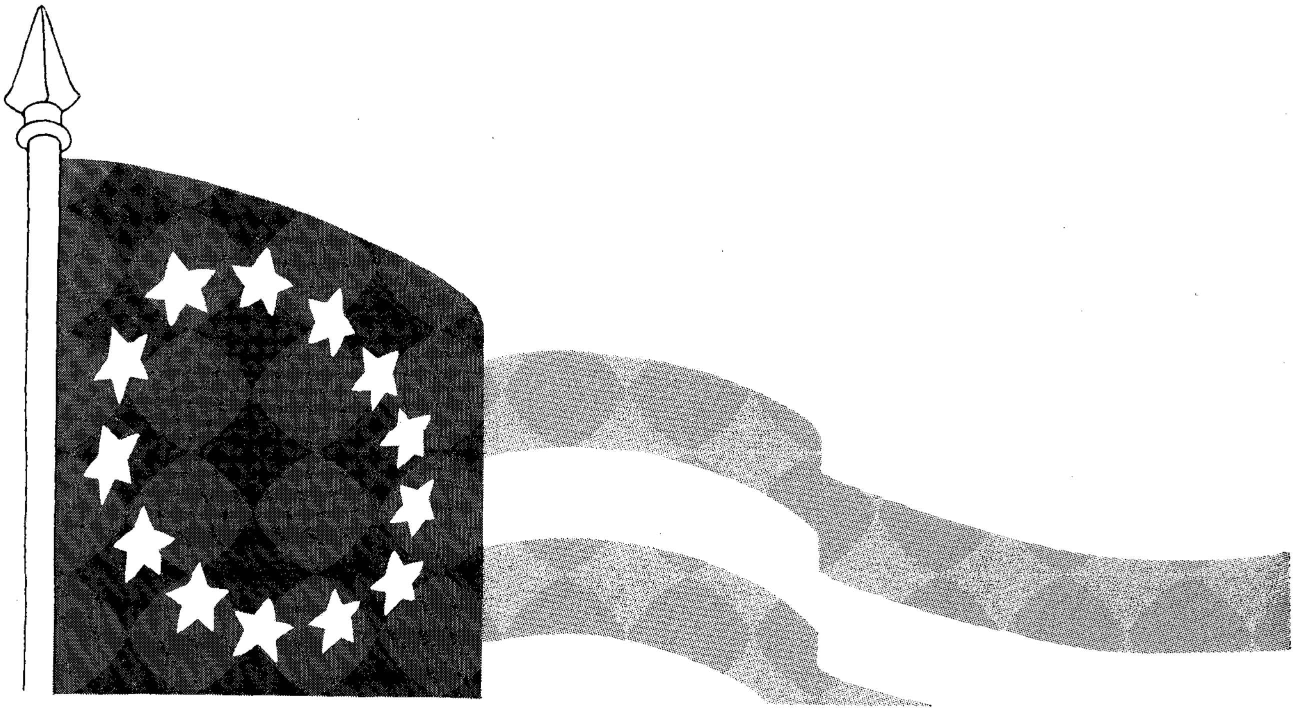

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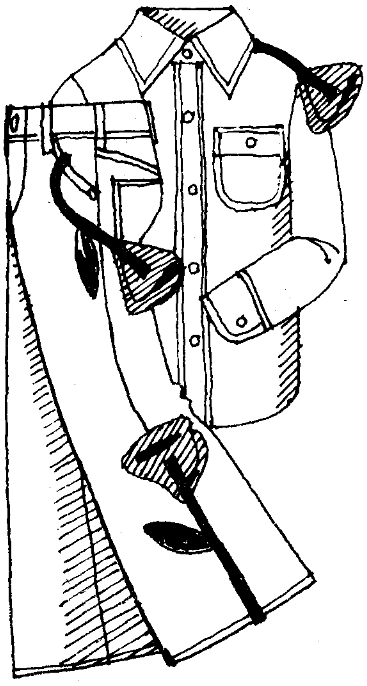

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frighteningly close to political subversion.

Helmut protested: "Why wasn't I invited?"

"Your father is not a Communist," the teachers explained.

"Oh, you just don't like me," he said, with a mock pout.

On the day of the trial, he waited on a bench outside the classroom where we were to be questioned.

First, Peter was called. After a while he came out with tears streaming down his cheeks. He walked past us without saying a word.

"Uhse!" It was my turn. Helmut suggested that I give them hell.

I was offered a seat at an isolated desk in the middle of the room, face to face with six men and women, all wearing Party membership pins, who had arranged themselves in a solid semicircular bloc, also behind desks. Directly facing me, at the center of their group, sat a red-faced man in a black suit, who had to be the official from the Board of Education. To his left were two teachers whom I knew. (I also knew that they did not dislike me.) The three others I didn't know, though I had seen their faces before. Probably they were teachers from my school.

The proceedings were opened by one of the latter, a man with wavy hair and a corduroy suit. I felt an immediate and passionate dislike for him. He seemed to be enjoying himself. While he spoke, he kept gesturing in my direction, without once turning his face toward me. As the trial continued, I was struck by the fact that I was not expected, let alone allowed, to defend myself—it was taken for granted that my actions were indefensible. I was to deliver facts, not explanations: "Who was the ringleader in your group?" "Where did you go when you played hooky?" "Did you ever go to the West?" "Did you make any purchases there?" "Why Ping-Pong balls—couldn't you buy them here?" "Do you consider the kind of activity you were engaged in compatible with your membership in the Freie Deutsche Jugend?" Rhetorical questions like the last one were easy to answer, but it was impossible to answer some of the others truthfully. We had divided our illicit holidays between visits to movie theatres in West Berlin and elaborate shoplifting expeditions in both parts of the city. For Helmut was a thief. Really, the word conveys nothing of the artistry with which he practiced his craft. If theft is the poetry of the marketplace, Helmut was a bard, a

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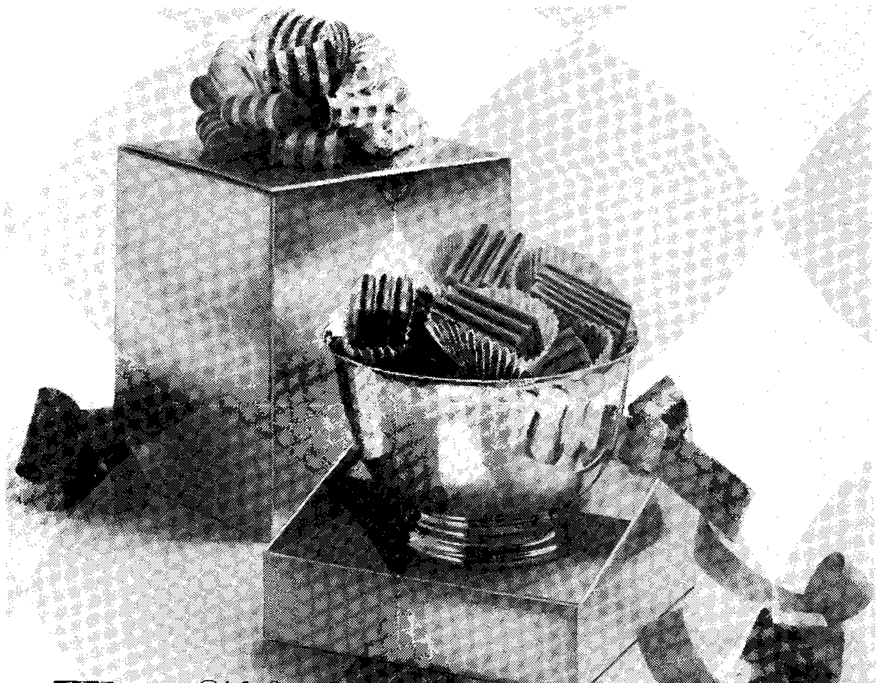
rhapsodist of the highest order. His room was furnished with extraordinary trophies: hundreds of dollars' worth of art books; enough stylish haberdashery to attire a small army of fops (he never wore these clothes, but kept on stealing them); a sizable record collection, containing the complete works of Little Richard, Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, Elvis Presley, and Bill Haley; a lovely rococo mirror; an original Matisse watercolor; an ever-fresh supply of Swiss chocolate; who knows what else. I couldn't tell them about Helmut's crimes or about my humble participation in them. So when asked where we went, and what we did, I answered, in a sudden flash of malice, "We went around corners." Six pairs of eyebrows shot up in astonishment, and there was an appalled silence. The only sound was the pounding of my heart.

The man with the wavy hair rose to the occasion—literally. He stood up. "*Ich plädiere für Rausschmiss.*" That means, in English words that express none of the crude pomposity of the original, "I propose that we throw him out of school." His face had turned red. The man from the Board of Education (whose face had been red from the start) reminded him that this was impossible; and that even if it were possible, it would not serve to enlighten me. The wavy-haired man exclaimed that no educational facilities existed to reform such corruption as sat before them in my person. Facing me for the first time, he pointed out the dishevelled state of my hair as a sign of a typically bourgeois, bohemian disregard for the ideals of the working class; my chewed-off fingernails, the pimple on my neck did not attest to clean and productive aspirations; the fact that I was simultaneously wearing tennis shoes and a winter sweater made one wonder whether I lived in the present at all. "Perhaps," he suggested, "our Chinese Comrades have shown superior wisdom in dealing with the bourgeois element in human nature. I am referring to their programs of reëducation. But we have nothing of the sort in our society, and I am afraid that keeping this young man and his likes in our schools, without such efforts to change their mentality, will continue to infect the student body with the virus of bourgeois individualism and the kind of provocative behavior we have witnessed today."

Truly, the tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction. Rage propelled me upward, off the chair, and onto my feet, and, finding my tongue recalcitrant, took possession of



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my hands, empowering them with an eloquence no amount of talking could have matched. They gripped the desk and raised it, tilting its surface and causing ink to spill from its well onto the floor. Meanwhile my eyes were fixed on those of the wavy-haired man. And still my hands continued to rise. The desk tilted still farther, until it slid off my palms and fell over with a crash. I kicked the chair away and walked out.

The anticlimactic upshot of all this drama was a decision, almost insultingly lenient, to pass Peter and me and transfer us to a boarding school in the Thuringian Forest. Helmut was to repeat the tenth grade, without the benefit of a change of scenery. That certainly seemed punishment enough.

THAT summer, in Ahrenshoop, my parents began fighting again, this time without involving me: long arguments behind closed doors, full of jealous and bitter emotions, premonitory rumblings heralding the final thunderbolt that was to cleave our family so wide asunder—wide as the ocean's span—some three years later.

THE Thuringian Forest contains lovely winter resorts and one huge dreary boarding school commemorating the name of Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, patriot and gymnast. We slept five to a room—five beds, five closets, one table, and five chairs were the furnishings. All four hundred students took their meals in a great hall, after singing whichever rousing or sentimental songs our one-eyed headmaster, Herr Kautz, had selected. Remarkably few of these songs were in praise of the New Society, or attacked the Fascists, or celebrated our eternal friendship with the Soviet Union. Herr Kautz clearly preferred songs from the nineteenth century—songs about wanderlust, about driving in an unstoppable stagecoach with Death as the madly cackling, bugle-blowing coachman, about treacherous sirens, about life being a crap game with quaffs of beer between throws of the dice, about the lonely well before the old town gate. The food was bad, school boring as usual, girls and boys kept from seeing very much of one another, Herr Kautz a secret Nazi; but the singing of these old songs, three times a day, four hundred voices strong, at least refreshed the heart, though most students agreed it was a silly, superfluous ritual. Really, it was the only halfway sane one we engaged in.

Herr Kautz was a passionate but not very effective disciplinarian. Given a cane to supplement his voice and intensely distrustful nature, he might have succeeded, but those days were gone. Every morning at five-thirty he would sound a shrill alarm bell and rush through the boys' rooms, tearing blankets off sluggish bodies and shattering our ears with "*Aufstehn! Raus!*" while his timid wife roused the girls inaudibly. Room by room and floor by floor, we heard his shouts receding, and many of us used that interval to pull the blankets back over our heads and relish ten more minutes of slumber. Gradually, like a pendulum on the backswing, his shouts approached again, and when they were a few doors away we would climb out of bed and proceed toward the washroom, enduring his last gratuitous "*Raus!*" as we stepped through the door. Occasionally a lurid touch was added by his oversleeping, in which case he didn't take the time to get dressed and insert his glass eye but came storming through our rooms in a nightshirt, with that gruesome socket gaping through a shock of black, dishevelled hair.

The washroom was in the cellar, a huge echoing box of damp concrete, cold as the dickens, filled with long tub-like sinks with rows of faucets that spurted furious jets of ice-cold water into our hands. Herr Kautz was always there to supervise our washing: armpits were important items on his agenda, as were the bottoms of feet. Then came the morning exercise, coeducational. Following the rhythmic screech of his whistle, we flapped our arms and jogged about in skimpy training suits, rain or shine, summer or winter. And if there were complaints Herr Kautz would remind us of Friedrich Ludwig Jahn; clad in a bearskin, armed with just a heavy wooden cudgel, he had defied Napoleon's troops, daring them to test their mettle against his, abusing them day after day with nationalistic insults from the mouth of his cave, rain or shine, summer or winter, in hills much like these.

The classrooms were in a separate building, halfway up the mountain. Playing hooky was out of the question here, and school seemed more tedious than ever. An overwhelming torpor overcame me nearly every day. Sometimes the struggle of trying to keep my eyes open was too much for me; my head would sink down to the table and I would start to snore. As before, in Potsdam, I wasn't considered the brightest fellow.

The latter half of the day provided some compensations. Peter and I skied, or went to the movies, or spent our allowance on a meal in Zum Goldenen

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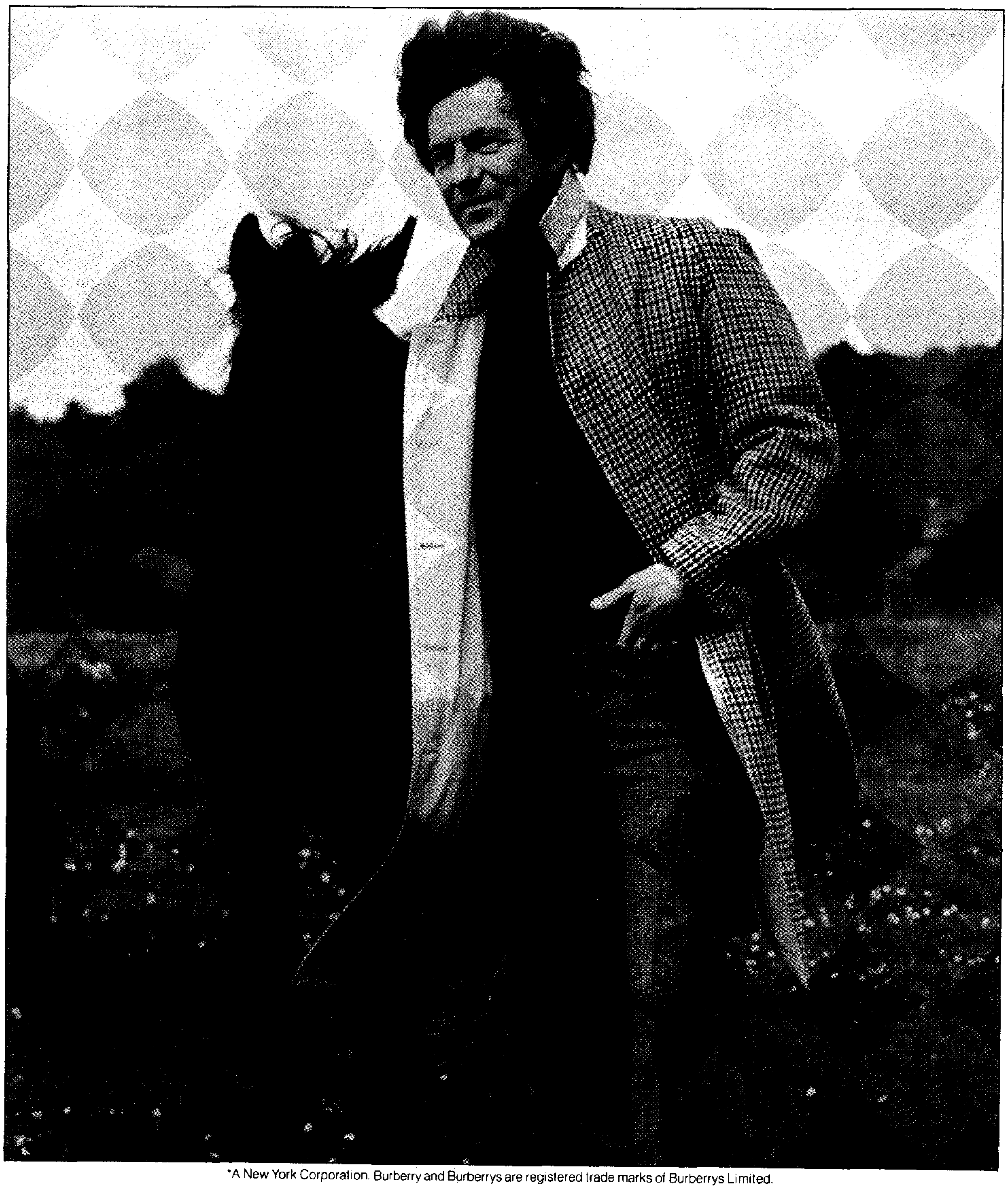

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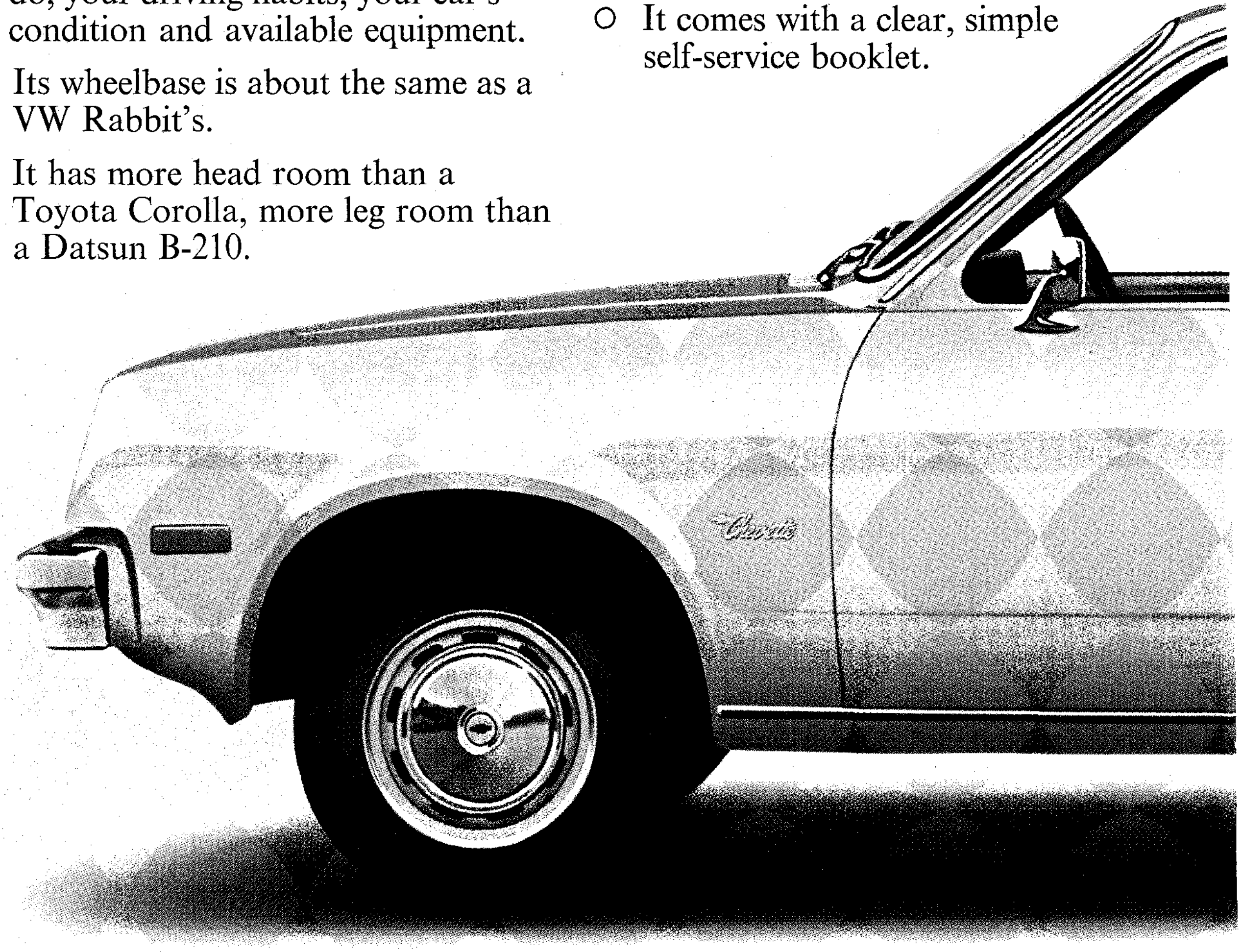

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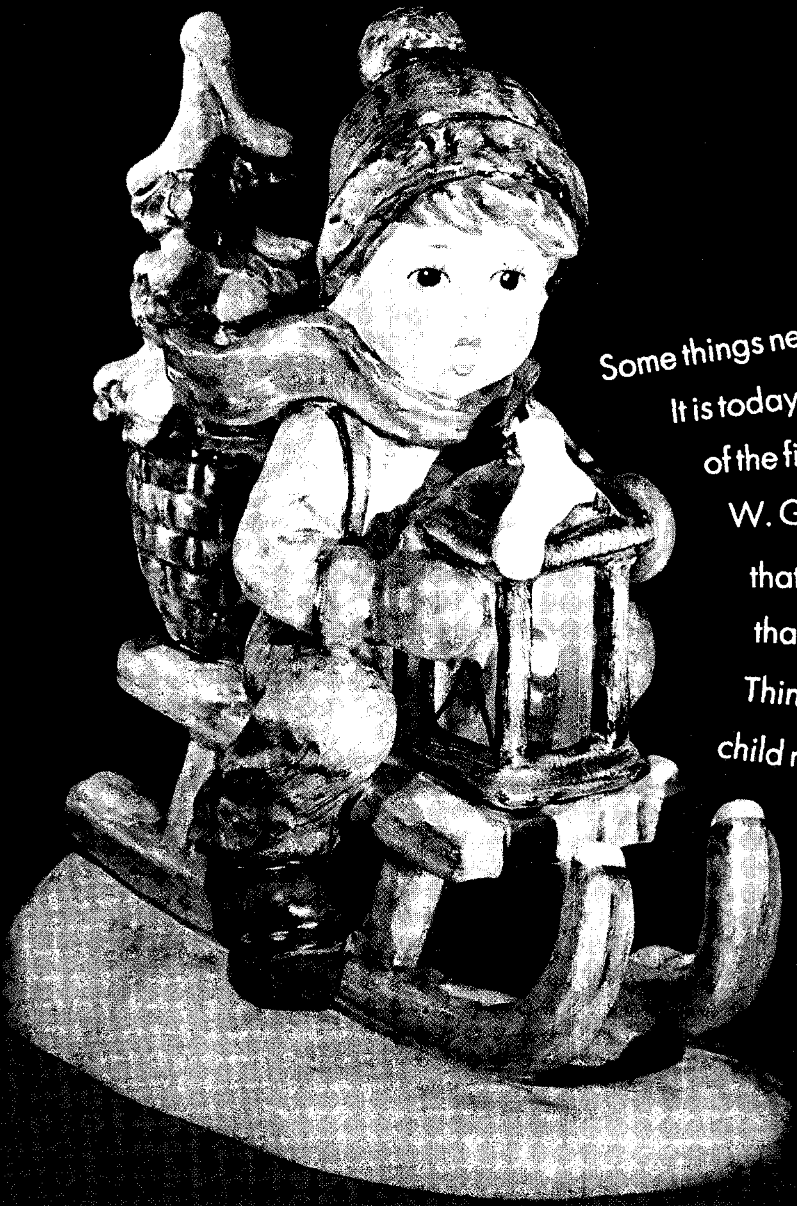

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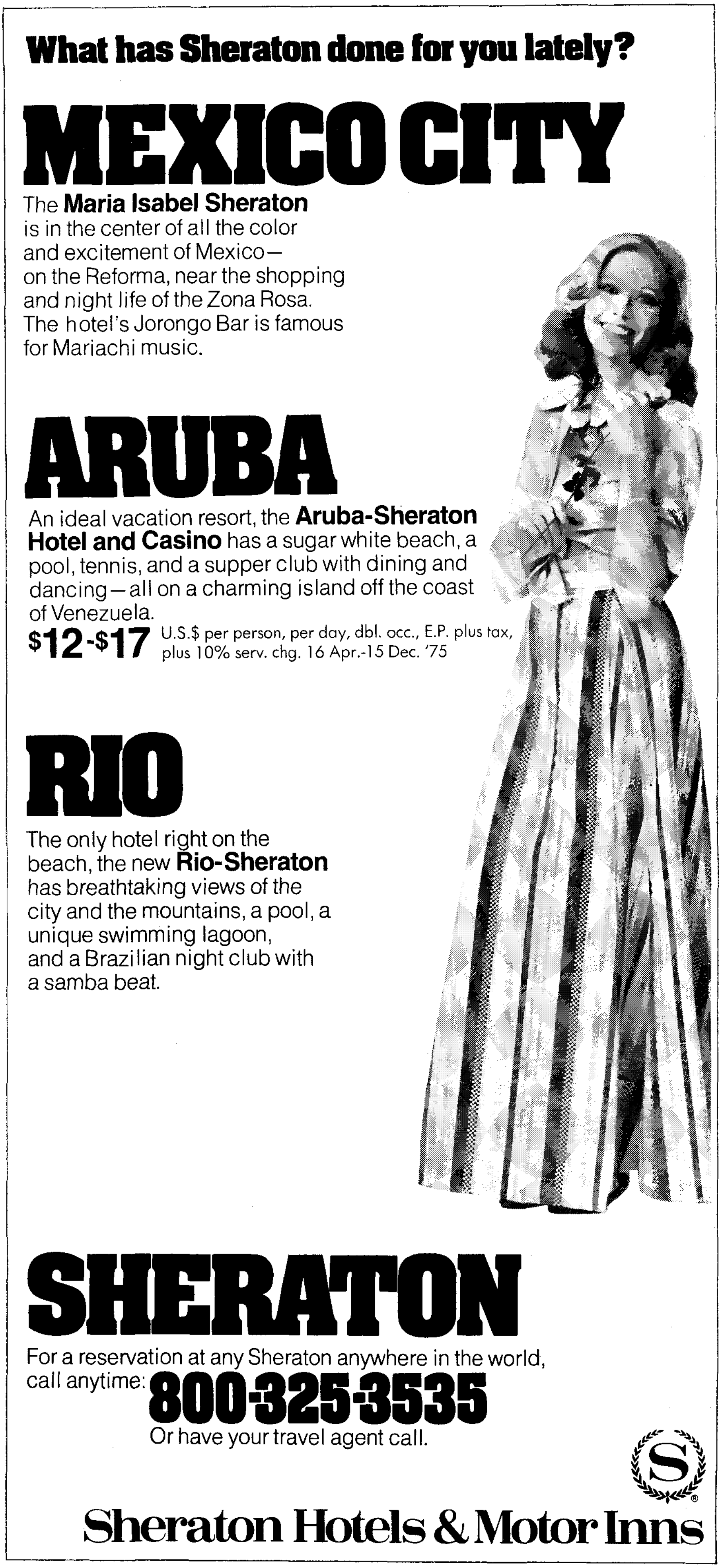
Löwen, a bar-and-grill, or played table tennis in a Freie Deutsche Jugend clubhouse. We would have liked to spend more time with the girls, but we were forbidden to cross the boundary between their dormitory and ours except for two hours during the afternoon. There were rules, not of Herr Kautz's making, that guaranteed us a coeducational clubroom and occasional dances, but he was always around in a silently obstructionary manner, operating the turntable, serving the punch, watching. After sunset he sometimes searched the shrubs behind the school with a flashlight, and a ridiculous, pathetic sight it was from our fourth-story window to watch him hunting his sexual phantoms, for we could plainly see that he was the only one there. We heard that he questioned the girls about their virginity.

Such energetic restraints combined with such tempting proximity couldn't fail to produce an accumulation of sexual tension in both dormitories. And since its normal expression through individual relationships remained blocked (mainly by the undeclared threat of hysterical public disclosure), it had to discharge itself in other ways—for example, in endless ridiculous, exhausting fits of laughter, usually about nothing. An undercurrent of homosexuality made itself felt. Love affairs were rumored among a group of weight-lifting buffs in the twelfth grade.

Finally, the inevitable orgy took place. Kautz and his wife were attending a conference. Someone put every light in the building out of commission, led all four hundred boys and girls into an empty, pitch-black attic I had never known existed, and barricaded the door. A soft, damp hand grasped mine, after a shy mutual exploration of hair and clothes to make sure of each other's gender, and for a long time we sat just holding hands, bestowing upon one another the most chaste and generous affection by the mere involuntary pressure of our palms, while all around us a lascivious commotion swarmed and slithered, giggled and breathed. To ask one another's name would have been to exchange this seamless communion for the risk and bounded give-and-take of a relationship; to bring our bodies into play, even anonymously, might have been to give up affection for pleasure. It seemed safer and more beautiful to renounce everything, even desire, and especially ourselves, in this moment of possible fulfillment. And it was Kautz who sealed our pact, by bursting noisily through the barricade and dispersing us with his flashlight. I caught a glimpse



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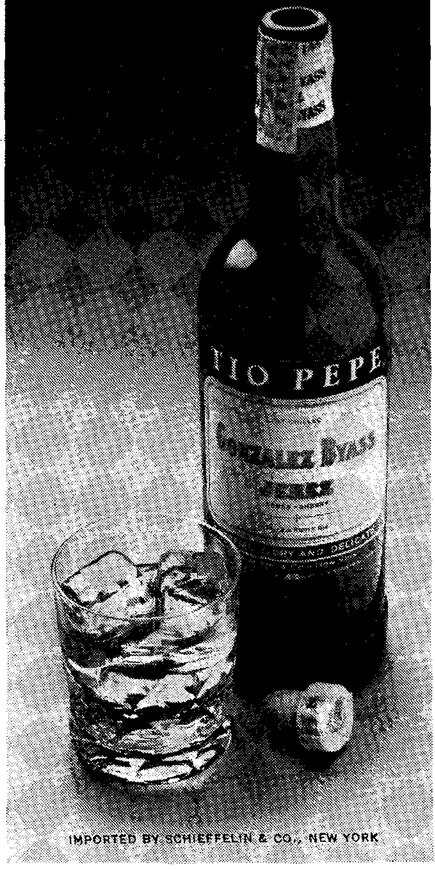

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of curly yellow hair, and thought at various times later—during the morning exercise, on the way to school, in the lounge—that I received from a blond, not very attractive girl a shy and wondering look. We never exchanged a word.

As the school year wore on, it became apparent that Peter and I were walking divergent paths. Not that there ever was a crucial parting of the ways, or any falling-out between us—but gradually, without any dramatic breach in our friendship or fundamental good will, we grew apart. I think the trial in Berlin had been the catalyst, drawing him back into the service of school, Party, and state, and propelling me further into my half-somnolent, passive "individualism" or "existentialism" or whatever my judges agreed to call it; I called it loneliness. By the summer, he had passed and I had failed the eleventh grade; he had won a gold medal "Für Gutes Wissen" ("For Knowledgeability") and I had failed to get the bronze one, which almost everybody got; he was studying Marx, while I was reading Musil's "The Man Without Qualities;" he had accepted a "functionary" post in the F.D.J., while I had been threatened with ejection for nonparticipation.

THE Thuringian experiment having proved a failure, my parents decided to have me live at home again and go to school in Berlin, this time in a spacious, graceful white building with a garden instead of the usual dirt courtyard. I liked the place, and to my surprise I became popular again and even respected. Before my first day there, I had rehearsed in front of a mirror the precise arrangement of furrows on my forehead that would make me appear *intelligent* and at the same time *handsome*. They were not needed. Even the teachers liked me. The girls, too.

At home, an atmosphere of conciliation and renewal prevailed. My parents seemed to love each other again; they went out for walks together, gave parties, and never quarrelled. Stefan and I collaborated on a book for children—the story of a swarm of phosphorescent plankton; I wrote and he illustrated. Peter and Helmut came over to play badminton; or else we'd go out and steal books, reviving the good old days.

There was, however, one fly in the ointment, and that was my virginity, or, rather, my desire to get rid of it. I was eighteen, and had not experienced even the most rudimentary intimacy with a woman's body. It was high time.

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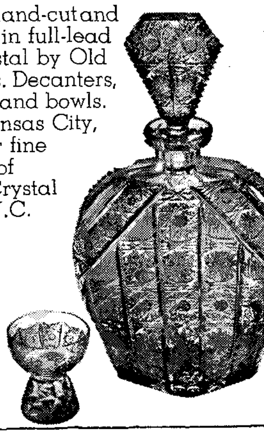

Peter was having an affair with a married woman. How I regretted those missed opportunities in Ahrenshoop and Thuringia.

This urgency of establishing my manhood elbowed its way into the center of my life, took root, and grew there until it reached obsessive proportions, disturbing, though not completely upsetting, the peace of those otherwise happy months.

I planned and schemed, coldly, seriously. Stendhalian abductions were unthinkable in the Democratic Sector of Greater Berlin, but a casual pickup or a romantic seduction seemed in order. I drew inspiration from Eduard Fuchs' "Illustrierte Sittengeschichte vom Mittelalter bis zur Gegenwart," a six-volume history of sexual mores, and lost it whenever I looked into the blankly unseducible eyes of any beautiful girl, until one night, at a school party, one of them boldly placed herself in my arms, obviating all those worrisome preliminaries. But what a desperate passion that was, what joyless groping and fumbling; how our tongues battled over the definition of a kiss; how tightly sheathed she was in underwear; how icy the December night in which we walked to her home, drunk, and so unlike ourselves, so very like lovers of our imagination, desperate lovers on the brink of an eternal farewell. When we met again, the following Monday in school, not a trace was left of Saturday night's carnality. I asked her how she felt about it. "You were just using me," she said. "You were looking for experience."

It was true. I was ashamed. But that did not assuage my hunger. It only made its satisfaction seem more remote. Where were those voluptuous females depicted in Fuchs' "Sittengeschichte"? Where was there an island such as the one I saw in a movie in West Berlin, populated only by goats and three sex-starved women? If such women and such priapic places didn't exist, I would have to invent them. I began producing pornography—illustrated episodes of the kind that sell so well in America today. And one of my favorite situations was an orgiastic costume party where the most unlikely bedfellows happily copulated in the anonymity of their masks.

In February of that same year, at carnival time (I mention this as an instance of the unsatisfactory ways in which life imitates art), a friend of my parents, a well-known artist, gave his annual *Fasching* party, a masked ball. For one night, the *Intelligenz* played at being decadent. The music was

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American music—old New Orleans jazz from my mother's collection, new rock and roll taped from forbidden radio stations. I danced with a lady from the International Federation of Women. She was wearing a belly dancer's outfit; I was a Mexican bandit. Seeing her husband necking with the artist's model, she gave me sufficient encouragement that I began kissing her and grovelling about her breasts. I could see that my mother was trying not to shoot embarrassed and disapproving glances in my direction. During breaks, my partner would return to her husband and I would rehearse over and over in my mind the words and gestures with which I was going to propose to her that we make love—perhaps at our house, which was just around the corner. Until, in a sudden hush, I heard enough of what she was saying to her husband and his partner to understand what was really happening: she was *amused* by me, and amusing her husband and his pretty companion with running reports about me. I felt the blood leave my face. Just in time, the host's wife came to my rescue—perhaps deliberately, perceiving the situation I was in. "Inge has gone to bed," she said. (Inge was her daughter.) "She seems very sad. I think she's unhappy because you didn't pay attention to her all evening. Would you please go and talk to her?" I had heard that Inge was in love with me—Peter had said so; my mother had hinted at it. So it was true! I fled upstairs and into her room. She was in bed, her makeup streaked with traces of tears. I knelt down by her bed and began kissing her urgently. "You're out of your mind," she said, shaking her head and looking distressed. I redoubled my efforts. My readings had taught me that the skillful manipulation of so-called erogenous zones would melt even the most stubborn female resistance. Fuchs' books were full of examples: a hand up a dress—presto, her head falls back in a swoon. But not Inge. She held my wrists in an iron grip. "You're crazy!" she said. "Please go away!" She finally persuaded me.

THAT spring, Helmut decided to retire from school ("for health reasons," as he put it) and become a bricklayer's apprentice. As soon as I heard about it, I was determined to do the same thing. I was in danger of failing and having to do the eleventh grade over again. Secondly, joining the working class would put me one up on the *Intelligenz*, the Party, the whole bunch of *Bonzen* and big shots, of

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which class I was promising to become such a sorry representative. It would be they, the cultural and political servants of the First German Workers' and Peasants' State, whose efforts would have to measure up to my, the class-conscious worker's, standards.

Both Helmut and I soon discovered that we didn't particularly want to be bricklayers. And so accustomed were we to not doing what we didn't particularly want to do that the Thälmann Trade School soon developed disciplinary problems very similar to those of the Helmholtz High School. We played hooky, and Helmut managed to produce as ludicrous a caricature of a mason as he had of a student. Under his hands, the simple constructions assigned to us took on a weird, surreal quality—misplaced curves and corners, walls with arched backs like cats'; it could hardly be ascribed to inefficiency. Once, he left out a brick in the middle of a solid eight-by-four-foot wall. "It's for ventilation," he said. "I thought of it as a bathroom wall." The master (who already suspected Helmut—unjustly—of having bumped him off a scaffolding into a pile of sand) threw down his trowel in a rage. Our fellow-apprentices wanted to learn how to build good walls, and were more embarrassed than amused. At a meeting of the school's faculty, it was decided that Helmut would have to leave, and soon after that I, too, dropped out; learning to lay bricks was no fun without him.

BODO took me to his favorite bar and made a touching effort to understand me, man to man, without pedagogic cards up his sleeve. He had read some of my writing, he said, and felt that it was promising. "But I don't think you will be the naïve sort of writer—I think you will eventually feel the need for a higher education. However, perhaps it's all right if you simply live and gather experience for a little while. I have been thinking about your failing in school. Maybe you are grappling with problems that school cannot prepare you for, and instinctively you want to enroll in the universities of life—to do by choice what Gorky did by bitter necessity." He sipped at his beer and gazed into space for a while, stroking the bristles on his cheek. "I hope that, by whatever road you travel, you will learn what it is to be a good Communist. Unfortunately that is something I cannot teach you." (I wondered, and still wonder, what he meant by that ambiguous statement. That true integrity cannot be taught?

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That he was an unworthy example of what he wanted me to be?)

Bodo's tolerance was put to a test by my prolonged fascination with Robert Musil, whose "The Man Without Qualities," in the posthumous edition, is nearly endless: I was rereading and annotating it for the third time. "This is poison," said Bodo. "Read Stendhal. Read Tolstoy. Read Balzac." But it was Musil that spoke to my condition:

> He had trained himself to attend to minutiae: the slightest sounds in the walls, the conversations of furniture contracting in the cold of night, the heavy rugs of dusk and the delicate grey veils of dawn. And he longed for the woman who would transform these things into happiness and beauty—for that they were not.

My mother encouraged me to pursue a career in music. It was generally acknowledged that I was musically gifted. I didn't work hard enough at the piano to demonstrate my talent very brilliantly. But I sang well, and had composed some pieces for the piano that, though technically primitive, were pretty and had feeling. And music had tremendous power over me, providing me with the passionate confidence, good will, beatitude even, that religion can engender in believing souls. I exulted in it for hours each day. Alma's suggestion, therefore, that I apply for admission to the composition class of the State Conservatory and her offer to arrange for an interview with the director of that school (a friend of our family) seemed to promise, against all doubts and cynicism, the beginning of a new life, devoted simply and purely to Beauty. Oh, how I would study and make up for the years wasted in idleness! And when I was ready, what glorious harmonies would pour from my pen! A new classical era would dawn in Germany; Bach, Mozart, and Schubert would find their resurrection in me. With such unbounded hopes and their concomitant trepidations, I went to my interview, scrubbed, groomed, and tailored as if for a wedding.

The director of the Conservatory and I were utterly unprepared for one another. When he asked me to improvise on the piano, I explained as best I could that my improvisational powers were entirely imaginative and emotional, since my fingers hadn't received adequate training. "What makes you think you could compose music, then?" Mozart, Beethoven, I thought to myself, but I didn't say that. I just shrugged. "I'm afraid that without some impression of your ability I can't accept you as a student—especially since, aside from your mother's kind words about you, I have only your unfortunate school record by which to evaluate you." There was nothing more to say. I accepted his offer of a second interview any time I felt ready for an audition, and went home, full of self-loathing, and slammed shut with a bang the great door that gave entrance to the vaulted halls of musical creation.

THERE is a German proverb that likens a good conscience to a soft pillow. Ulrich, Musil's immoralist hero, inverted it: "*Schlechtes Gewissen ist ein sanftes Ruhekissen.*" A bad conscience is an easy pillow—I liked that. Ulrich was a useful alter ego. I felt that I, too, was a Man Without Qualities, an enigma and a threat to right-thinking, civic-minded people. Like Ulrich, I was taking a vacation from life. But unlike him (though I chose not to dwell on the dissimilarities), I was no philosopher, no moral and mental superman; nor was there anything mystical in my withdrawal; nor was I a lover of beautiful, spectacularly intelligent women. But I was free to do what I liked, and hence to like what I was doing. What luxury! Of course, some sort of rude awakening was to be expected. I knew that so much leisure would not be tolerated for long. But that was all the more reason for enjoying it while it lasted.

The change came about, unexpectedly, through a friendship with a girl. Her name was Claudia. No other name, it seemed to me, could have been right for her. With her long black hair, her deep, dark-brown, rather sad eyes with little glints of humor in them, her pale and strangely luminous skin, her charming Viennese accent, she embodied qualities at once demure and exotic. She had just arrived from Vienna with her mother, who had recently married an old friend of Bodo's, a famous sculptor. I was asked to help her find her bearings in this new country, show her the sights of the city, keep her company, introduce her to other young people.

One of these was Eckehart, a brilliant and talented drama student with whom I had recently struck up a rather excessively cerebral friendship. Eckehart liked Claudia as much as I did, so the three of us spent a lot of time together; and Eckehart and I, hoping to impress Claudia, exchanged more

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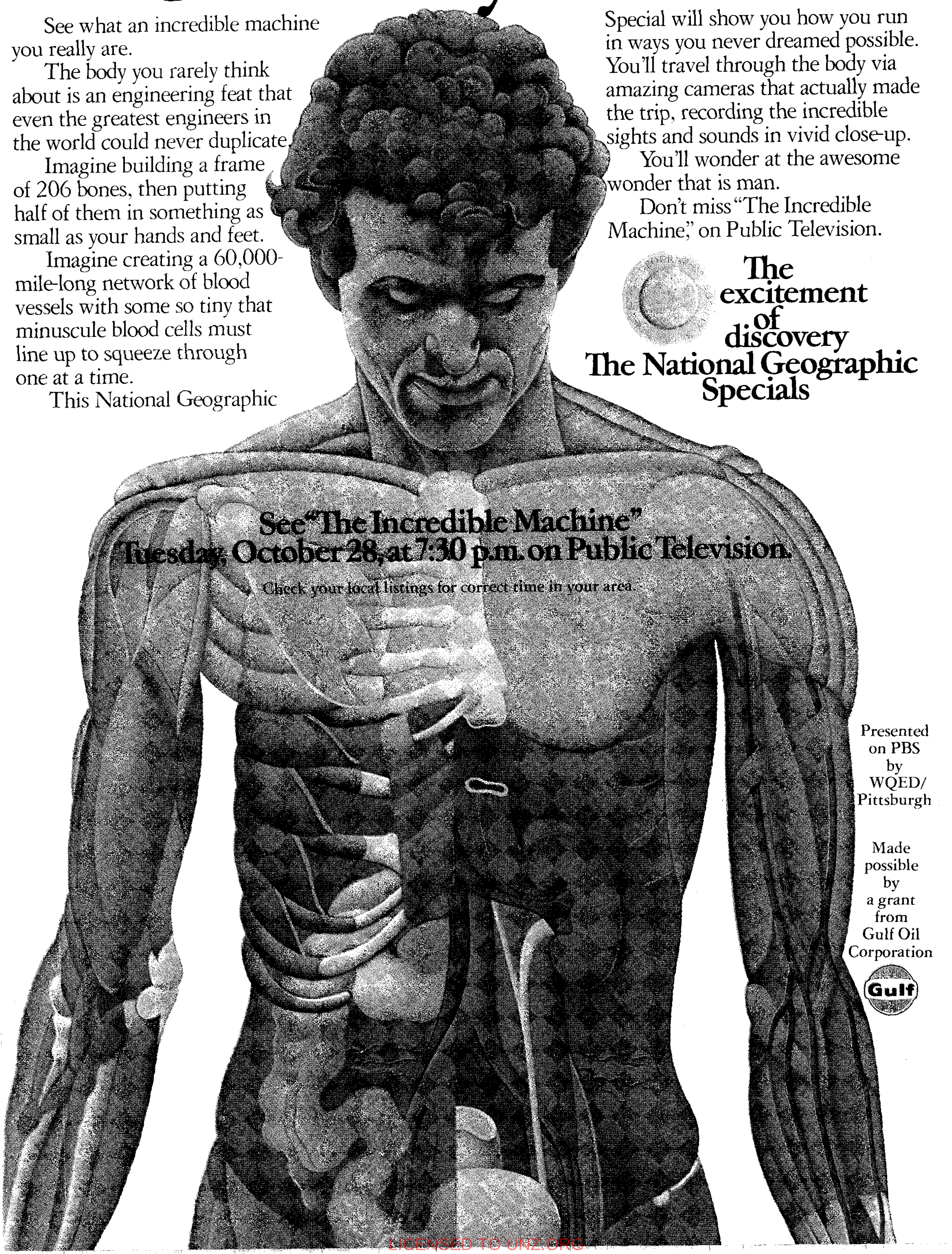

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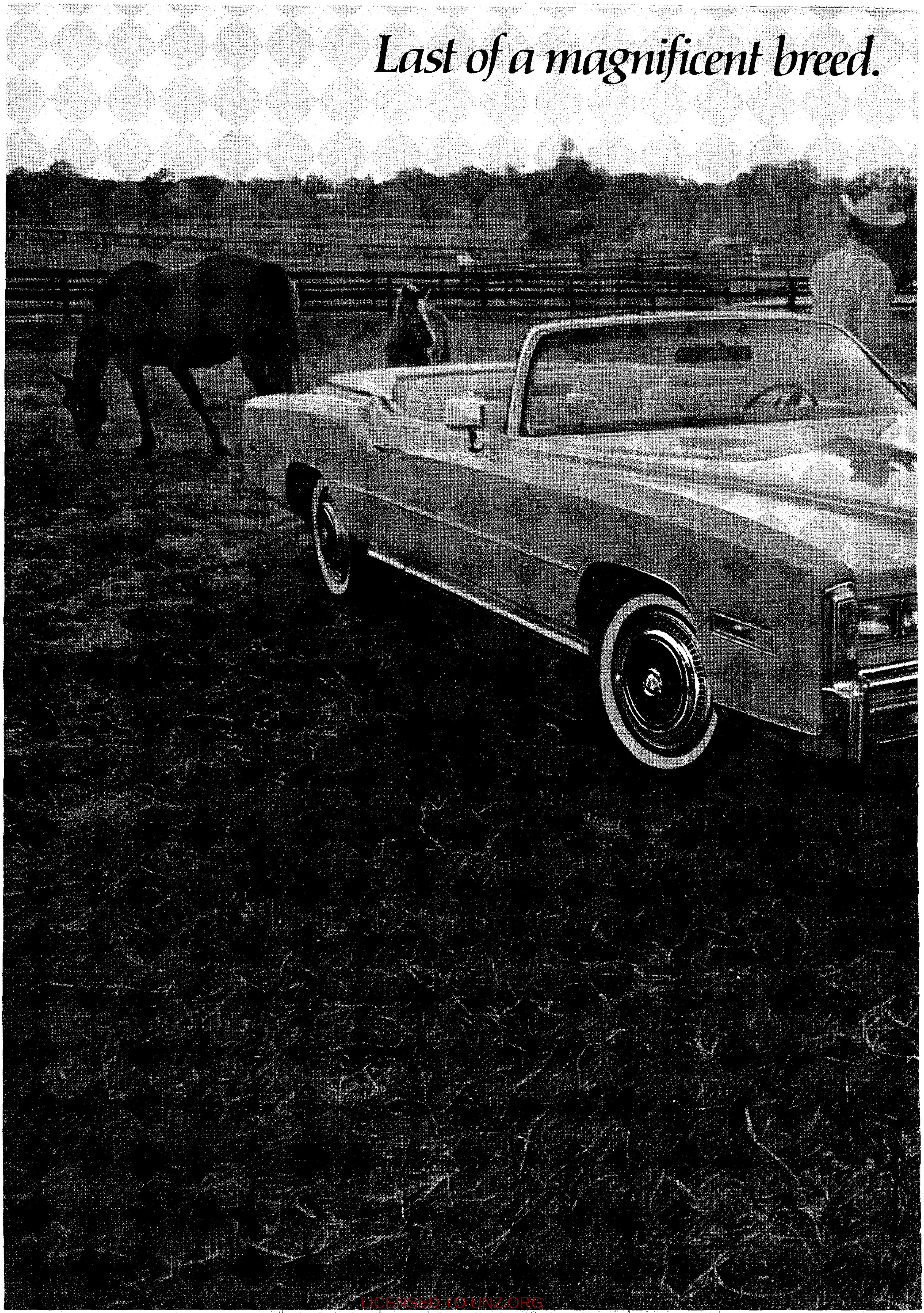

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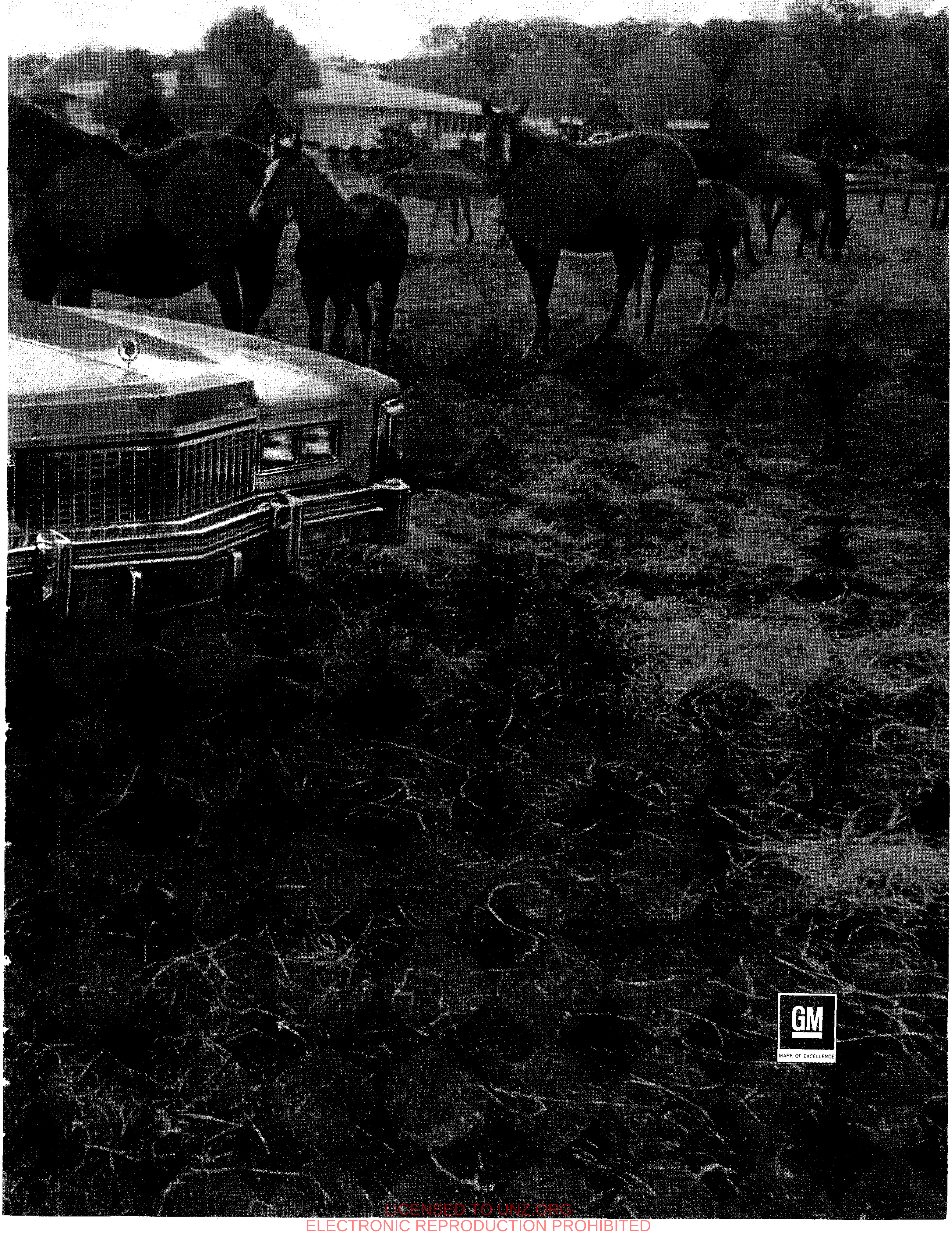

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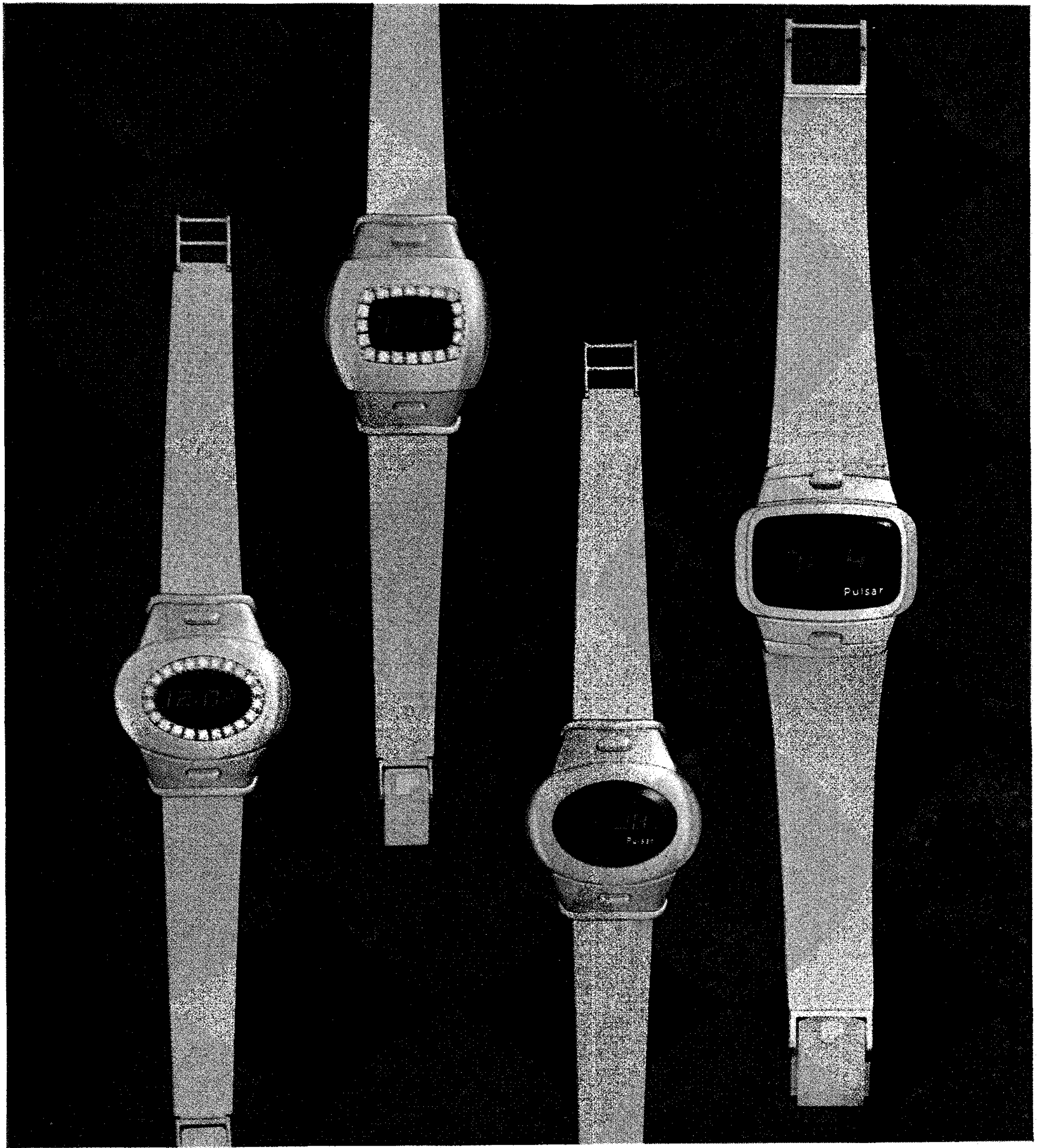

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witticisms and engaged in more abstruse polemics than ever. Claudia didn't understand much of this nonsense, but then she wasn't required to. She felt flattered that we should be competing for her attention, and spurred us on by withholding or graciously supplying the appreciative smile we craved, according to her whim.

I fell in love with her, platonically; i.e., in a spirit so chaste and so delicate as to be virtually disembodied. What enchanted me about her was an ineffable loveliness and goodness of which her slight and graceful figure seemed but a sign. I confided my feelings to Eckehart. "You must tell *her*," he advised me earnestly. "There's no use telling *me!*" I couldn't do that. What if she laughed at me? And anyway, I loved her—what need was there to claim her affection as well? Let her love whom she pleased, it didn't concern me.

But when Eckehart began seeing Claudia without me, this platonism vanished. My pride was wounded. I imagined the agreement they must have made: "Let's leave Joel out of this." "Yes, I'd much rather see you alone." "I hope the poor fellow doesn't take it too hard." "He'll survive it." I considered murdering Eckehart. Peter told me that they had spent a week in the country together. With a shock I recognized that important fact I had been ignoring: Claudia had a body! She had slept with him! It was almost inconceivable. I wasn't in the least attracted to her in a sensual way. My God, wasn't that why I had lost her? What kind of man was I? And what woman not sprung from the pages of Fuchs' "Sittengeschichte" would want me?

New Year's Eve came. My parents went to a party. I stayed home, fearing I might run into Eckehart and Claudia somewhere. I could hear our maid making love with her boyfriend upstairs. I went outside, vaguely contemplating several ways of killing myself. I lay down behind a bush by the side of a field where some ruins had recently been cleared, and stared at the moon. I could hear the city celebrating, and felt immensely sorry for myself; but then I seemed to feel nothing at all. Thinking of Claudia, I felt hatred for her; but after nurturing that for a while I felt numb again. "You're just empty," I said to myself, "like a character in a book, full of words and make-believe emotions." And that rang true. Someone was running down the street. I peeped through the leaves. It was a young woman with her head tied up in a kerchief, running

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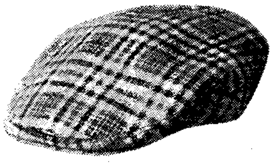

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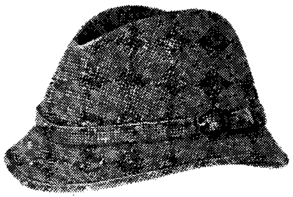

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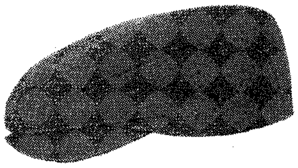

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as fast as she could and crying loudly. After she disappeared I went home and went to sleep.

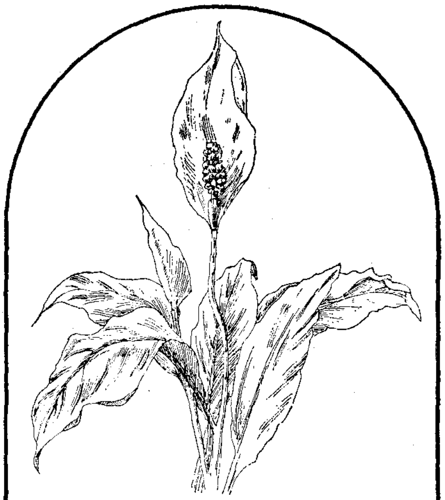
BUT real relief did not come till three months later, when Bodo asked if I wanted to accompany him to Hiddensee, a resort on the Baltic Sea, where he was planning to write a scenario for a movie. He requested, flatteringly enough, that I help him, at least with the typing, maybe even in the composition of it.

We had the place pretty much to ourselves—the empty hotel, the stone beach, the hundreds of vacant beach chairs, the weird windswept trees, the sun, moon, and stars. I still have three photographs I took of Bodo. In one, he is musing over a glass of beer; in the second, gazing with a kind of sad fondness at a fat roan horse cantering across the dunes; in the third, aching over some half-completed sentence while his cigarette smolders in an ashtray before him. We usually spent the morning hours working on the scenario. My contribution turned out to be mostly secretarial; I typed while he dictated, drank, pondered, and occasionally groaned with frustration. I had never realized what an agony writing was for him. By the time we were called for lunch, he looked about ten years older. Maybe his subject matter had something to do with it: old Käthe Kollwitz sketching a portrait of the murdered Karl Liebknecht, surrounded by mourning workers, in a morgue.

After lunch (just the two of us, on a terrace, in the first warmth of the year) we'd go to the beach, I with my camera, he with his writing stuff and several bottles of beer, which he'd bury in wet sand to keep them cool. How peaceful and how remote were those long afternoons.

"I feel we've gotten closer," he said. "I realize how much better Alma understands you, and how distant from you I tend to be. I'm so glad you came here with me."

We did very little talking. Perhaps there was no need for it. There was one noteworthy conversation, though, in which he made a rather veiled confession of something I had suspected for several years: he was in political disfavor. During the Hungarian uprising in '56, he had published, in *Aufbau*, the literary magazine he edited, an ill-advised open letter to Hungarian writers and poets. Shortly afterward, *Aufbau* was discontinued, its government funding withdrawn, supposedly because another journal, *Sinn und*



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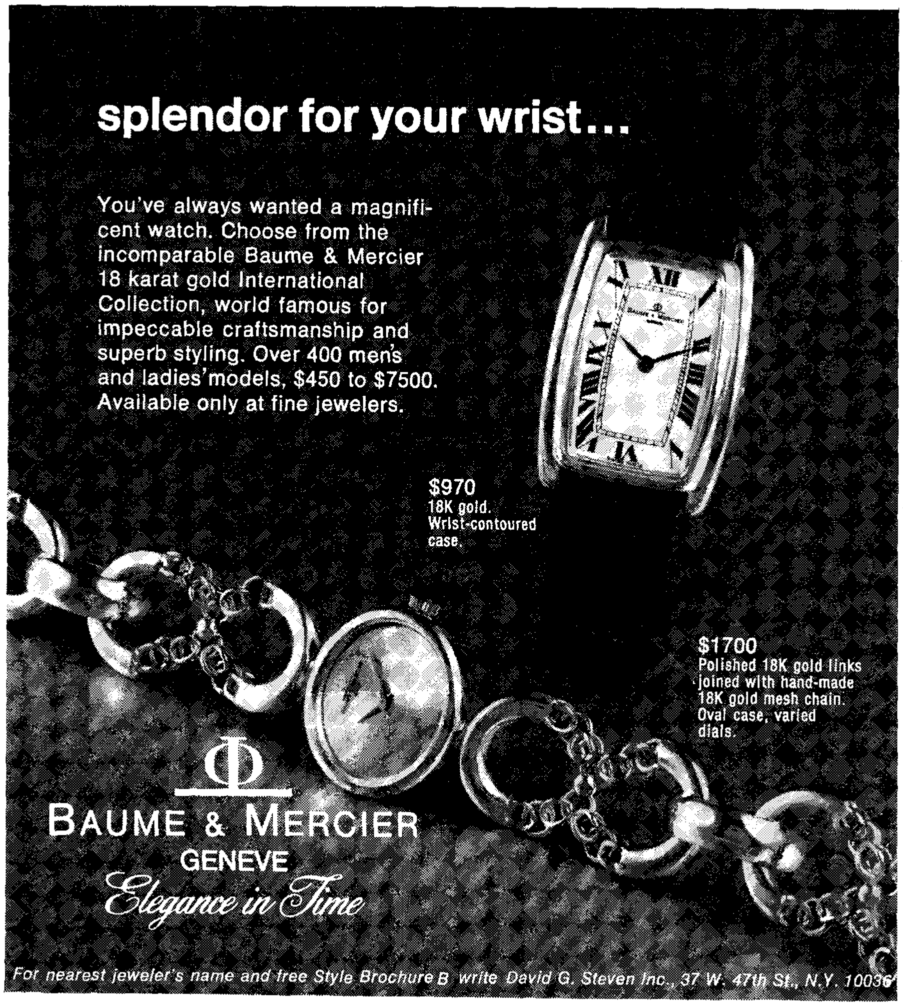
Form, had effectively replaced it. The Party, he now told me, had been making impatient queries concerning the third volume of Bodo's trilogy, "Die Patrioten." "They have a right to demand that I finish the book," he said. "After all, I've been paid for it, and it's a promise I've made to my readers. For all they know, I'm either lazy or else I've got ideological problems, in which case I ought to discuss them with the Party. But it's not so easy. There are problems that can't be solved by talking. The novel—it will just have to wait. Like so many things. But it hurts. I can't tell you how hard it is."

Then Frau Meissner arrived, and Bodo began to lose interest in Käthe Kollwitz and the morgue. Though tired and evidently in need of a vacation, Frau Meissner was a good-looking woman. She and Bodo began taking long walks together, and I did my best to entertain myself alone. Bodo apologized to me: "I hope you understand this. Luise and I have grown fond of each other. She's been having a very difficult time with her husband, you know—and she loves me, and I feel much love for her also. I am very happy." I nodded. Through the window we could see the roan horse scaring up some gulls. When I looked at Bodo again, I could see that he really was happy. I had never seen him look so serene and content. "You must be wondering about Alma," he said. "Don't worry about it. Alma and I are very good friends, *old* friends. We understand one another well. Don't trouble your mind with it—she will understand." He stroked my forehead, as if to wipe the worry off it. But I knew that he wasn't being honest, with me or with himself, and that Alma would not "understand."

I was right. Soon after we returned to Berlin, Alma found out about Frau Meissner, and all hell broke loose: grief, rage, accusations, impotent rejoinders, cold intervals of silent hatred. He anesthetized himself with alcohol. For hours he stood staring into his beer, with his jaw half open, exactly as if he were trying to bite through some invisible obstacle, his face contorted with pain. From time to time, he'd make pathetic, repulsively sentimental efforts to reclaim the love of his children, which, at least in my case, he hadn't lost (with Stefan it may have been different); then he'd falter under the weight of his guilt and drunkenness and Alma's contempt.

A temporary separation was arranged. Alma and Stefan went to stay



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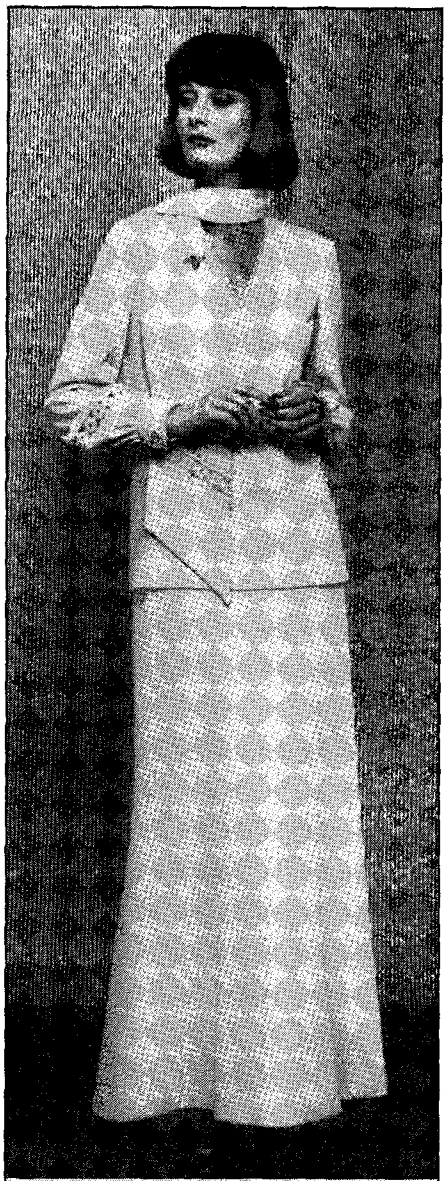

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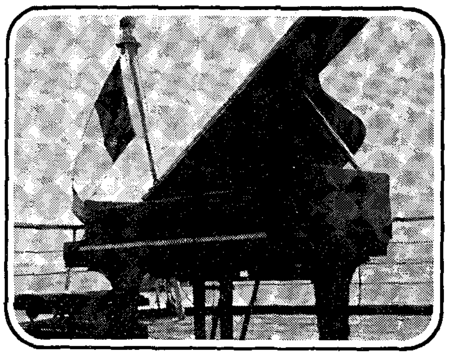
in the home of friends, and someone arranged for me to work in a shipyard in Warnemünde.

There I lived in a wooden barracks with four young men, two of whom had been separated from their wives by the exigencies of their careers. Every few weeks one or the other wife would visit, and everyone but the husband would vacate the room for a number of hours. Our conversations and pastimes were of the most crude and limited sort: beer-drinking contests and bull sessions where sexual and scatological jokes were exchanged. The walls were plastered with pinups, and throughout the day a loudspeaker drooled the East German equivalent of Muzak.

My job consisted in attaching steel plates to the claws of a crane and taking them off again. Two "*Anschläger*"—literally "on-hitters," which doesn't make sense in either language—were assigned to each crane, and there were six *Anschläger* and three crane operators in each *Anschläger* brigade. There must have been dozens of such brigades in the shipyard, and each bore the name of some hero: "Anschlägerbrigade Walter Ulbricht," "Anschlägerbrigade Rosa Luxemburg." Ours was named after Stakhanov, a Soviet coal miner who had distinguished himself as a maniacal pacemaker during Stalin's race for increased productivity before the war. No brigade could have been less inclined to exert itself unnecessarily. We did what had to be done and no more. Since the volume of work varied from day to day, no norms could be imposed by the management, and our foreman, a mild, pipe-smoking man, moved at a leisurely pace.

The work itself, in the moderate dosage we allowed, could be enjoyed as a sport; at least I and my partner, who was just a few years older than I, regarded it that way. Accuracy, manual dexterity, quick reflexes, a certain amount of physical prowess, and, above all, precise teamwork between the two *Anschläger* and the crane operator (who was usually a woman) were needed. Sometimes, especially under the eyes of visiting schoolchildren or foreign labor delegations, this esprit de corps inspired us to efforts that even Stakhanov might have found excessive, had they not been so brief. During the night shift, we took turns sleeping, and, day or night, a good deal of time was spent listening to someone talk, or quietly sipping a cup of coffee.

I was pleased to find that I could be a worker among workers. "*An-*



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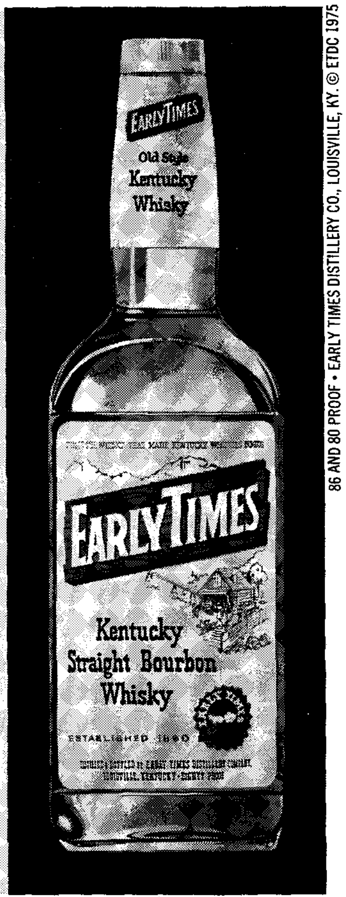
schläger," I discovered one day while perusing the small print of my working papers, were classified among that virile-sounding species of worker called "*Schwerarbeiter*"—"hard laborers." I stomped the wooden planks of my barracks with secret pride. No one here had ever heard of Bodo Uhse. My foreign-sounding first name, too, was obliterated by the nickname Langer (the Long One). Eventually, though, they must have guessed at my Brahminical origins. When I arrived I had been noticeably unskilled with even the simplest tools. Later on, I innocently revealed my literacy and knowledge by helping people write letters and solve crossword puzzles. And when, one day, I made some pencil sketches of my colleagues, they regarded me with a little more respect than was comfortable. But at no time did any sense of class distinction separate me from them. We spoke the same language, lived in the same world of work, wages, coffee breaks, and weekends.

Still, I was lonely. I missed my friends, and I missed home. Bodo and Alma and Stefan had moved back together; according to recent letters, Bodo had terminated his affair with Frau Meissner. I contrived an excuse to take a week off from work and went home.

I found both Alma and Bodo in terrible shape. Their quarrel was not resolved. Bodo was drunk from morning till night, constantly dishevelled and unshaven, his jaw still perpetually half open. Alma, too, was unkempt, haggard, her eyes puffed from crying. Both seemed practically demented by the intensity and persistence of their emotions. I had been reading Spinoza in Warnemünde, and couldn't help reflecting, in long, pedantic journal entries, that here was a doleful example of passion divorced from reason. But my efforts to mediate, to advise, and to understand felt uncomfortably dispassionate. Here was my mother talking of suicide and of taking off to America with me and Stefan, yet I was acting as if all this in no way concerned me.

Stefan, who had been living in this atmosphere for weeks, was much more disturbed than I. The sight of his father nauseated him—he was unable to eat at the same table with Bodo. We both felt glad of each other's presence. Together we shook our heads at the sound of the miserable melodrama in our parents' bedroom, and passed the time as best we could with jokes and distracting games.

Eckehart and Claudia, I heard, had



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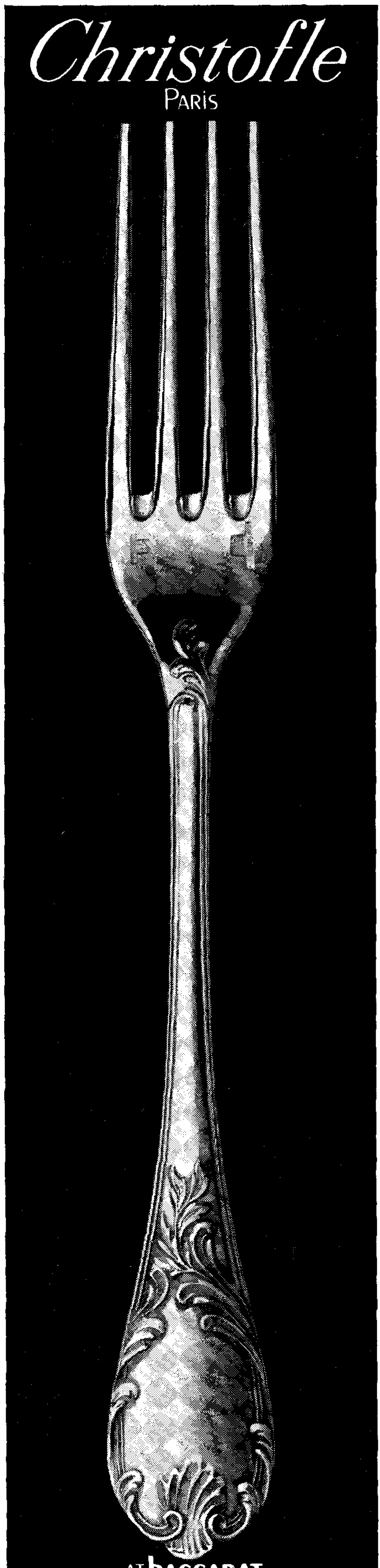

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married. Married! Like parents, like mature and responsible citizens! I felt abandoned by them, left behind to wander aimlessly through years and years of adolescent murk. The thought of them living together just a few blocks away from our place was intolerable. What a relief it was to get back to my barracks, back to work, back to Spinoza! Never mind that the management, without explanation, had shifted me to a different brigade, composed for the most part of middle-aged men and women, conscientious about work, and not at all sporting. Any place was an improvement on living at home. One of my new colleagues, August Larisch, told stories during the legitimate breaks, and this was sufficient compensation to lure me to work each day—especially since the town of Warnemünde offered no other entertainment.

Larisch said he was a disabled seaman—though why his disability (a fractured spine, he said) would incapacitate him for work on a ship and not for work in a shipyard was never made clear. He bore a noticeable likeness to Popeye, mainly because of the humplike curvature of his back, a pair of knotty biceps, and a corncob pipe that perpetually jutted at a right angle to his wizened face, the lower part of which was prematurely toothless and concave—perhaps as a result of an accident. (I asked Helmut to send me a clipping of the cartoon, and showed it to Larisch, who was delighted with the resemblance.) There was no end to his stories—they continued in daily installments. His voyages had taken him to lands where women carry out raids upon the helpless male population, raping everyone in sight; to the Mariposa Islands, where the natives have transparent skin, so you can watch the digestive process in operation. He had encountered pirates and participated in mutinies; he had been shipwrecked and had become friends with the natives, in the manner of Robinson Crusoe; he had been through the gates of death and returned with enough memories to put Emanuel Swedenborg to shame. What was most remarkable about these stories was that no one objected to their obviously fabulous character; we were all perfectly willing to be lied to, so long as we could find out what happened next.

There was Gustav, too, a sixty-year-old man of bearlike hulk, with tiny, round, brilliantly clear blue eyes. He hardly ever spoke. The women teased him: "Gustav, what is your secret?" He would just shrug and look at us with the grave transparent candor of an animal or a very young child. Once during a lull in the night shift, Gustav and I were sitting side by side on top of a pile of steel plates, gazing up at a black sky studded with an immense profusion of stars. Suddenly he started talking: "I wish I knew if there's something behind the sky. Whether it goes on forever." I said nothing. "When I was a little boy, the sky was like this every night. We lived in the mountains, in Schwaben. Always, every night, the stars, stars everywhere. The sky is bigger there, because you're so high up." "It must be beautiful in the mountains," I said. "It is. Sometimes you see an avalanche, rocks and snow coming down like thunder. In the evening the snow looks purple and gold. You sit all alone on the edge of a cliff, so small, and the world is so big and so clean and beautiful. Oh, it's a miracle!" That's the most I glimpsed of Gustav's secret.

EVERY day when I arrived for work, I found a small package of food—a sandwich, a piece of wurst, or a jar of pickled herring—waiting for me on the table with a note attached, scrawled in a round, feminine script: "*Für den Langen.*" Someone in the Anschlägerbrigade Stakhanov was concerned that I wasn't eating enough.

ONE day I got a telegram from Bodo, asking me to call him immediately at a number in Stralsund: Vitte 48. I hurried into town, placed my call, and was told by a hotel clerk in Stralsund that Bodo had just checked out, without leaving a forwarding address. I then called Alma, who told me that, as far as she knew, Bodo had left for Leipzig several days ago. Now *she* was worried.

Next day a letter from Bodo arrived, in English, and posted in Stralsund:

> Dearest, beloved Joel—I could not go on drinking at day and crying at night—I have been in Leipzig, now I am in Stralsund. I drank very little and—although always, or at least sometimes, being on the edge of a crying fit—have not shed any tears.
>
> I have been playing around with the outline of the movie, wrote some parts of it and hope to finish it maybe tonight or maybe tomorrow. You get a copy when it is typed.
>
> You would like to know what is going on with me.
>
> I still don't know.
>
> I was afraid of going crazy.
>
> I have to get hold of myself. That does not necessarily mean what Alma means by it.
>
> Let me have a few days of rest, work, loneliness. I am going from here to Hid-

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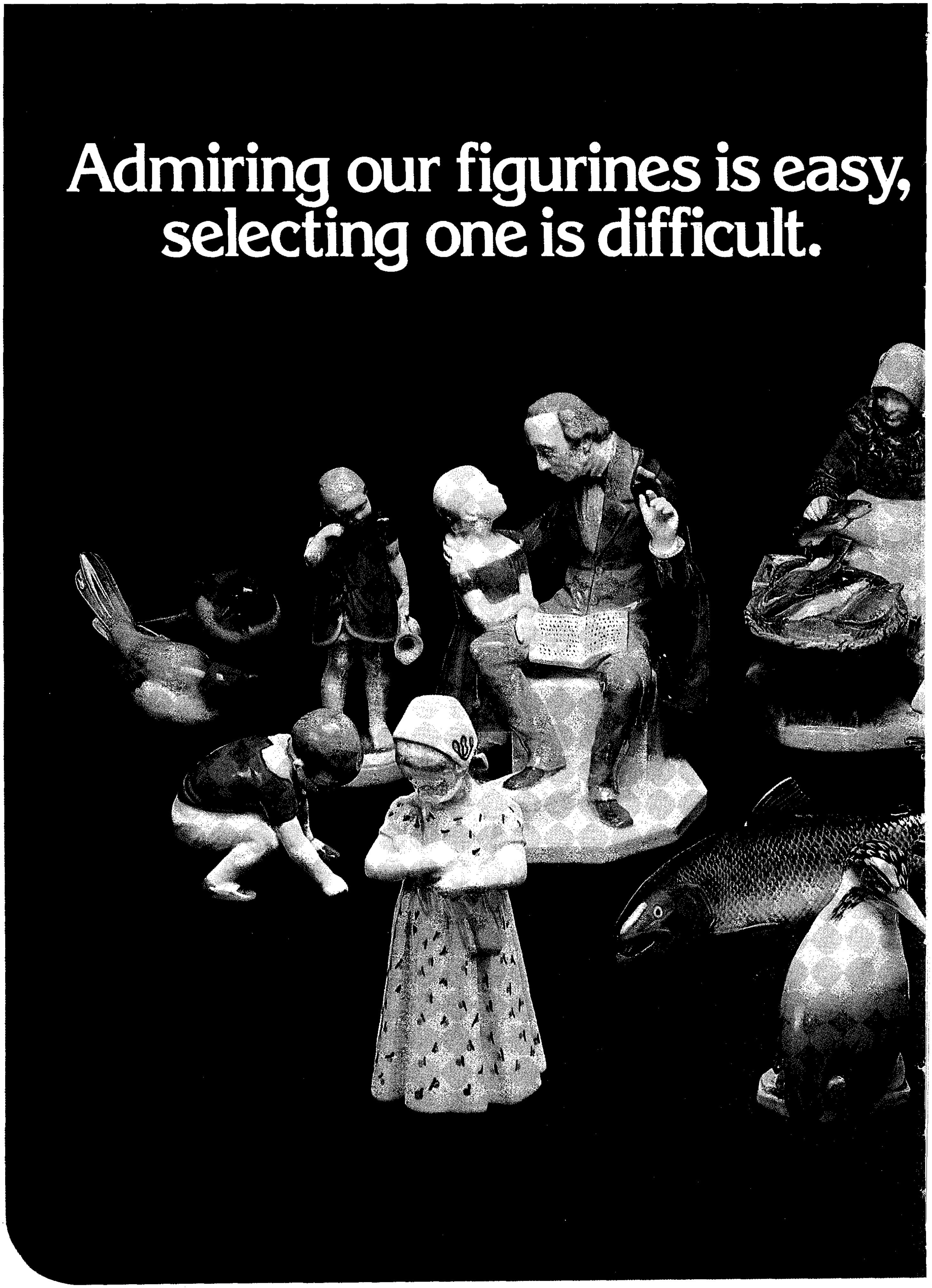
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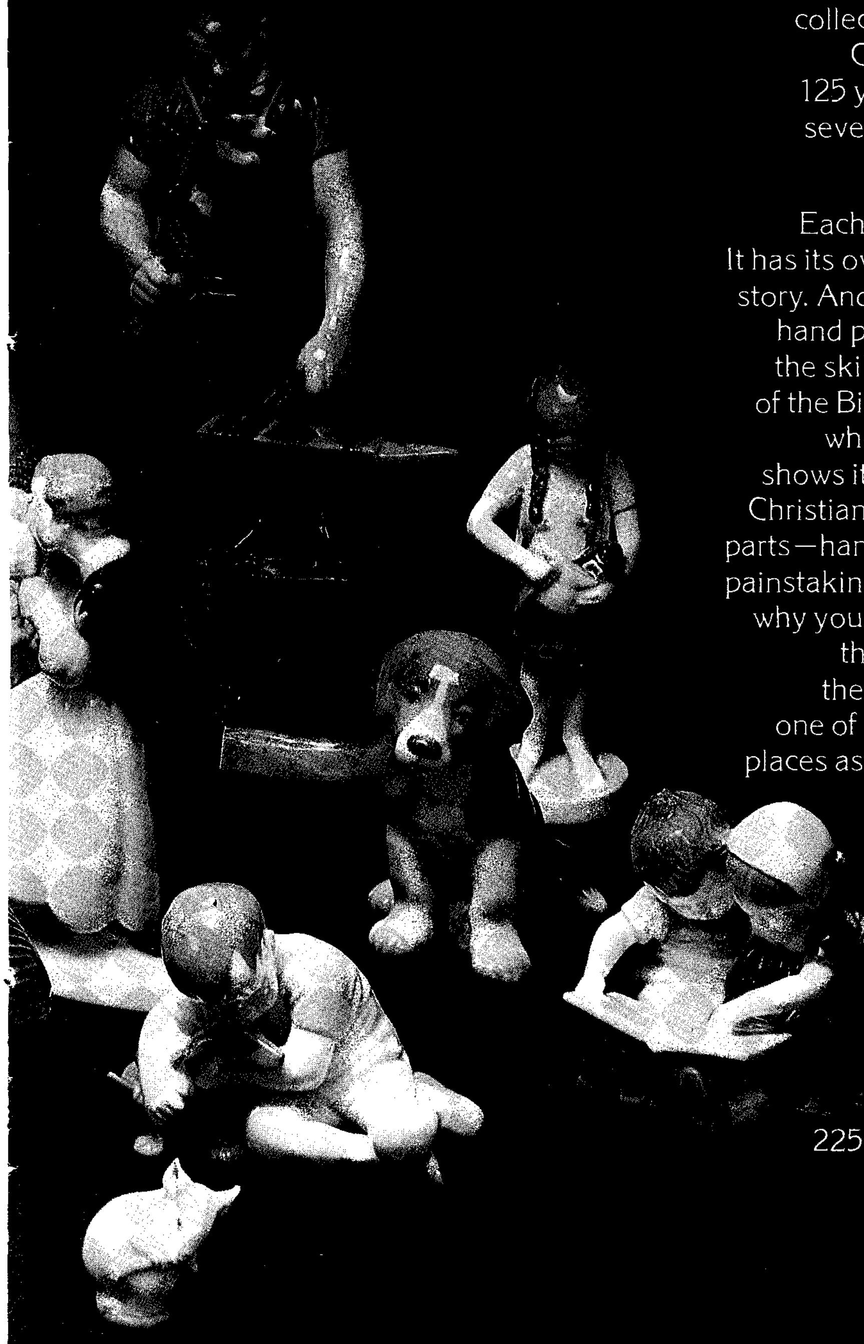

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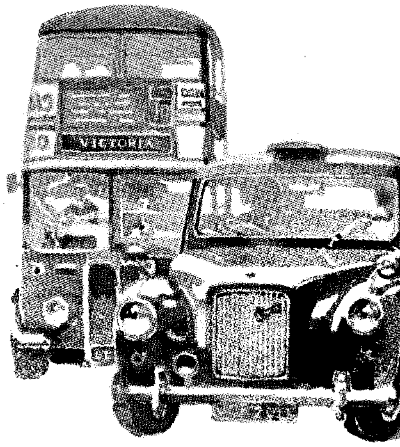

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densee—Alma should not be afraid—I am going alone.

I would love to see you.

When I think of you and Stefan I see you in your youthful beauty, glorious, shining, archangels with flaming swords.

Have, both of you, mercy with me.

bodo

P.S. Call me up: Vitte 48.

The day after that, another letter came, also from Stralsund:

Joel dear, I had so much hoped for a call from you, but very likely you got my telegram too late and I am afraid I shall not hear from you before I leave.

As I told you, I am going to Hiddensee, but I am going alone and shall stay alone. Do call me if you can.

What is going to happen—forgive me, I still don't know. I would be grateful if Alma still could be patient, as terribly hard as it might be for her.

I shall write to her in a few days. Still fussing with the last third of the movie story.

Please do call Vitte 48.

Yesterday's letter, I hope, didn't shock you too much.

Love,

bodo

There was no point in calling Vitte 48 again. Nor did I have an address in Hiddensee to write to. It was just as well. I felt disturbed and slightly repelled by the desperate tone of his letters.

As it turned out, they were the last communications I received from Bodo before I left for the States.

I realized that if I, too, should lapse into disorder, out of laziness or as a reaction to my parents' troubles, I would have no comfortable nest to return to. The barracks was the best home I had at the moment, and I resolved to make the best possible use of it.

Spinoza had convinced me that one must seek to associate with people who share one's values, and shun intimacy with those who don't. In this spirit I turned away from my roommates and applied for membership in the shipyard's amateur theatre troupe. I was just in time: they were looking for someone tall enough or broad enough to act the part of a strong man in a play about the sailors' revolt in 1918. No talent was needed—just the proper physique. I felt inadequate for the role. I knew I was no proletarian he-man, and the sailor's cap they gave me tended to slip over my ears. Still, I looked forward to the paid vacation I would get when we went on tour. A trip to Poland might be in the offing.

A week before opening night, a telegram from Alma called me back to Berlin. She had decided to go back to America, and to take me and Stefan

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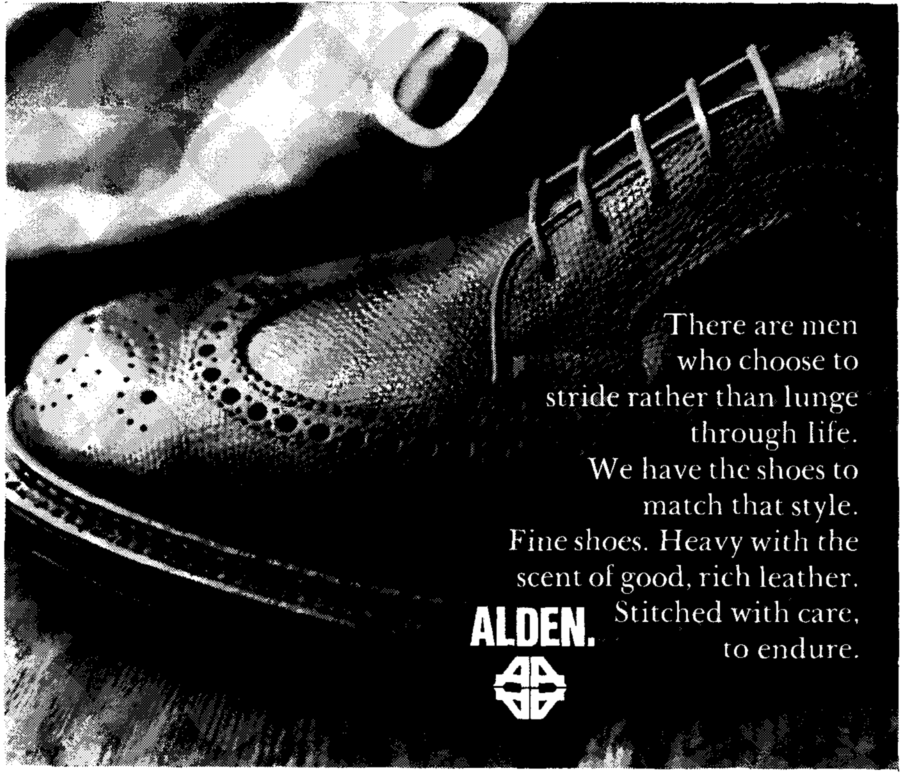

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with her. Unsolvable complications had sprung up. Frau Meissner was pregnant, and refused to have an abortion. She wanted Bodo to marry her. Bodo was torn, and spent half his time with Frau Meissner and half with Alma and Stefan. There was nothing to do but leave, Alma said.

I questioned her decision: wouldn't Bodo's affair with Frau Meissner possibly blow over, and life go on normally again? She shook her head: there were other reasons—Stefan's continual bouts of asthma, for one. All the doctors concurred that the damp German climate was no good for him. I, too, might very well be better off in the States, she said, since I was obviously floundering here. Bodo, depressed ever since the Hungarian revolt and its unhappy consequences for him, drinking and recklessly damaging his tubercular lungs with cigarettes, had been losing Alma's respect well before Frau Meissner arrived, and their affair, intolerable as it was for Alma, was only a contributing factor in her decision to leave. Back in '56, when the papers were full of pictures of shot, burned, and hanged Hungarian officials and Radio Free Europe was inciting to revolution throughout the Socialist countries, Bodo had purchased a bottle of chloroform with the idea of painlessly killing himself and his family in case of a Fascist takeover. It was then Alma had first seriously considered leaving Germany with me and Stefan, and she had hesitated only out of loyalty to Bodo. Now there was nothing to hold her here, excepting her friends, some of whom she had known when they were exiles in Mexico. It would be painful to cut loose from them.

It was another month or so before we sailed. Letters had to travel to and from the United States, and we had to make numerous visits to the American Embassy in West Berlin, where our passports were to be issued. Alma seemed to feel more at ease with her countrymen—whose politics certainly clashed with hers—than she would have with any similar set of East German officials. I, too, rather enjoyed their air of comfortable, clean, and quiet prosperity. Their faces were softer, their smiles more genial than those I was used to. Everything in this building seemed to shine with the same pleasant gloss that distinguished American magazines from their East German counterparts.

Because Stefan was so unwell, he was sent ahead to the States, to stay with friends until we arrived.

Alma and I had agreed not to dis-

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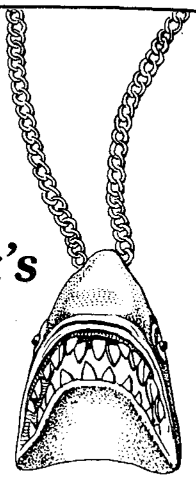

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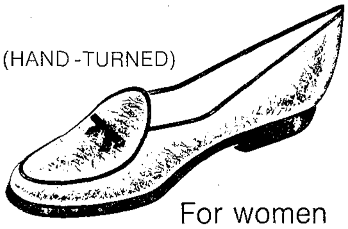

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cuss our plans with anyone until everything was settled, but I couldn't restrain myself. One day at Peter's house I popped out with the news: "I probably won't be able to stay here much longer." "Why not? Where are you going?" "To America." Then I told him the whole story in detail.

He was upset, and said he was sorry that I was leaving, but not surprised. "The whole generation is like that. All the old Communists are turning into petty bourgeois. Look at my father. Isn't that a very similar case? He and my mother were Comrades before the war, and had to separate for years because of the political work each had to do—imagine how dedicated you'd have to be! After the war they got together again. They were Communists! Now he's fifty, and he divorces my mother so he can live with his pretty young secretary. He was a hero in the French Resistance—you know about that—and now he's wrapped himself up in office work and domesticity. His only concerns seem to be his garden, his child, and the latest gossip. And it's not just age that did it. The minute the war was over, the moment our fathers came back from exile, they stopped being artists and fighters and turned into frightened, obsequious little officials."

Most of my parents' friends sided with Alma against Bodo. Frau Meissner had a reputation (whether deserved or not I don't know) for having affairs, getting pregnant, and putting the babies in an orphanage. Had she been more respected, our friends might have acknowledged her rights as Alma's rival, and Bodo's rights as a lover. I don't think there was anyone in the German Democratic Republic, excepting Frau Meissner, who didn't disapprove of Bodo. Even the Party, which could have afforded to keep an impersonal distance, took a critical stance. I, too, began to blame him—partly, I'm afraid, out of opportunism. I wanted to go to America, and a reconciliation would have removed this marvellous escape hatch. It was easy to fall in with the general consensus, with which even Bodo didn't seem to disagree. He seemed to value nothing—not Alma, or me, or Stefan, or even his own dignity—as much as he valued Frau Meissner. He had surrounded himself with mementos of her. They were everywhere—in his pockets, on his desk, even under his pillow: feathers from Hiddensee, little knickknacks she had given him, wilted roses, photographs, a lock of hair . . .

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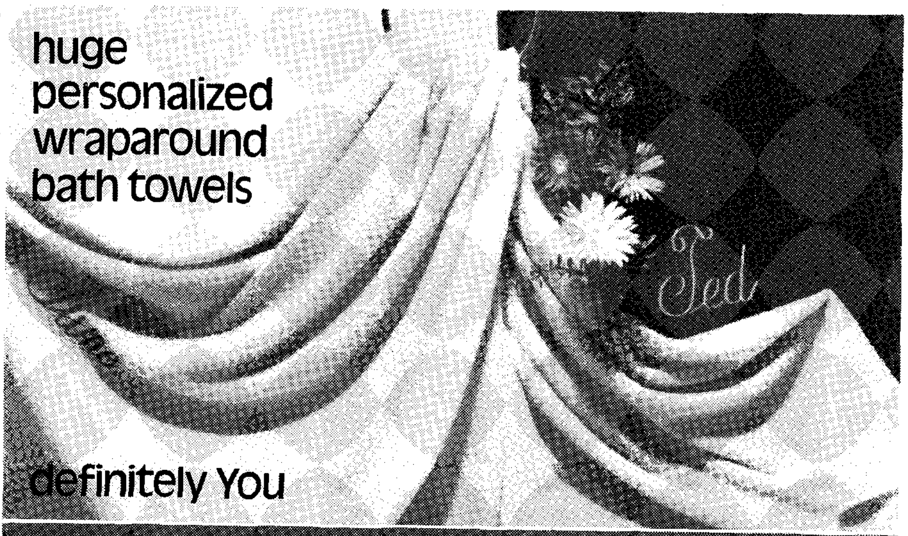

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was an old school friend named Hans, who lived in Hamburg, and whom Bodo must have written to for help—a thin, red-haired man with a business-like air about him. I think he was a clerk in a shipping office. He was not an intellectual. He helped us (probably on Bodo's bidding) arrange for the shipment of hundreds of household articles and did what he could to support his friend with comfort and advice.

The day before we left, Bodo swallowed a large number of sleeping pills, was driven away in an ambulance, and had his stomach pumped. It occurred to me that I ought to visit him in the hospital, but instead I acted upon the general advice that I stay away from him: "He'll be all right—Hans is with him."

Next morning, a call came from Frau Meissner. She urged Alma not to leave, and begged to have a meeting with her. She promised to have the abortion, and declared herself willing to consider any other conditions Alma might make. She was convinced that Bodo would not survive our leaving. But it was too late. Not that our steamship tickets couldn't be reclaimed or the luggage shipped back from Bremen or Stefan returned from the States, but a stronger deterrent was needed to break the momentum of Alma's decision, sprung as it was from the tension of months of painful wrangling.

We left by train from Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse. Some twenty people had come to see us off. One of them was Helmut; the rest were either friends of Alma or prominent members of the *Intelligenz* who had come to register the Party's position on Bodo's behavior. Most of them made light of the dreary occasion. Being highly educated, they knew how to blunt the edge of sorrow with a little irony, a little philosophical humor. They skipped and flapped their arms, ostensibly to keep themselves warm. Helmut stood a little apart, with his hands buried in the pockets of a black trenchcoat he had recently stolen. He looked sad. After the whistle blew and the group of waving figures had vanished from sight, Alma said how sorry she was that she hadn't said goodbye to Helmut.

—JOEL AGEE

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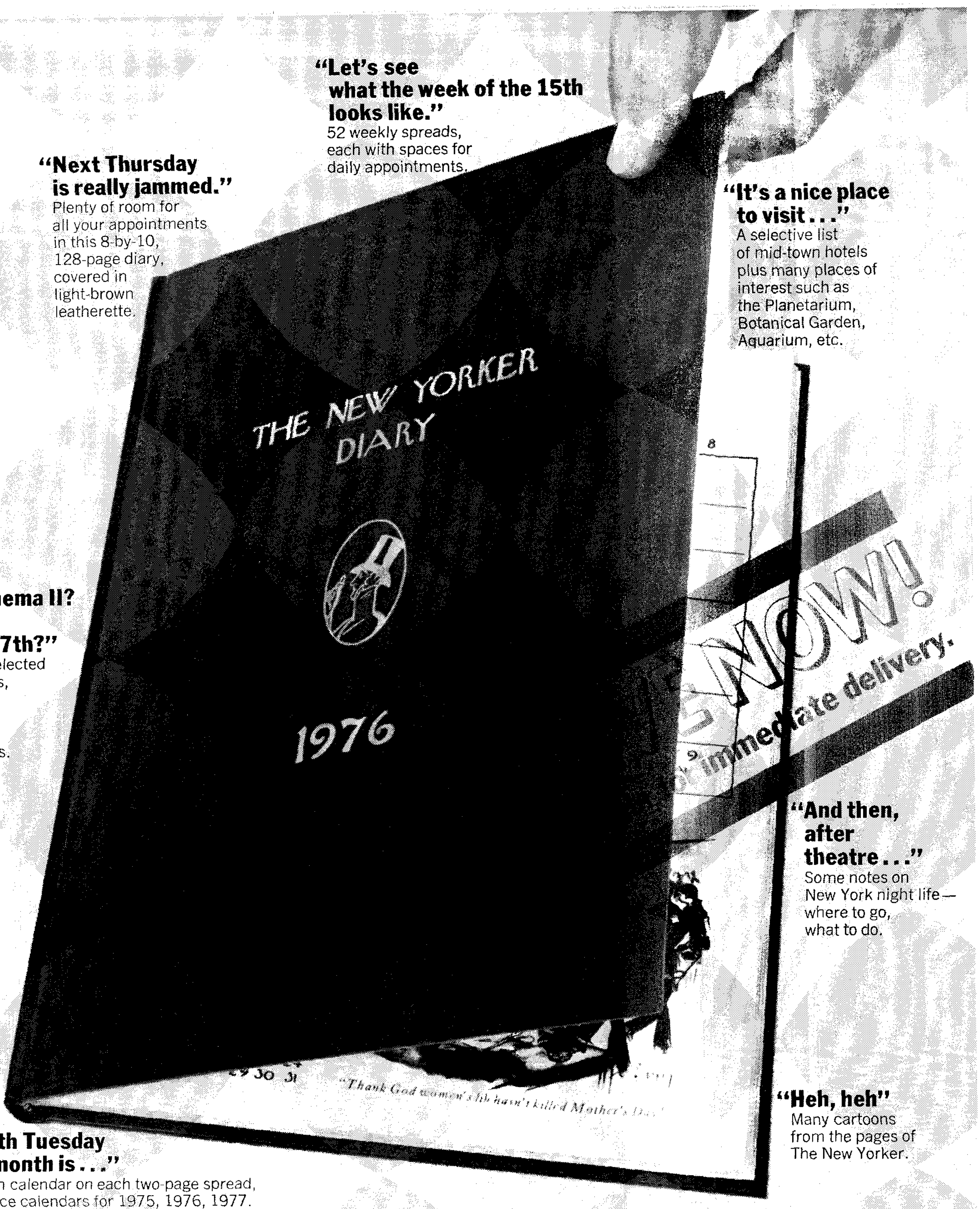

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U.S. JOURNAL: NEW ENGLAND

PARTNERS

SEABROOK, New Hampshire, has the look of those towns that have grown up over the years along Route 1 the way algae sometimes grow along a ship's line that has been left underwater too long. It is just across the state line from Massachusetts, near New Hampshire's short stretch of Atlantic shore, and Bostonians of a certain age tend to associate it with quickie-marriage factories—an industrial base that has long since been supplanted by a dog track. In Seabrook, Route 1 is dominated by the type of sign that seems to have been created by mounting the side of an old-fashioned theatre marquee on a portable iron frame that can be wheeled to the roadside to attract the attention of a highway driver whose eye may not have wandered far enough to be caught by the signs on the gift shops and farm stands and factory outlets that lie just beyond the blacktop parking lots on either side of the road. All of the iron frames are painted yellow, and a lot of them include a huge yellow arrow curving back to point across the parking lot, and some of the arrows are outlined in multicolored blinking light bulbs. The Hawaiian Garden restaurant and lounge, which specializes in "Cantonese-Polynesian Food & Drinks," is right on Route 1, with a parking lot on the side and some motel rooms in a connecting building along the back. Its restaurant serves the sort of Polynesian food that would be familiar to any Samoan or Fijian who happened to have eaten at a Trader Vic's outlet, as well as fourteen varieties of chow mein. Its lounge—a more ambitiously decorated room than the restaurant, with a large bandstand and ersatz tikis and a straw-mat ceiling over the bar—has a repertoire of drinks that makes it the only place on that stretch of Route 1 for someone who feels the need of a pick-me-up that comes in a ceramic coconut and is decorated with a tiny paper umbrella. The co-proprietor of the Hawaiian Garden—the man out in front, not the one in the kitchen—is a Cantonese immigrant named Wing Chin, who came with his family to Providence as a teen-ager in the fifties and, in the tradition of Chinese-American entrepreneurship, spent some time working as a waiter in other people's restaurants before opening his own. Last year, after operating the Hawaiian Garden for seven or eight years, Wing Chin became one of four partners in a corporation formed to establish another Cantonese-Polynesian restaurant, just outside Atlanta, Georgia, in a town called Marietta—a town that does not have a dog track but does have a large aircraft factory. Each of the four partners agreed to put up twenty thousand dollars, the First National Bank of Boston agreed to lend the new corporation one hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars, the Small Business Administration committed itself to guaranteeing the loan, and a contract was signed for a building in Marietta. Wing Chin remembers saying to his partners, "I don't think we can miss."

The one silent partner in Chin Enterprises, Incorporated, was the type of investor often found in such ventures, a relative of Wing Chin's who was always referred to by the active partners as Uncle Harry. The president of the new corporation was Wing Chin, the only partner who had extensive experience in the restaurant business. The vice-president, a boyhood friend of Chin's named John Oi, had been a busboy in a Chinese restaurant as a teen-ager—it was there that he met Chin, who was working as a waiter—but otherwise his restaurant background was one generation removed. His father, Henry Oi, was a restaurant proprietor who was also a prominent member of the Boston Chinatown business community—a man who, starting as an impoverished immigrant from Canton, had become proprietor first of a Cantonese-Polynesian restaurant in Boston and then of two more in Connecticut. John Oi, though, was not a restaurant proprietor but a professional soldier—a Regular Army captain who had graduated from West Point and happened to be back in the Boston area during the formation of Chin Enterprises, Incorporated, only because the Army had sent him to Northeastern University to complete a master's degree in electrical engineering. His wife, Cheryl, who came from a Chinese family in Hawaii, had a doctorate in ethnomusicology and ran an Asian program for one of the Boston television stations. Together, living in an apartment complex in the southwest suburbs, they seemed a long way from the Chinese immigrants working in the steamy kitchens of Chinatown. When a local reporter asked their neighbors for a description of John and Cheryl Oi some time later, what he wrote down was "Very friendly, always seemed busy, highly educated, classy." They apparently looked on the Marietta restaurant as an investment that might eventually turn into a vocation—a

"I'd like to take the rest of this day off, sir. I suddenly feel unresponsive to the needs of the people."

THE IDENTITY CRISIS OF THE SPORTS FAN IN THE PARLOR

It happens all over the country. Watching television, armchair athletes complete a pass, make a basket, sink a putt, finish first. Their egos crowd into the heroes of field and court, course and track.

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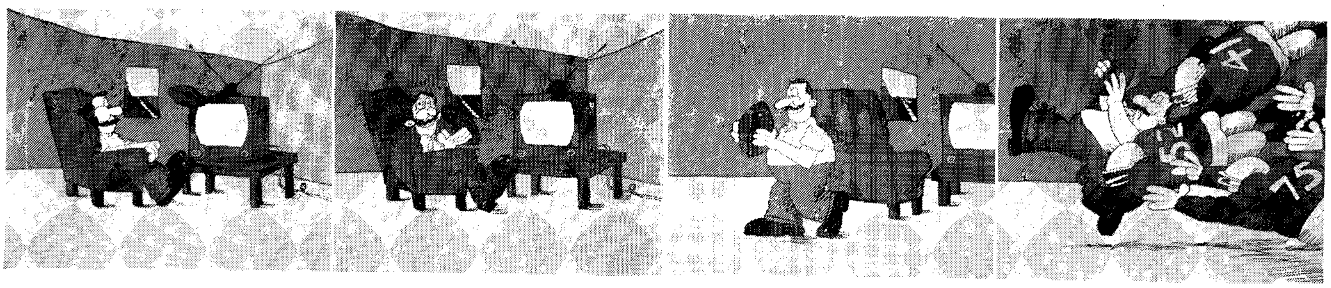

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place they might go to someday if John decided to leave the service after putting in twenty years. John Oi said nothing about the investment to his father. In a way, John had fulfilled the traditional role of the son of an ambitious immigrant in America. Henry Oi—who, despite imperfect English and no American education, had managed to get into flight school and become an officer in the Second World War—had been given the opportunity to swear in his son as a second lieutenant at a West Point commencement. But, according to Cheryl Oi, the Marietta restaurant was partly a way for her husband to prove himself to his father as a businessman as well as a soldier—as a successful partner in precisely the same kind of restaurant that Henry Oi operated. "I knew nothing about it," Henry Oi said recently. "If I had, I would have knocked holes in it."

Henry Oi, who had slept on the office floor rather than leave his West Hartford restaurant during its first weeks of operation, might have questioned the wisdom of opening a restaurant so far away. Restaurants may be even more in need of constant supervision than other retail cash businesses, and restaurant proprietors, like commanders of armies in the field, are ordinarily cautious about straying too far from their support operations. As a veteran of the tightly knit ventures of Boston's Chinatown, Henry Oi would also have presumably been put off by the fact that the fourth partner in Chin Enterprises, Incorporated, was an Occidental—a former New Hampshire state policeman named Armand R. Therrien. A contemporary of Wing Chin and John Oi, Therrien was the son of a lumberjack from the center of New Hampshire—a descendant of the poor French Canadians who had come to New England from rural Quebec to work in the forests and the mills, and, for the most part, had remained poor. After a few years in the Air Force, Armand Therrien had worked as a Northeast Airlines ticket agent for five years and then joined the state police, where he showed an aptitude for investigating crimes like embezzlement. He was eventually made a detective corporal and assigned to an office near Seabrook, a hundred miles from his home. In 1973, he resigned from the state police, moved permanently to Seabrook, and began trying to make a living as an insurance agent. "I wanted to better myself," he said later. He had been divorced the previous year, and he had two households to support. Selling insurance did not turn out to be the route to quick riches, nor did selling real estate. In the synopsis of a résumé Therrien composed at the time, he wrote, "Schooling limited. Capabilities unlimited. Ambition strong. Training varied and diversified. I have enjoyed and done well at all my occupations but to date have not found one that would consume my entire efforts." Therrien had known Wing Chin since the late sixties, when, as a state trooper, he was in the habit of dropping by the Hawaiian Garden—or "the Gardens," as he came to call it. During 1973, he began to work for Chin—first part-time as a sort of security man for the lounge, and then full-time as just about everything except chef and bartender. Therrien lived at the Gardens; his girl friend was one of the waitresses. He made some junkets to Las Vegas. But he was regular about his checks to his family and regular about Sunday visits to his children. Therrien was not only the secretary-treasurer of Chin Enterprises, Incorporated, but the only partner who planned to work as a salaried employee at the Marietta restaurant—as the manager. John Oi and Wing Chin apparently saw Therrien in the role of a sort of white front man in Georgia. The three partners spent a lot of time together in the summer of 1974—planning the Marietta restaurant, hunting, target shooting in a quarry near the Gardens. In January of this year, John and Cheryl Oi took Therrien and his girl friend to an Italian restaurant in Boston for a farewell dinner before Therrien left to supervise renovation of the building in Georgia. As Cheryl Oi remembers that evening, the only business conversation was some jovial talk about who would buy the first Rolls-Royce after Chin Enterprises, Incorporated, hit the jackpot.

ON February 11th, in Westwood, a Boston suburb a few miles from where John and Cheryl Oi lived, Patrolmen William Sheehan and Robert P. O'Donnell were partners for the four-to-midnight shift, riding in Police Cruiser 92. Bill Sheehan, the senior member of the Westwood Police Department, was known as an amiable and conscientious man who had personally broken in many of the officers on the force. A widower, he often worked nights, and occasionally picked up some extra money doing lawn care during the day. Sheehan's father had been a caretaker on an estate; one of his brothers was a fireman. His daughter was a graduate of Boston College, and his son was a senior at Dartmouth. Sheehan was working that evening—a bitterly cold and occasionally snowy evening—with the most junior member of the force, O'Donnell having been appointed only a month before. A clean-cut, rather laconic man in his late twenties, O'Donnell, like his father before him, had been an ironworker—putting together the girders of Boston high rises for ten years before turning to an occupation he expected to be both more satisfying and more secure than work in the steadily narrowing construction field. As O'Donnell remembers the events of February 11th, he and Bill Sheehan turned onto Canton Street, a wooded but heavily travelled road that feeds onto Route 128, at about seven-thirty and saw a Pontiac Grand Prix parked a few feet from the curb, with its emergency lights flashing. The driver, as seen in silhouette through the fogged window, seemed slumped in his seat. Parking the cruiser and walking back toward the Grand Prix, Sheehan and O'Donnell were met by a man dressed in fatigues, who had come out of the passenger side to say that his friend was ill but no help was needed. The two policemen, suspecting a drunk driver, continued to the Grand Prix and looked in. "Hey, what's all the blood?" O'Donnell said. Someone said "Hey," there was a blinding flash as O'Donnell turned, and he felt himself falling. There were more shots, and then O'Donnell, feeling a foot next to him, grabbed at it and began struggling with the man in fatigues, only to have him break loose and run. O'Donnell drew his own gun and fired, bringing the man down in the middle of Canton Street. As it turned out, O'Donnell had two minor wounds and serious powder burns of the face. Bill Sheehan lay dying on the street, a bullet from a snub-nosed .38 in his head. The man slumped in the driver's seat had a similar .38 slug in the head, and died not long after reaching the hospital. He was identified as Captain John Oi. The man in fatigues was Armand Therrien. His wounds were not critical, and the following morning, in Massachusetts General Hospital, a Westwood police officer was able to inform him that he was being charged with the murder of John Oi. "He was my business partner," Therrien said to the police officer.

"THE word 'probably' is not enough," Therrien's defense attorney, a well-known criminal lawyer

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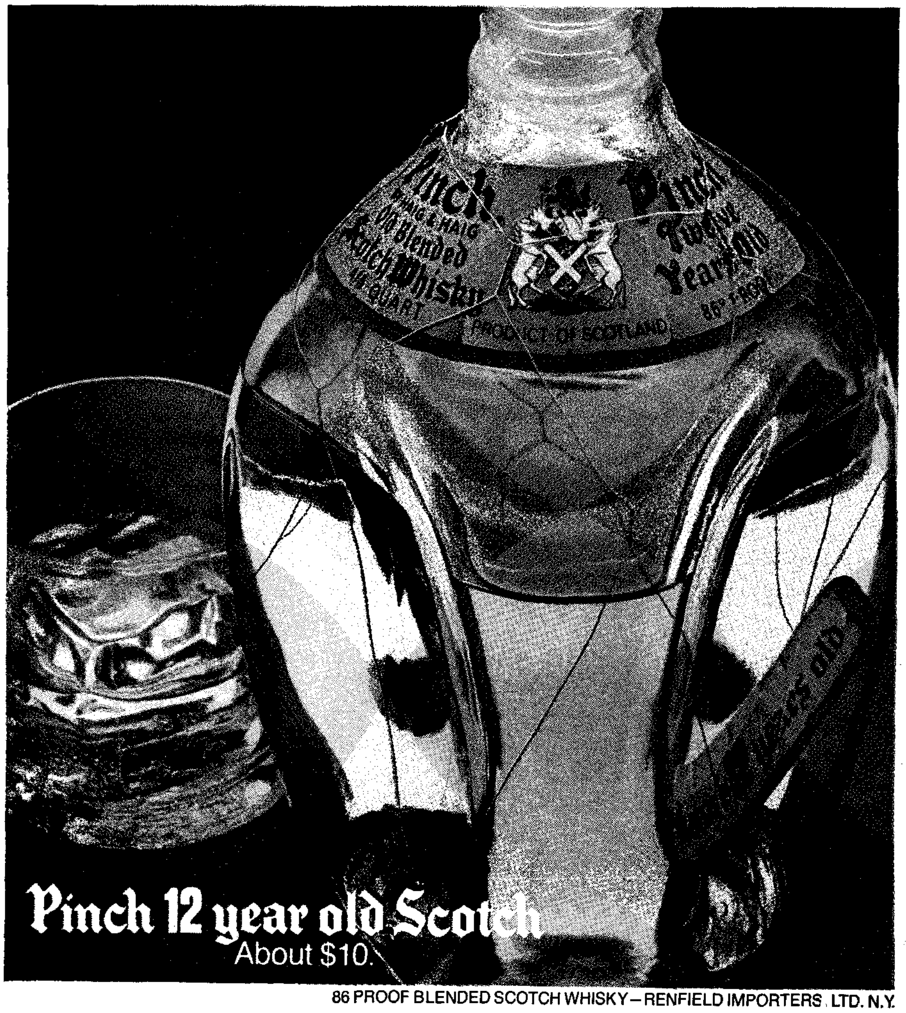

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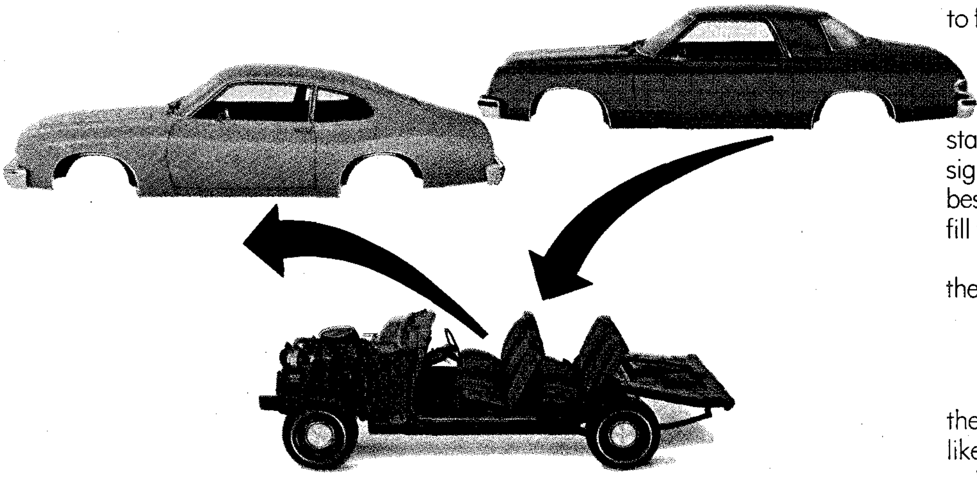

The Detroit concept: Make it look new.

It's probably the most powerful word in advertising.

And often the emptiest.

Because it's been abused so much.

Make a modest change in a product and right away it's NEW!

Make two little changes and it's NEW NEW!

Some advertisers have even gone so far as to label their products ALL NEW! Which, if you stop for a moment and analyze it, is somewhat redundant.

Detroit vs. Webster

Let's take the American car manufacturers. And mind you, we don't mean to disparage their craftsmanship, because the fact is, they do make some pretty fine automobiles.

But their misuse of the word "new" would make Webster turn over in his grave.

Last year, almost every major American car manufacturer introduced new outsides on old insides. And spent gigantic advertising budgets promoting their NEW cars.

(One manufacturer is actually about to launch a major NEW car introduction for an automobile that's been around in Europe for some time now, that they're merely making a few changes and slapping a sleek American body on.)

Are these cars really new? Hardly.

Sure, legally they can get away with calling them NEW. However, if the lawyers really wanted to be accurate about it, their advertising should carry a sentence that reads "OUTSIDE NEW ONLY."

The Secret Everybody Knows

Now, we all know what "new" really is. It's no great, dark secret that you have to go to the top of the mountain to find out.

It's simply that which hasn't existed before.

In the case of an automobile, it's starting from scratch and totally redesigning just about every single part to best fill your needs. Or rather, to best fill the needs of the driver.

Which is exactly what we did with the Volkswagen Rabbit.

Five Long, Hard Years

Five years ago, we set out to design the car of the future. Which may sound like a cliché, but it happens to be true.

We wanted to build the perfect car not only for today, but for the next twenty (maybe more) years.

To do that properly, we had to start from ground zero, taking everything into consideration—primarily economy, handling, safety and comfort.

Let's take economy.

With the price of gas skyrocketing—and no relief in sight—we felt we had to build a car that didn't get good, but *great* gas mileage.

And so we did. The Rabbit has a unique aerodynamic body design which helps it get an impressive 38 miles per gallon on the highway. (And an equally impressive 24 miles per gallon in the city.)*

Big Mileage: No Big Deal

Now there's nothing that extraordinary about getting high gas mileage—if you want to sacrifice performance (which is exactly what most cars do). But we didn't want to. We felt we couldn't. More and more superhigh-

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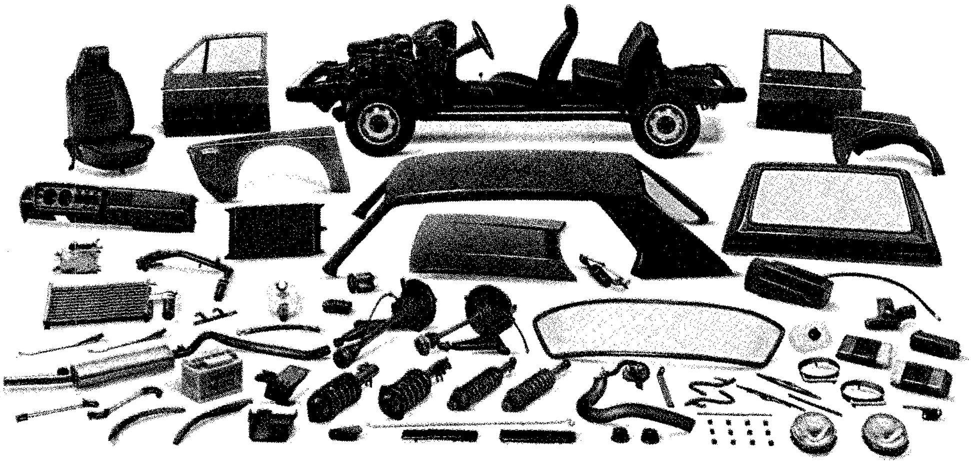
it mean?



The VW concept: Make it new.

ways are being built every day and our car had to be zippy enough to negotiate them.

Well, our engineers figured out a way, despite the 38 miles per gallon, to get the Rabbit from 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds.

To our knowledge, there is no other car in the world—none—that can give you this much gas mileage and this much acceleration together. And there may never be another one.

A Good Handling Car Is a Safe Handling Car

As far as handling goes, we didn't just stop at things like front-wheel drive for better tracking and rack-and-pinion steering (though they make the car handle so well we probably could have). We designed, for example, a totally unique "independent stabilizer rear axle." Rather than bore you with the details right now, we think it will suffice to say that this axle significantly increases the stability of the car on rough roads. And therefore the safety.

And speaking of safety, we gave the Rabbit features that you'll find on few other cars in the world. Like something called "negative steering roll radius," which helps bring the car to a straight stop in the event of a front-wheel blowout. "Dual diagonal brakes," which means that if either brake circuit fails, directional stability is maintained. And a uniquely designed double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact.

How We Did the Impossible

Our engine, by the way, is what's called a "transverse engine." Which means it's mounted sideways. That's how we were able to keep the Rabbit so compact on the outside, yet so big and comfortable on the inside (it actually has the same amount of head and leg room as some mid-sized American cars!).

Curl Up With a Good Ad

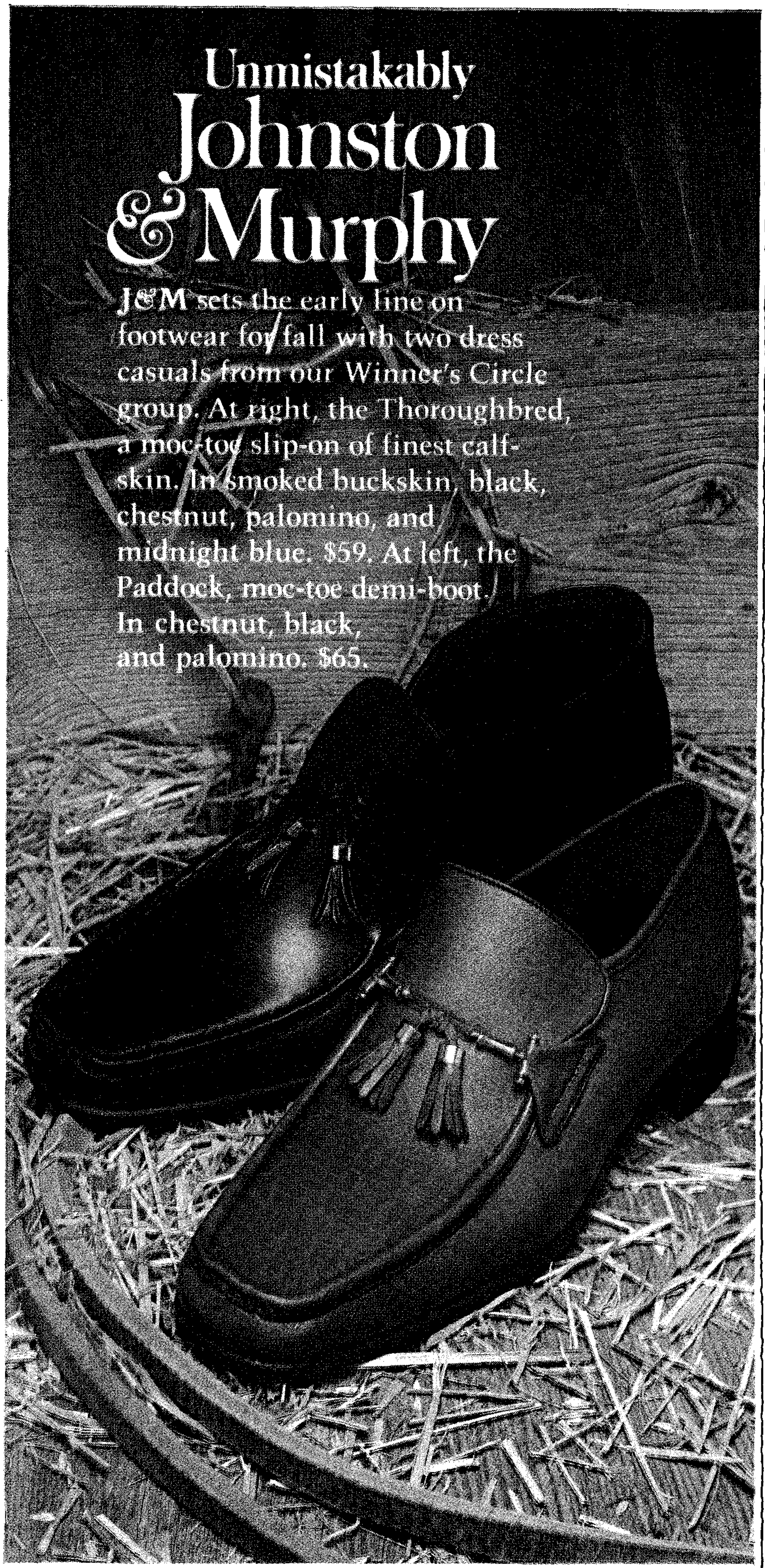
Most of the incredible features that we've incorporated into this revolutionary automobile we really don't have the space to go into right now. However, you'll get a chance to read about them in detail in future ads we're planning to run. We're certain you'll be quite impressed.

But what will impress you even more is stopping in at a VW dealer and actually seeing the Rabbit in the flesh. And, of course, driving it.

You see, if you're in the market for a new car, we think your hard-earned money deserves more than just the word NEW with an exclamation point after it.

It deserves new, period.

The Amazing Rabbit



J&M sets the early line on footwear for fall with two dress casuals from our Winner's Circle group. At right, the Thoroughbred, a moc-toe slip-on of finest calfskin. In smoked buckskin, black, chestnut, palomino, and midnight blue. $59. At left, the Paddock, moc-toe demi-boot. In chestnut, black, and palomino. $65.

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from Boston named Gerald Alch, said as he explained the concept of "reasonable doubt" during Therrien's trial for the murders of John Oi and William Sheehan. No one had actually seen Oi and Sheehan shot, but the circumstantial evidence seemed overwhelming. The bullets that killed both victims had been fired by the .38 Therrien was carrying. A box of shells and two pairs of handcuffs had been found in Therrien's pocket. A room key, also found in his pocket, had led to the discovery that he had checked into a nearby motel that afternoon under an assumed name, after a virtually non-stop drive from Georgia. The telephone in his apartment in Marietta had been left off the hook, and when he telephoned his girl friend in New Hampshire during the drive north he had given her the impression that he was still in Georgia, with no plans to leave. The police reasoned that Therrien, having parked his own car in a restaurant lot near John Oi's apartment, was forcing Oi to drive him toward a deserted spot when Oi, perhaps with thoughts of escape, suddenly stopped the car on Canton Street—only to be shot in the back of the head. But why? In the day or two after Oi's death, the police received a couple of anonymous tips that the crime had to do with gambling and the mob; the district attorney was quoted in the local press as saying that the investigation was partly concerned with the possibility that Therrien was connected with "the Chinese Mafia." Then police discovered that Chin Enterprises, Incorporated, had, as a requirement of its loan, taken out a two-hundred-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy on each of its officers—policies that were to be assigned to the bank as soon as the final loan papers were signed. Oi's death at a time when the policies were payable directly to Chin Enterprises, Incorporated, meant that the restaurant would be capitalized with an additional two hundred thousand dollars. The corporation would have no need to take a bank loan and operate under its restrictions—which included a limit of fifteen thousand dollars a year on salaries that could be drawn by corporate officers. Neither Oi nor Chin was concerned with salary because Chin had the Hawaiian Garden and Oi had the Army, the prosecutor, an assistant district attorney named John P. Connor, Jr., told the jury. "But Therrien cared. Because Therrien wanted to better himself."

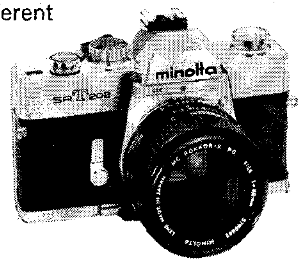
Therrien's trial was in the courthouse at Dedham, the seat of Norfolk

County. Bill Sheehan's son and daughter were there, and so was Henry Oi. Cheryl Oi and Wing Chin were among those called to testify by the prosecution. Armand Therrien's sisters and his girl friend and his former wife were all among the spectators—all loyal, all willing to demonstrate by their presence that those closest to Therrien believed he could never have committed the crimes he was charged with. Except for one moment, when he broke into tears while reading a letter he had sent Henry Oi from jail, Therrien was calm and self-assured on the stand—still enough of a policeman to refer to O'Donnell as "the subject." He offered four or five legitimate reasons to explain his sudden trip north. He said that his girl friend had been allowed to believe he was still in Georgia because he wanted to surprise her. The gun was with him because he was returning it to its owner in New Hampshire, and the handcuffs and shells happened to be in the pocket of his heavy coat because he had been cleaning out his desk at the Gardens the last time he was in a cold enough place to wear it. He had registered under an assumed name at the motel because he happened to have a female hitchhiker with him at the time. Therrien said he couldn't remember everything that had happened on Canton Street that night because Oi had hit him during an argument that began with Oi's insisting that Wing Chin was heavily in debt from gambling and was planning to cheat his partners in Chin Enterprises, Incorporated. As Therrien told it, Oi had apparently been shot accidentally during an argument with O'Donnell, who then turned on Sheehan. It was a story that offered some explanation for every piece of incriminating evidence, and Therrien had the restraint not to push it past that.

"You drove thirteen hundred miles to Boston in approximately twenty-four hours to meet your fiancée, and yet you picked up a hitchhiker with the intention of having a liaison with her at a motel?" Connor asked him.

"That is correct, sir," Therrien said.

In his closing statement, Alch made Therrien's story sound at least conceivable. But the story required the jury to assume, among other things, that both Oi and O'Donnell, the West Point captain and the decent-looking policeman, had erupted into irrational violence. The jury had to believe O'Donnell or Therrien, Connor said. "One of them is a hero, one of them is a liar. One of them is a hero, and



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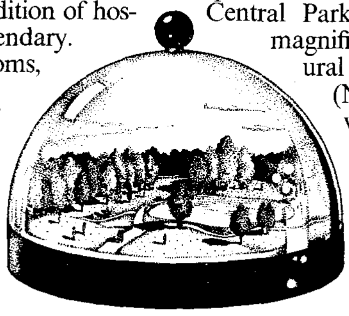

one of them is a crazed killer." The jury believed O'Donnell. After nine and a half hours of deliberation, Therrien was found guilty of first-degree murder in both the death of William Sheehan and the death of John Oi.

THE prosecutors and detectives who had worked on the investigation had the strong belief that they had solved the crime but not the mystery. The prosecution, of course, is not required to prove motive—the insurance policy was offered merely as a possibility—and Connor seemed under no illusion that he had. "We can never get inside that man's mind and discover what the real reason was," he told the jury. Would a man really commit premeditated murder for the rather indirect benefit of acquiring two hundred thousand dollars for a corporation he owned one-quarter of? Would a man murder to remove a ceiling of fifteen thousand dollars on his salary? How much more than fifteen thousand dollars could someone expect to be paid for managing a Cantonese-Polynesian restaurant in Marietta, Georgia? Was there something in the early rumors about gambling and the mob? Was someone else involved? Was Therrien rather than Wing Chin the partner John Oi suspected? What motive would be strong enough to explain murder?

Whether the insurance was the reason for John Oi's death or not, it did make Chin Enterprises, Incorporated, a rather well-off little corporation. Months before Therrien was brought to trial, the insurance company paid the beneficiary of John Oi's insurance, with no argument. A windfall of two hundred thousand dollars to an eighty-thousand-dollar corporation was, in a sense, the closest Armand Therrien had come to bettering himself in a big way. The corporation has problems, of course. It is the defendant in a civil suit filed by Cheryl Oi. Its vice-president is dead. Its secretary-treasurer has just begun serving two consecutive life terms at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Walpole. —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

JERUSALEM, Aug. 23 (UPI)—Israel Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin's wife, Leah, did more than preside as hostess for the Thursday night dinner for Secretary of State and Mrs. Henry A. Kissinger.

Mrs. Rabin spent the afternoon cooking the cheese blintzes that the guests etc.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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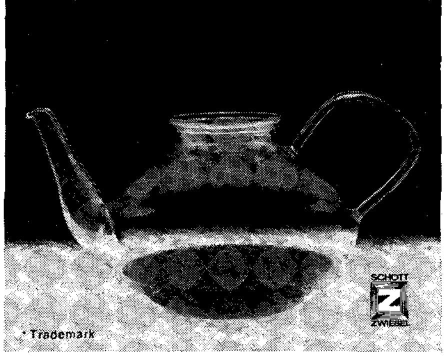
IT'S A SMALL WORLD



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

COUNTRYSIDE

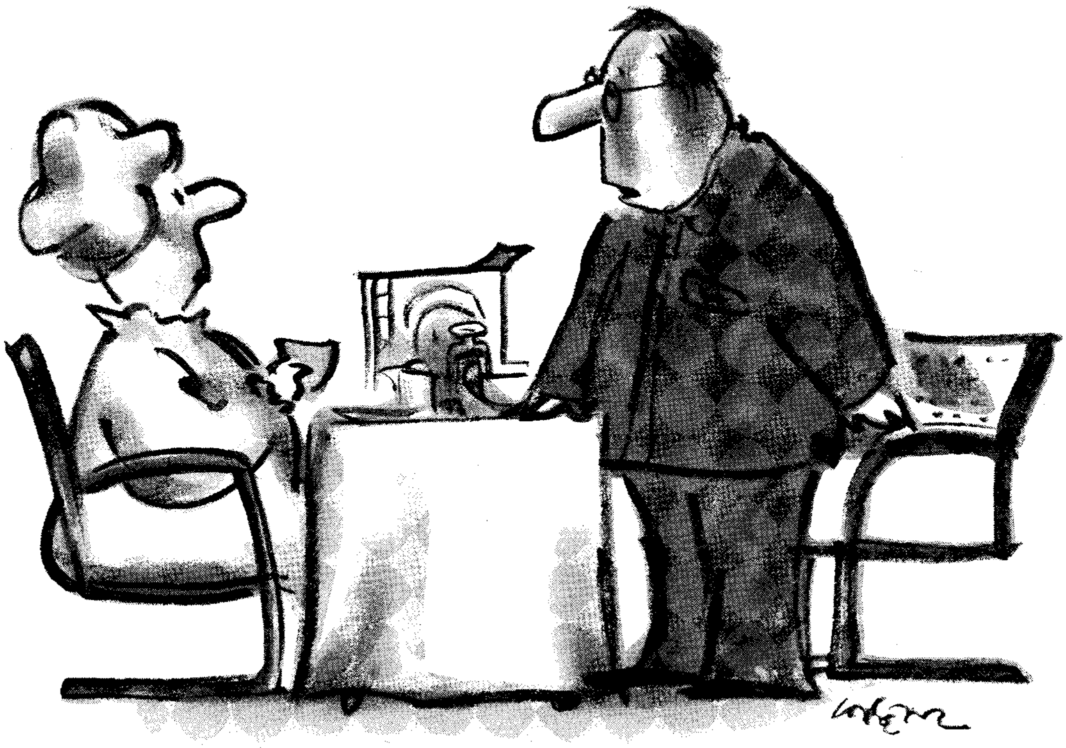
I WENT down to Missouri—down to Crawford County, in the foothills of the Ozarks, some ninety miles southwest of St. Louis—to see something of the Meramec River and a white-water tributary called Courtois Creek while they both were still there to be seen. The Meramec, like so many other rivers in America, has had the misfortune to catch the eye of the Army Corps of Engineers, and the Corps (with the usual approval of the construction industry and a handful of well-placed land speculators) plans to build a dam across it. The dam would cost (at the latest estimate) around a hundred million dollars. Its purpose would be to create a thirteen-thousand-acre lake (suitable for motorboating, water-skiing, flat-water fishing, and surrounding with vacation homes) that would also serve as an emergency reservoir for St. Louis should the Mississippi River happen to run dry.

I had arranged to float the Courtois for ten or twelve miles, from a point just below its source to its junction with the Meramec, and then on down the Meramec for two miles to a point called Onondaga Crossing. Most of Courtois Creek would be swamped in the backwaters of the dam, and that stretch of the Meramec, though many miles above the proposed dam site, would be buried under fifty feet or more of dead, muddy water. There were eight of us in our elegiac party. My companion, and the stern man in my canoe, was a young boating guide and naturalist—green-eyed, dark-haired, fiercely mustached—named John Igleheart. There was an engineer named Duane Woltjen and his wife, Judy, a registered nurse, both founders of the Ozark chapter of the Sierra Club. There was a geologist named Don Rimbach—a big, bald man with a big red beard—whose special interest is caves and springs. (Crawford County is rocky country, and its rocky bluffs and outcrops are riddled with caves. The Meramec Dam would flood at least a hundred considerable caves, including the celebrated Onondaga Cave.) The others in the group were Dennis Drabelle, counsel to the Assistant Secretary for Fish and Wildlife and Parks of the United States Department of the Interior, and Todd Vogel and Robert Howard, both wildlife biologists assigned to the Kansas City-area office of the Fish and Wildlife Service. Vogel and Howard are by way of being specialists in the mammalian order Chiroptera, or bats. Several of the threatened caves are known to be the winter habitat of *Myotis sodalis*, the so-called Indiana bat, a species protected by the Endangered Species Act.

I had my first sight of the Courtois from a low-water crossing, or surfaced ford, called Blount's Bridge. That was where we had agreed to meet and put in. Igleheart and I were the first to arrive. We were delivered there after a big country breakfast by a friend in a road-worn Volkswagen with a bumper sticker that read "STOP Meramec Dam—A Crime Against Mother Nature." We watched the car turn and grind back up a long, wooded, rut-tracked hill, and then walked down to the ford. Our canoes were beached on the downstream side on a hump of gravel bar. The Courtois was full and fast and a gleaming, glittering, almost Caribbean green. It looked more like a river than a creek. The far shore, fifty or sixty feet away, was a craggy limestone cliff screened with willow brush and big, towering, overhanging sycamores. The water along the foot of the cliff was still and deep. We stood and listened to the silence—to the voices of birds, to the stir of a breeze in the trees, to the riffle of moving water. We stood there in the joy of the pearly morning and waited for the others. There was no hurry. It was hardly nine o'clock, and we had the whole long day ahead of us.

WE moved off in a flotilla of four canoes. The Woltjens took the lead. Igleheart and I were in second position, and the others ranged away two or three lengths behind us. I sat in the bow and looked down through four feet of water as clear as the morning air at the coppery cobblestone bottom sliding quickly up and then past and away. We were moving nicely, faster than a fast walk. I had forgotten the feel of speed one gets on an Ozark float—the illusory power of natural movement that makes a galloping horse between one's knees seem faster than a racing car.

I looked back at Igleheart. He nodded and smiled. "I don't know why, either," he said. "It's true, though—there's nothing truer. But we really *are* moving, you know. We've



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got a current here of maybe four miles an hour. This is a fast river. Duane tells me it has an average gradient of eight feet to the mile. They've got a numerical scale for classifying streams like this for flow and difficulty. It starts at one and rises to six. Six is practically a waterfall. The Cotaway is rated at two."

"The what?" I said.

Igleheart laughed. "You said you used to live in St. Louis," he said. "Then you've got to know how Missouri pronounces its French place-names. They write the name of this river the way it's spelled on the map, but 'the Cotaway' is what they call it."

THE Woltjens sat idle and drifting up ahead in the slack water of a slough. They waved and beckoned us over. We pulled out of the current and floated down through the sudden dark and damp of willow shade under the bank.

Judy Woltjen was beaming. "Isn't it great!" she said. "Isn't it just gorgeous!"

"It's beautiful," I said. "I've never seen a prettier river."

"Yes," Woltjen said. "That's why we waited for you. I thought you might be interested to know where you are. This is roughly the point where what I call the scene of the crime begins. If they build the dam, this will be the mouth of the Cotaway. From here on down will be nothing but lake."

"At normal pool," Judy Woltjen said.

"That's what I mean," Woltjen said. "And normal pool is the level of water they try to maintain. It's the minimum. At flood pool, or high water, the lake will probably reach up pretty close to where we put in."

"That would be the end of the smallmouth bass," Igleheart said. "They like it cold and clear. They can't take that warm lake water, or any kind of pollution. And this is the best bass stream I've ever fished."

I COCKED my head and listened. It was the rush and rumble of faster water. There was another rapids coming up. It sounded like a good one.

"No problem," Igleheart said. "I was through here only a week ago. But I think maybe I'd better handle it alone."

I shipped my paddle and hunched down in my seat. I listened to the rising surge of the chute. We came around an arm of gravel bar and into a chop of foot-high whitecaps. The cliff, with its trailing brush and clinging trees, closed in on the right. The canoe gave a sudden slide, like a slip on ice. The chute loomed—a sunken log, a bony snag, a tumble of rocks, a skin of seething water. We scraped, crunched, lurched, and were through. We skittered almost broadside into a pool. Igleheart brought us around. The pool narrowed and deepened. The channel cut hard to the right, under the jut of cliff, under a lowering colonnade of sycamores. A hanging branch the size of my thigh reached down and across. I ducked, and leaned away.

I kept on leaning. I couldn't stop leaning. And the canoe went over. I went in and down and slid on my side along the pebbly bottom and turned over and came up gasping. I grabbed for my paddle and, with my boots and jeans dragging like lead, splashed through four feet, three feet, two feet of surging cold water, and up the slipping slope of the gravel bar.

I got my breath, and looked back. Igleheart was still in the water, stumbling backward, hanging on to his paddle, hanging on to the line, holding the swamped canoe. I got rid of my paddle and gave him a hand with the line. We hauled the canoe up onto the bar and tipped it over. A soggy jacket slopped out from a thwart—mine. And a soggy flannel shirt—Igleheart's. And the remains of a package of cigarettes—Igleheart's. I took off my shirt and wrung it out. I thought I might be able to flap it dry. There was nothing I could do about my pants and boots. But the sun was well up now and the air was almost hot. They would dry well enough on the body.

The first of the other canoes came down through the chute and under the hanging branch. It was the two biologists, Vogel and Howard. They saw us standing stripped to the waist and dripping on the gravel bar. They stared, and pulled up, and landed.

Vogel said, "Wow—what happened to you?"

"I leaned the wrong way," I said.

"It's worse than that," Igleheart said. "So did I."

A LITTLE spring-fed brook came spreading in from behind a gravel bar, and the Courtois widened for a stretch below it. We paddled peacefully together, two abreast, down a winding avenue of sunny open water. The cliff had shifted across to the other shore, and its ledges were aflame with cascading columbine. There was a woodpecker (a pileated woodpecker, somebody guessed from the sound of it) knocking somewhere in the woods above. A little green heron the color of slate watched us from a sycamore stump on the bank.

"That's a new sign of the times," Woltjen said. "The sycamore stump over there. You'll see a lot of stumps like that from here on down. The sycamore is going the way of the cypress and the black walnut—it's getting to be an endangered species. It's a bottomland tree, and it's running out of environment. But the reason it's being cut along here is the dam. Sycamore brings good money. They use it for butcher blocks and barrels and things like that. The people are trying to get as much out of their land as they can before the dam goes in. Uncle Sam drives a pretty hard bargain, you know. With ordinary people, anyway."

"I don't really blame these people," Judy Woltjen said. "I can understand how they feel. But what if we manage to stop the dam?"

"Which we will," Rimbach said.

Woltjen shrugged.

RIMBACH was in the stern of the canoe just ahead. He suddenly sat up and braked with his paddle.

He said, "Hey! Hey, look! Look at him go!"

I looked. It was a frog—the head of a frog—in a slough. It was the big, spotted, pop-eyed head of a bullfrog swimming across the mouth of a slough toward a cluster of blossoming lily pads. I kept looking. The frog climbed up on one of the lily pads and squatted there in the shade of a yellow blossom. I watched it sitting there, and I knew I had seen it all before. But where? And then it came to me. A picture emerged, rose vividly up from the depths of my childhood—a picture of a smiling green frog sitting cross-legged on a lily pad in the tiny, shiny pages of "The Tale of Mr. Jeremy Fisher," by Beatrix Potter.

IGLEHEART said, "What time have you got?"

That startled me. I felt a touch of alarm. I had forgotten about my watch. It was not, as far as I knew, waterproof. I took a cautious look. And relaxed. "Ten to one," I said.

"Good," he said. "Then we're not too far from on time. That gravel bar down there on the left—that's Bob Bass's landing, where I told you we'd be taking out for lunch. Bob won't be there. I understand he's up in St. Louis on business. But that doesn't matter

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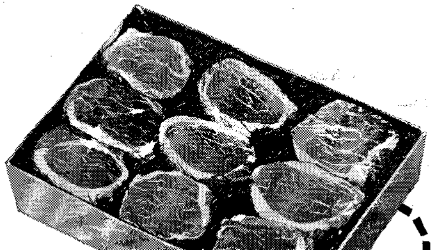

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too much. It's Mrs. Bass who's giving us lunch, and she's French. She and Bob met in Paris. So I guess you know what to expect."

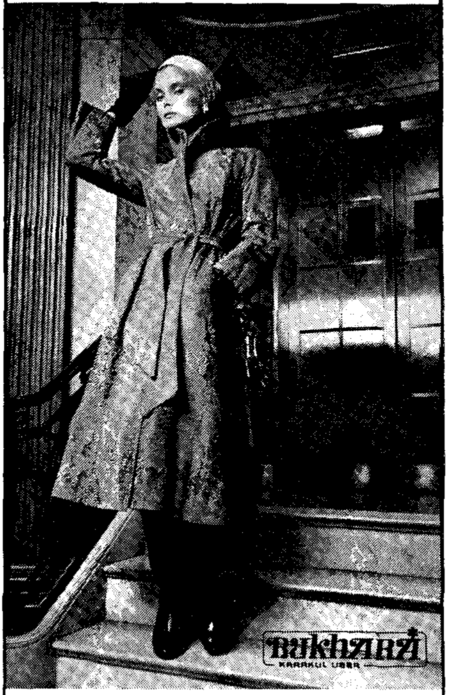
I had heard a lot about Bass. I knew that he was a big landowner in Crawford County, and a man with many and varied business interests in Steelville, the county seat. He was also, I gathered, a leader in the movement opposing the dam. There didn't seem to be much doubt about that. His interests included a canoe-rental business. Several of his canoes were pulled up on the gravel, and we passed them on the way to the house. There was a printed placard exhortation fixed on the bow thwart of each of the canoes. It was headed "DON'T DAM THIS RIVER," and continued, "Meramec Park Reservoir, a dam now partially funded for construction by the Corps of Engineers, will make a reservoir of the Courtois, Huzzah, and upper Meramec Rivers. The beauty and value for recreation of these natural streams is too great to sacrifice for a man-made reservoir at this location. Do not be cheated out of your natural heritage. Stop the dam. Join us. Citizens Committee to Save the Meramec, Inc. Box 88, Leasburg, Missouri."

Our lunch could hardly have been more *déjeuner:* Quiche Lorraine. Filet of sole and fresh white asparagus. A chilled Muscadet. Mrs. Bass, an attractive young woman in jeans and a blue denim shirt, sat at the head of the table and nibbled and sipped and smoked. "It is every kind of a crime," she said. "It is fantastic. Our land here on the river has been in my husband's family since the Civil War. We have six hundred and forty acres—what you call a section—and they wish to flood it to make recreation. The thought of turning food-producing land into a lake at a time like this is imbecilic. To say nothing of the price they offer! We know enough to say no. And so do some others. But there are many people here—old people, simple country people—who don't understand. They think if the Engineers wish to buy your land you must do as they say and sell. They think they have no rights."

"It's really neat," Rimbach said. "When a man is accused of a crime, the police sit down and read him his rights as a citizen. But when the government wants to buy his land, nobody tells him anything."

WE dropped, thumping and skittering, through another tight, splashing, headlong chute—and there

THE GREAT KAHN



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was our kingfisher again. It was perched on a skeleton cedar branch overlooking a pool. It turned its big, awkward, tufted head, and gave us a look of exasperation. It stepped off the branch and once more flapped heavily away downstream.

Iglehеart said, "That's how many times—three?"

"Four," I said.

"Then I doubt if we'll see him again. He'll be running out of territory. You can push him only so far, and then he turns back. He's more afraid of trespassing on the next kingfisher than he is of us."

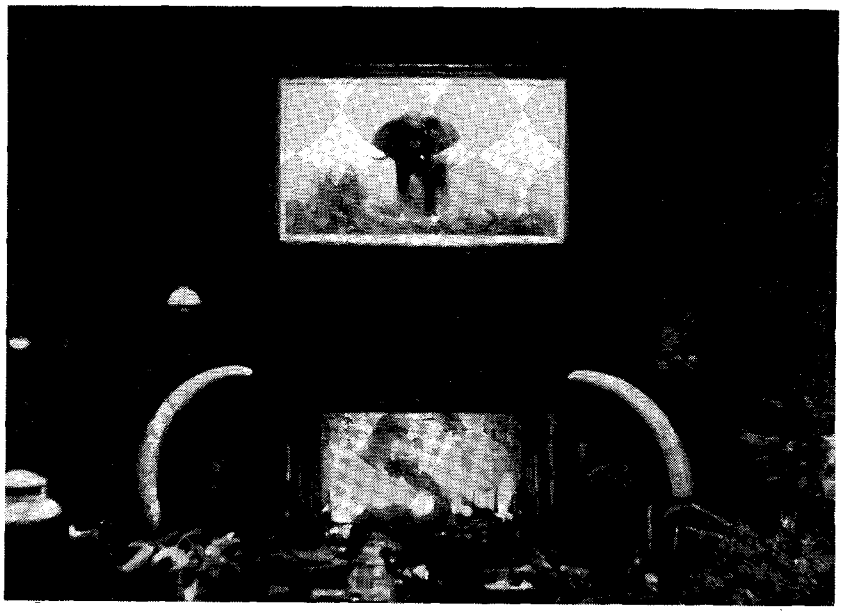
We crossed the pool. We moved through a cloudburst of swarming mayflies. We followed the channel around a double horseshoe bend and down a chute so shallow that we had to get out and wade. We slopped back aboard and glided into the pool below. There was a buzzard hanging like a puff of black smoke in the sky high overhead. There was a pair of brown flycatchers courting or fighting in a dogwood tree. There was a turtle asleep on a log. There was a beer can shining in a couple of feet of water near the bank. But Igleheart was right. The kingfisher was gone—doubled back to its own domain.

Igleheart said, "Hold it!"

He was staring at the beer can. He looked shocked. He poked down and touched it with his paddle. It lurched slowly over, and his face cleared. He stepped overboard and reached down and picked up the can. It wasn't a discarded can. It was a can of beer—Old Milwaukee beer—unopened and intact.

"It looks like somebody else took a spill," he said. "We don't get many slobs on this river." He climbed back in and opened the can and dropped the tab in the bottom of the canoe. He took a swallow. "Too bad it isn't Bud," he said, and held out the can to me. "But at least it's good and cold."

WE beached our canoes on the bank of a slough, and Vogel and Rimbach led the way along the bar and up a steep and slippery path to the twenty-foot mouth of a cave. Above the cave, above its overhanging upper lip, the cliff rose fifty or sixty feet to a crown of brush and scrub. We stepped into the chamber and into another season—into a dank, autumnal chill. The floor was rough with rubble and the charred remains of campfires, and the walls were pitted with cracks and niches. Overhead, the ceiling soared. Beyond, at the end of the chamber,



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were the openings of two dim and disappearing passages.

"They call this Bat Cave," Vogel said. "I don't know who named it, but he had the right idea. It's been an Indiana-bat habitat for maybe hundreds of years. And a good one. Look at all those holes. This rotten old limestone is just right for roosting. It gives them a perfect toehold. That's the way they hibernate, of course—hanging by their toenails."

"What did they estimate the size of the colony at, Todd?" Howard said. "Around three hundred? That sounds reasonable. This is a fair-sized cave. Those passages go back a hundred feet or more."

"I don't think anybody's been all the way back," Rimbach said.

"Bats are interesting," Vogel said. "Especially colonial bats. I mean the way they hibernate. They kind of feel their way into it. Early in the fall—in early October, say—they start drifting into their cave. They begin to group up a little—sort of getting the feel of each other. They're not colonial in the summer, you know. They separate into pairs to breed. And when the fall comes on, they have to get used to grouping again. Nobody knows just why they group together in clusters. It's probably a combination of physical and psychological factors. They're warmer—the temperature is stabilized—when they're packed together. And they are probably more comfortable psychologically. There's comfort and security in numbers."

"What happened to the Indiana bat?" I said. "What makes it an endangered species?"

"It's like every other problem in nature," Vogel said. "The trouble is man. We keep destroying their habitat. The Indiana bat is a particularly demanding animal. Its summer habitat is a sycamore tree, and the only place where it will hibernate is a limestone cave like this. These caves are a little cooler and more humid than most. And there aren't many such caves—they're in Indiana, in Kentucky, a few in Illinois, and here. Another thing, of course, is that people just don't like bats. They come into a cave and build a fire, like you see here, and that disturbs the bats if they're hibernating. The smoke and noise, and more. People think nothing of shooting bats or stoning them or whatever comes to mind. I'm not really crazy about bats myself. But that isn't the point. The point is they fill a niche, they have their place in nature, they're part of the biological chain, they're terrific eaters of nocturnal insects—they help keep things in balance. It's possible that people can be taught a little basic biology, can be made to understand. But that won't do much good if the habitat is already destroyed—the way this cave will be if the Engineers build that dam."

"There isn't any doubt about the destruction," Woltjen said. "We estimate that the lake would be about thirty feet deep at this point, completely filling the cave."

WE were travelling together two abreast again. The Courtois had joined the Huzzah just below Bat Cave, and a mile or so farther on the Courtois-Huzzah had joined the Meramec. The Meramec was really a river. It was fifty yards wide bank to bank—from the craggy gray cliff on the left to the gravel bar on the right—and deep: ten or twelve feet deep in the channel. The sun blazed steaming down. Rimbach's face was as red as his beard, and he had a wet handkerchief draped on his big bald head. I thought of the cool of Bat Cave.

A figure came into view. It was a fisherman, a white-haired man in bib overalls, standing at the end of a long tongue of gravel, with a pail at his feet and a fly rod in his hand. He watched us coming, and nodded a greeting.

"How's the fishing?" Rimbach called.

"Oh, the fishing's fine," the man said. "But the catching—that ain't so good."

Rimbach laughed. "I know what you mean," he said.

"I figure the water's too close to the shore," the man said.

"It'll be a lot closer if they build the dam," Rimbach said.

"Screw the dam," the man said.

THERE was a throbbing murmur from somewhere down beyond the bend ahead. The murmur rose to a mutter, and then to a snarling roar. It was the first noise I had heard all day—the first unnatural sound. We were only a bend or two from our taking-out place at Onondaga Crossing, and I thought for a moment that it might be one of the cars coming down to the landing to meet us. But it wasn't that. It exploded into sight—a man and a woman raging up the pool in a skiff with an outboard motor. They blasted past in a stink of gasoline fumes. We lurched and teetered, and emerged from their wake. But the gasoline stink was still there.

It hung in the air like a foretaste of the future.

Onondaga Cave lies deep under the cliffs that overlook a river crossing. The road that led us to the cave was flanked by woods on the river side and, on the other, by pastures and occasional fields of young corn. White-faced cattle, knee-deep in grass, watched us from the pastures. It was the morning after our float. Vogel was driving. Drabelle, next to him, said, "Hey—look!" A sign was coming up on the shoulder. It read "STUPENDOUS!" Beyond it, in the classic Burma Shave manner, was another: "AMAZING!" Then "IT'S EVEN GOOD!" And, finally, "ONONDAGA CAVE." But that series was only the beginning. There was another set half a mile farther on: "IF YOU WANT / YOUR EYES TO GO GAGA / COME AND SEE / ONONDAGA." And, just after that, another: "THE DISTANCE TOO FAR? / TOO HOT IN THE CAR? / RELAX AT THE CAVE / YOUR NERVES YOU'LL SAVE."

Onondaga Cave is a commercial cave, and its exterior is conventionally commercial—a big welcoming sign, a paved parking lot, and a long, low, L-shaped white clapboard building with a kind of vestibule in the form of a wigwam. We walked through a gift-and-souvenir shop and down a hallway past a café. Information along the way defined "Onondaga" as an Osage Indian word meaning "Spirit of the Mountain," and noted that the cave was discovered by Daniel Boone in 1798. It was opened commercially in 1904, as an adjunct of the St. Louis World's Fair. We passed through a room with piles of speleological literature on tables. The entrance to the cave was at the far end of the room—the mouth of a grotto with a ramp sloping gently down. The passage was clearly but indirectly lighted. The footing was concrete scored for safe walking. The walls and ceiling were raw, jagged, sweating limestone the color of taffy. There was a faraway sound of rushing water—an underground stream. There was a steady drip of water seeping down through the rock from the woods and fields in the upper world. Rimbach took the lead. "I know this cave like I know the way home," he said. "I've surveyed every known foot of it, and the official map is mine. I even discovered a fair-sized grotto that nobody knew was there. We call it a cave, but it's really a series of caves. All told, with all its arms, it covers about a mile. A

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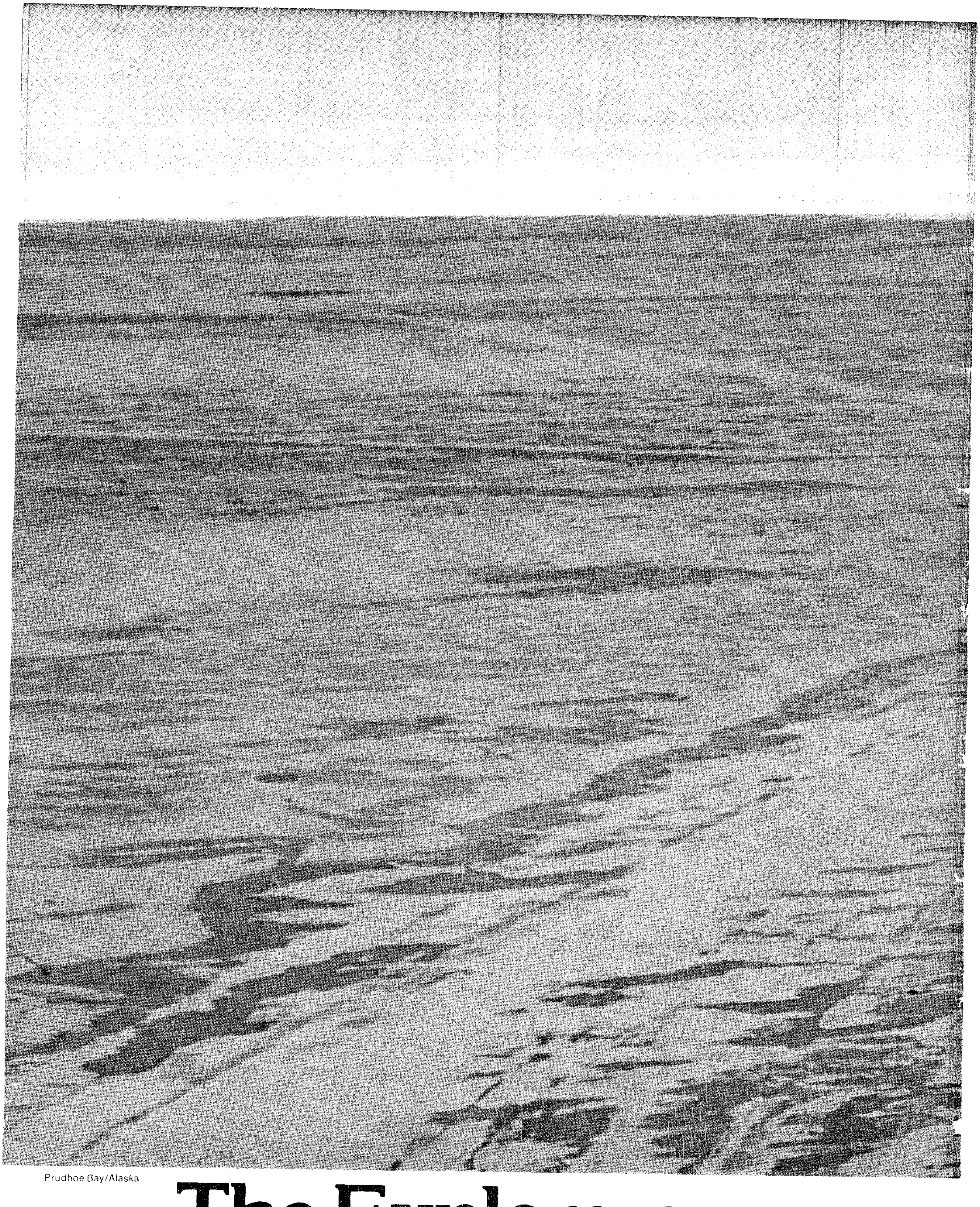

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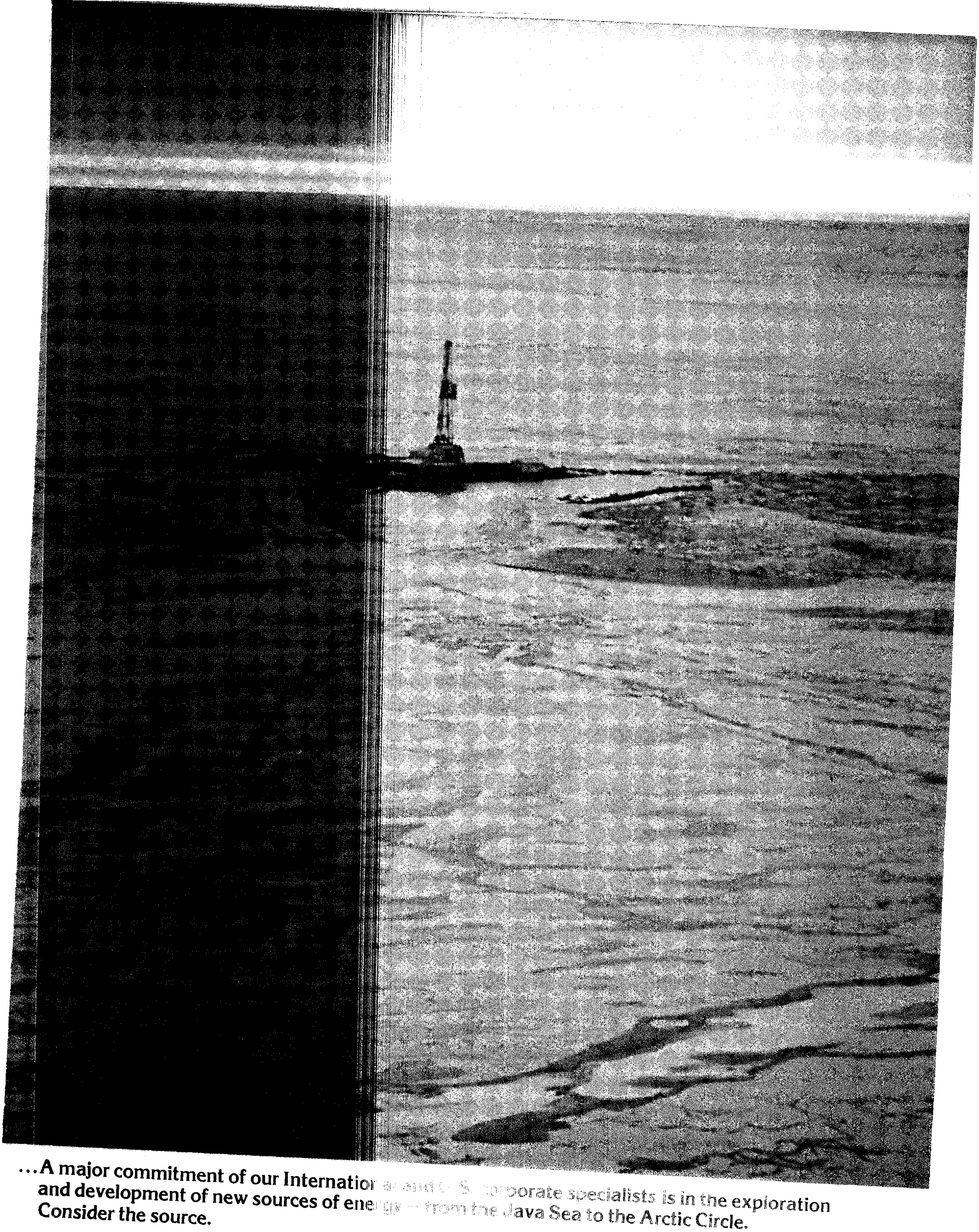

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good part of it has never been thoroughly explored. A scientist digging around in here one day last year excavated an old bone that turned out to be the leg of a kind of peccary extinct since the last Ice Age. Where we are now, if they build the dam we'll all be up to our knees in water."

The passage opened into a chamber eerie with glittering, dripping stalactites and stalagmites. They rose in stumps. They fell from the ceiling in spears and swords and bayonets. They curtained the walls with draperies. A shadowy opening led to the chamber beyond. We moved toward it through a strange, shining, yellow, taffy-colored glow. The ceiling seemed lower. It was like walking through a late-October drizzle. There was a break in the wall, and the rising sound of water. I caught a glimpse of a stream across a slippery slope of rock. "Nobody knows where that stream comes from," Rimbach said. "It disappears and reappears. They call it Lost River. At this point, if they build the dam we'll all be over our heads in water. That's at normal pool. The Corps, of course, keeps saying different, but I know what I'm talking about. I've measured it."

Rimbach touched a switch fixed in the cavern wall, and the lights went out behind us. He touched another, and the darkness ahead dissolved into beckoning light. We were moving into a kind of canyon. An abyss appeared on the left. We followed a walkway cut into the rock on the right. We edged around a bend. The light seemed to brighten. We stepped into an immensity of glittering space—a block-long chamber with a soaring ceiling hung with hundreds of stalactite chandeliers. In the distance, halfway down the chamber, the floor lifted into a hummocky island, and on the commanding summit of the island stood two monstrous conical stalagmites. "They call this the Big Room," Rimbach said. "I understand it's second in size only to the Big Room at Carlsbad Caverns, in New Mexico. It's eight hundred feet long by two hundred feet wide by eighty feet high. Those big stalagmites are called the Twins. The darker one is Bob and the other is Mary. I don't know how old they are. They've always been here. But think of the millions and billions and trillions of drops of water it took to build them. Let's get a little closer. Do you see that band of red tape around the middle of Mary? That marks the approximate level of the lake at normal pool."

We were deep in the cave now—deep in the heart of its darkness, moving through a watery light, with dark behind us and dark ahead. There was an almost oppressive sense of layers and tiers and pressing thicknesses of rock piled overhead. I was thankful for Rimbach, for the chain of lights, for the ramps and steps and walkways that could be followed back and up and out. A seep of water from the dark above touched my nose and ran icily down my cheek.

The walkway turned and followed a tongue of rusty orange rock out and across the cavern. There was water deep down in the gallery on the left—a dark, still, well-like pool, spangled with reflected light. Rimbach stopped at the tip of the tongue and looked back. "Now, this is something really neat," he said. "They call this the King's Canopy. I guess it *is* a canopy—all those folds and all. I call it a bridge. I mean, it bridges the room. But whatever you want to call it, it's the biggest of its kind in the world. They estimate it weighs around sixteen hundred tons. And it's onyx. It's made of *solid* onyx."

We stood and looked down at sixteen hundred tons of semiprecious stone.

We came out into daylight, out into the sun, out into the dry and warming air. I gave a shiver of real relief. The cave had been an extraordinary experience, but I was glad to have it behind me. Vogel lighted a cigar. Rimbach unwrapped a candy bar. Drabelle had a faraway look on his face. "You know," he said. "I think they need a new Burma Shave jingle here. A different kind of message. And I've invented one. It goes:

> To the Engineering Corps:
> Stop and Think Again Before
> Onondaga Cave You Slaughter
> With a Flood of Muddy
> Water."

"Hey," Rimbach said. "That's good, Denny. I like that. I really do. But—" He took a bite of his candy bar. He chewed and swallowed. "I'll tell you something, though. I don't think we're going to lose this fantastic cave. I don't think the Corps will build this dam. For two reasons. One is the growing local opposition. The other is the site. They'd be inviting an engineering disaster. Or a financial disaster—an astronomical cost overrun. Or both. They couldn't have picked a worse site for a dam. Where they want to build it is the most cavernous section of the whole two-hundred-mile length

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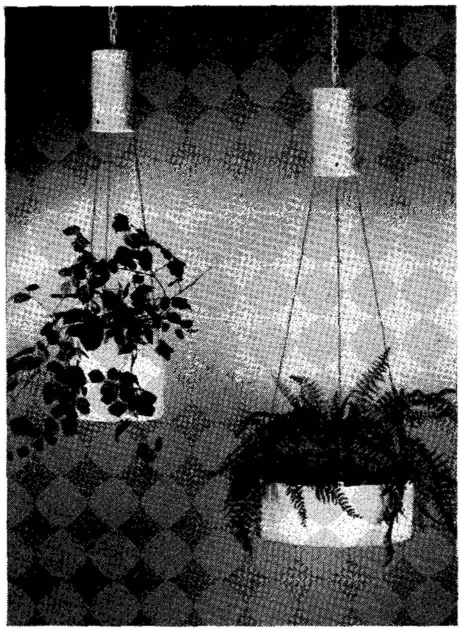

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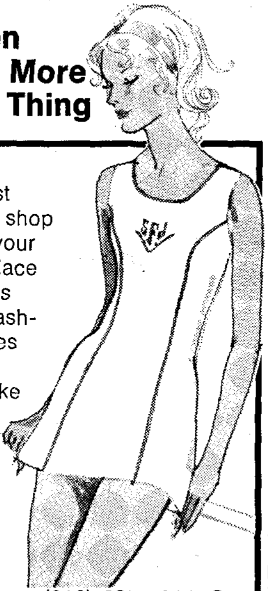

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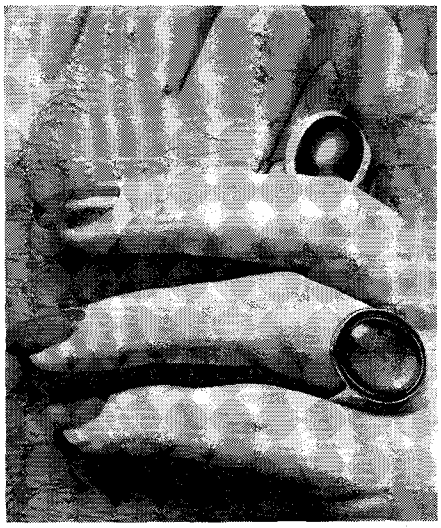

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of the Meramec. You've seen Onondaga—how susceptible dolomite limestone is to erosion. This country is all little Onondagas. There are at least nine miles of known cave passages within a three-mile radius of the site, and there are plenty more that haven't been found and mapped. It's like building a dam on a sponge. It'll fill and fill and fill, and then it'll start to let go. The Corps will sooner or later learn the truth. They're going to have to make a thorough geological examination of the site. And when they do, I think they'll do like Denny says. They'll stop and think again."

I STEPPED out on the ledge that formed the brink of the cliff, and looked down, straight down, two hundred feet or more, at the Meramec. This was a good six miles below the landing at Onondaga Crossing, and the river, winding in from behind a point of woods on the right, was wide and slow and a shining bottle green. Across the river, beyond a brushy island and the brushy farther shore, stretched a rolling pasture with a scatter of grazing cattle, and beyond the pasture was a long hedgerow, and beyond the hedgerow were a tiny house and a barn and sheds, and then another pasture rising in the dimming distance to the lift of a wooded ridge. I stood on the ledge and looked out across the wide green river and the wider, greener fields. It was the loveliest countryside I had ever seen in America—the loveliest and the most serenely peaceful and fulfilling. I wondered if I would ever see it again. I wondered, in spite of Rimbach, how long it would be here for *anyone* to see. I knew, because Rimbach himself had told me, that when or if they built the dam this would all be lake—the whole of this fruitful valley, from halfway down the cliff almost to the beginning of the ridge on the far horizon.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

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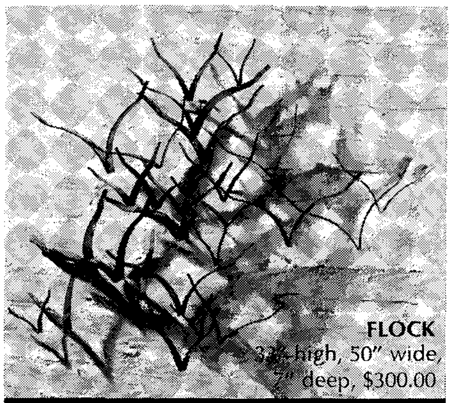

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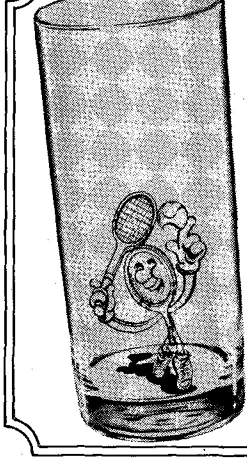

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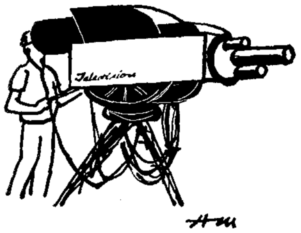
THE AIR

Neutrality at the Empty Center

IT is hard to describe on paper the television personality of Howard Cosell, the media celebrity whose heavy-voiced sports announcing is already familiar to many people from ABC's "NFL Monday Night Football," and who has lately inaugurated a variety show, also on ABC, called "Saturday Night Live with Howard Cosell." In appearance, Cosell is a tall man, seemingly not very athletic, but nonetheless a man whose presence conveys a certain sense of bulky power. His voice is deep, and on camera he speaks in a kind of slow-motion, High Brooklyn version of what used to be called Winchellese (after the late *Daily Mirror* columnist and radio celebrity Walter Winchell, whose portentous, staccato phrases—"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America, and all the ships at sea!"—were once considered a model of assertive broadcasting delivery). Cosell speaks slowly and clearly, in a fashion that Marshall McLuhan might describe as "cool"—as opposed to Winchell's "hot" style of speech. "Now, *tell* me, Muhammad Ali," Cosell will intone, as if to a metronome, "when you *heard* . . . that *bell* . . . at the *start* . . . of the *seventh* round . . . you *knew* . . ." But the essence of Cosell's wide appeal does not seem to lie in any McLuhanesque property of coolness, nor, surely, does it lie in his alleged expertise in sports or in his ability to "tell it like it is"—qualities that, by and large, remain public-relations virtues and exist mainly in contrast to the sheer inanity of most other sports announcers. "Up to *this* point, *Washington* is really *defensing* the run," Cosell observed sonorously the other evening—an observation that could doubtless have been anticipated by any grandmother who had been following the game. Even his occasional penchant for criticizing a player for having missed an obvious block or dropped an easy pass ("Mel *received* that *ball* and *ran* stupidly") speaks less of some vaunted Cosellian savviness than of the uniformly childish and uncritical sanctity with which sports in this country have been generally presented by broadcasting.

In any case, as with most TV announcers and personalities, what is interesting about Cosell is not what he actually says on camera but how his presence (the voice beneath the personality) connects with the audience—what he really tells the people who watch him. In this regard, much has been made—usually on the level of a show-business *shtick*, as with Jack Benny's "stinginess"—of Cosell's "ego" and of his tendency to become overbearing. And, in fact, his public personality frequently is that of a bully. At times, he bullies his sports-announcing associates, Frank Gifford and Alex Karras; at other times, he has been known to bully some hapless (and distant) sports figure down on the field—a few weeks ago, for example, singling out Terry Bradshaw, of the Steelers. On his new variety show, Cosell has so far been fairly restrained in his overbearingness (and as a result, in a strange way, the show has seemed generally inert and artificial); but it is in the becalmed, empty waters of the sports announcer's booth that a sportscaster's personality (or lack of it) flourishes, and it is here that Cosell's brand of popular and telegenic sadism seems to have scored so heavily. "Big Mouth!" say the hand-lettered placards that fans hold aloft in hopeful derision at football games, and that the ABC cameras cheerfully photograph. The talk is of ego and mouths, but the electricity, one feels, is directly connected to a psychology of hurting. As with the proverbial man at the party who throws his weight around without actually hitting anyone, the focus of Cosell's public personality seems to be on what he might say, or finally might do—is not so much on anger or violence itself as on anger or violence temporarily held back.



Cosell is by no means the only performer on popular television these days whose public personality has strong sadistic overtones. Johnny Carson has sometimes indulged in cruelties on the "Tonight" show, and so has Dick Cavett from time to time on his show—though with both these stylized "hosts" the occasional instances of cruelty seem to have been more a matter of inevitable human rudeness (taking the form of malice with Carson and withdrawal with Cavett) than a formal assertion of personality. Also, many of the so-called game shows and their m.c.s are notably sadistic, in some cases deliberately stirring up the insecure and exposed contestants into paroxysms of desire, only to drop them flat, perhaps with a smile. (In one recent instance, a young woman was encouraged to go into an extended fever of anticipation under the impression that she had just won a Rolls-Royce. After a while, the m.c. calmly handed her a package of rolls and a box of rice, and said she had been foolishly mistaken; the prize had been rolls and rice. The camera observed her distressed and unbelieving face, and then switched to the next contestant.) As a matter of fact, a case could almost be made for the existence of an informal division of daytime television into arenas of sadism and masochism, with the audiences of the game shows—guided by the m.c.s—waiting chiefly to observe the hurt or humiliation visited upon the contestants or else to be stirred into secret rage at the undeserved good fortune of the lucky winners, and then, seated in another cube of time, perhaps the same audiences—but now guided by the familiar storybook figures of the soap operas—passively suffering the relentless disasters and miseries (those "everyday human problems") of the prototypical mothers, fathers, lovers, alienated children, and so forth.

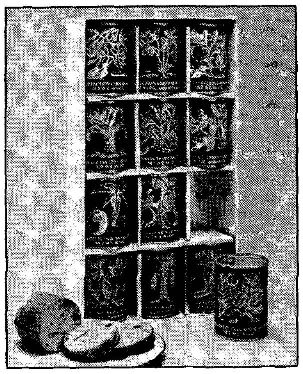
In a sense, then, even with the appearance of Howard Cosell's bullying personality as a popular television art form, one might say that there is nothing much new going on in the psychology of popular entertainment. From Punch and Judy through Jiggs and Maggie and then to the "insult comedians," quiz shows, game shows, and soap operas of recent years, theatrical models of sadism and masochism have been around on a folkloric level for as long as there have been audiences to watch them. But in addition to watching and listening to the portentous Mr. Cosell, I have lately been watching a man who occupies an entirely different—or perhaps one should say a traditionally different—area of public attention: Tom Snyder, who made a popular reputation in Los Angeles as host of the "Tomorrow" show (a very-late-night talk program), and who was brought to New York last year by NBC not only to continue his role on "Tomorrow," which also moved to New York, but chiefly to serve as a key news announcer on "NewsCenter 4," the much-watched two-hour local-news program that is broadcast by WNBC each weekday from 5 to 7 P.M. It is Mr. Snyder's role as a news announcer (a news announcer, one imagines, of potentially greater eminence than "NewsCenter 4") that seems worth looking at and trying to think about, because there are some disturbing similarities between the public personalities of the two men.

In appearance, Snyder is an altogether different type from Cosell. Where Cosell (who is in his fifties) resembles the archetypal New York taxidriver, Snyder (who is thirty-nine) is very contemporary, trim, and Californian. He expresses efficiency, assurance, and also a certain surface "coolness." In a TV serial he might play one of those successful young architects or doctors, or an engineer connected vaguely with the space program. Where a similarity to Cosell creeps in, I think, is in the quality of "edge" that both men appear to have—at least, in their public personalities. "Edge," of course, is a contemporary masking word, like "ego" or "drive." For what distinguishes Tom Snyder is surely not the pitch of his careful, neutral, accentless voice or the efficient manner in which he reads or introduces the news stories but a quality of abrasiveness and barely concealed hostility. This quality is hard to define precisely, and a television news program of even two hours' length doesn't quite provide the empty spaces of a sports announcer's booth. Even so, one has the definite impression that the man behind the neutral good looks, the neutral face, the neutral voice is not a neutral man. To the extent that I have watched him, the hostility, or "edge," has been mostly a matter of apparent nuance, of small intramural details. The other evening, for example, Frank Field, the station's science expert and a man of fifty-two, was scheduled to begin a report on the "Male Menopause." Each time Snyder referred to the coming story, he would throw in a remark such as "Frank Field, *himself* in his middle years . . ." Clearly, it was phrased as a joke, but it was not a joke. As the two hours wore on, Field's story was frequently referred to, and each time this stress was somehow placed by Snyder on Field's age and, therefore, his connection to the story. When Field finally appeared, just before beginning his report he turned to Snyder and said, with evident feeling, "You know, I'm only in my *early* middle years."

Now, the spectacle of a news announcer making casual, slightly malicious fun of one of his associates is not a matter of world-shaking importance, any more than was the needling by Howard Cosell of the Pittsburgh quarterback Terry Bradshaw. One could even say that, given the unearthly blandness of most television announcers, it somehow accords with a more realistic view of society to permit its broadcasting spokesmen to express some of the general aggressions and hostilities found everywhere in modern life. One watches both Snyder and Cosell, I think, with an implicit sense of waiting for the other shoe to drop, for there is something about these men, with their "edge," or "ego," or "authority," that serves as a magnet to the emotions. The calmly articulated tensions always appear to be about something (though *what* is never mentioned), and the controlled or implied angers always seem to be pointing in some direction (though *where* is never revealed).

I suspect that this never-never land of "emotional responses" is where the secret of Tom Snyder's and Howard Cosell's success exists, and where their importance to us can be found. It seems to me that, for all the solemnity or efficiency of their readings, the deepest, primary message of these announcers—these spokesmen—is of *non-involvement*. In a sense, the bullying, the abrasions, the sadistic texture are only part of a smoke screen. The reason the aura of tension is never resolved is that there is no source behind it, beyond the personality of the announcer. The reason the hostility never leads anywhere is that it leads only back into itself. As Cosell's gravity is uninvolved, so are his anger and bullying. "*Kilmer* has been having *trouble* all evening finding *deep* receivers," Cosell intones. There is a grudging, edgy quality buried in the voice—a sense of blame being placed (on Kilmer? on the deep receivers?), of belligerent emotions being slipped into this unimportant sentence, as if somehow to blow it into life and conceal the emptiness at the center.

With Cosell, the subject at hand is mainly sports—or "only sports," if that is one's viewpoint, though the reason for the man's celebrity is the importance so many Americans attach to athletics and to sports figures. With Snyder, however, the subject at hand is news—this history of ourselves and of the world which the giant broadcasting corporations furnish us each day as a stylized adjunct to their entertainment business. In a perceptive book called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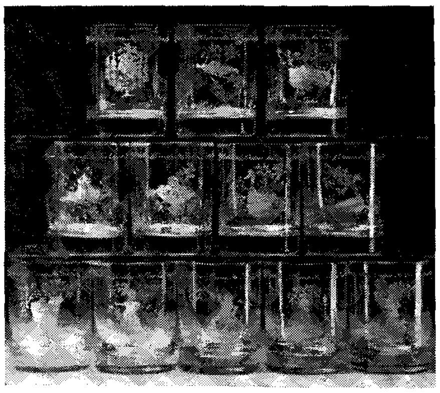
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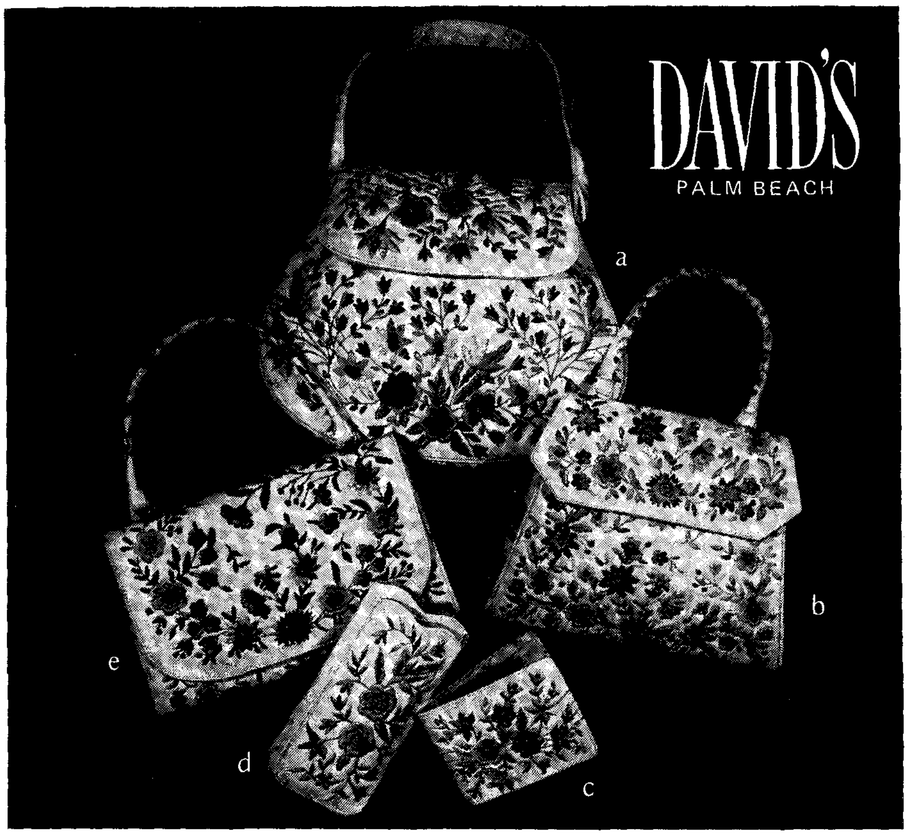
"Television: Technology and Cultural Form," the British critic Raymond Williams discusses what he calls the "mediating" role of television in English and American society, by which he means the classic role of authority in furthering its life views through the mediating (or supposedly "normal") channels of broadcasting. In England, this mediating role has been easier to spot, as a result of formal government domination of broadcasting through the BBC. Here in America, the mediating role has been much less clear, not only as a result of corporate ownership of broadcasting but also because national authority itself has been so divided between government and business. The textbooks continue to proclaim a "civics" in which the key checks and balances of national life are those between the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of government, whereas for some time now the important dynamic beneath the American surface has been the geologic shifts and countershifts between business and government. Thus, in foreign policy—for example, as regards oil in the Middle East or copper in South America—the interests of business and government have diverged, merged, and competed. And in domestic life, on questions ranging from industrial safety to the environment, the interests of business and government have diverged, merged, and competed. The theory remains that business is subservient to government: there are regulatory agencies and antitrust legislation to prove this. But the broadcasting industry itself is proof of the limited extent to which such a token subservience exists. In fact, through much of recent American history the self-contained dynamic of business (and its traditional acceptance by much of the populace) has increasingly placed it in a nearly independent orbit, pursuing its own logic and its own imperatives.

What this has to do with news broadcasting is simply that here, too, a theory exists—that "news" comes out of thin air, and is caught by ubiquitous or enterprising "newsmen," who relay it to "news stations," which then, via popular and neutral "newscasters," disseminate it to the nation. The facts are neither as just described nor entirely contrary. Not only is the "news" a product of careful selection by television news organizations (whose personnel themselves are carefully selected), but—what is as important—the context and the personality of its transmission are selected with equal care. All the skills that business has been able



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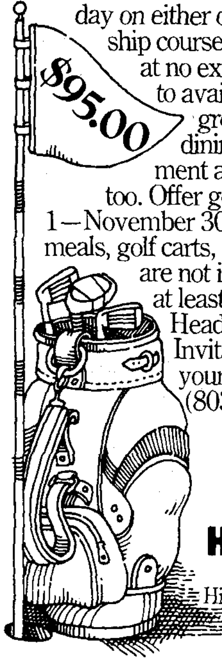

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to extract from social science (audience-testing, sampling, marketing, and so on) are nowadays devoted to choosing the *mediators*—the men who "front," or "mediate," for the networks, and who thus create the context for the news. NBC, in fact, is supposed to have spent six months analyzing various "tests" and "data" before deciding on Tom Snyder as one of the anchormen on "NewsCenter 4," and increasingly this sort of quasi-scientific selection process precedes the appointment of key news personnel across the country. *After* the selection, a strenuous public-relations campaign is usually undertaken by the parent network to disguise the selection process and reinforce the myth or theory that the newsman or newsmen have been chosen for their *connective human and individual qualities*. Newsmen are thereby increasingly cast as actors—as friendly or funny or wise or gruff, or now as egoistic. They are instructed by the network authorities to "be themselves," and they are continually advertised (should anyone miss the point) for their personal characteristics: characteristics that appear to identify them, as individuals, with the audience—with us.

The fact is, of course, that they are not really us; they are models or mediators, often chosen for qualities we have no knowledge of, and only appearing to be us. A few years ago, this role-playing came to be understood—or, at least, detected—by elements of the minority audience, who began to look askance at the theatrically credible, solid-citizen news announcers, such as Walter Cronkite, Harry Reasoner, and the late Chet Huntley; though to this day the mass of people feel "trust" for "Uncle Walter," and with good reason in the sense that Walter Cronkite (to my mind a tough rather than an avuncular man) has been mainly and honorably following his own instincts—"being himself"—during the years that brought us into Vietnam, and farther in, and farther in, and farther in, and then perplexedly (and apparently triumphantly) out. As to why Walter Cronkite was chosen for the role—besides a basic professional competence—well, there is no exact or certified way of answering such a question, but it seems worth noting that in that extraordinary era, which began in a way with the interests of Big Government and Big Business appearing to converge, the guide and mediator for our news (a news of governmental adventure supported by business) was a man whose evident and implicit virtues were prudence, dignity, above all *coherence*,

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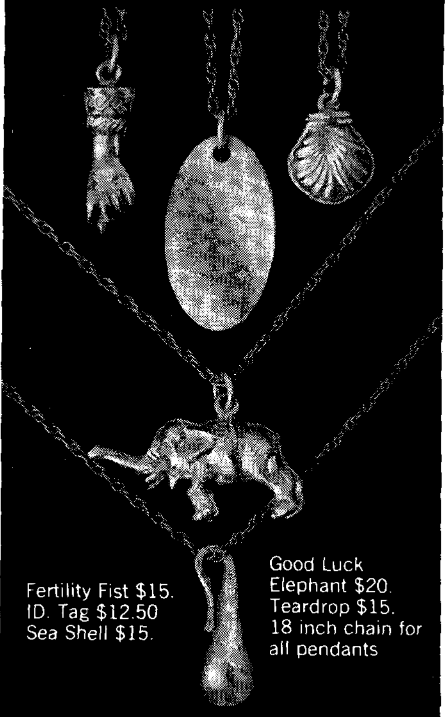

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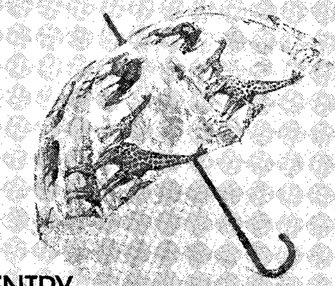

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Many things have happened in the last ten years, not the least important of which has been a growing popular disaffection with the authority of government, which ostensibly came to a head around the Watergate crisis but in fact persists in the national mood and is played upon frequently in the nightly network news broadcasts. One might assume that it was the popular disenchantment with government in the late nineteen-sixties which produced the current anti-government bias in broadcasting; but the truth seems to be that broadcasting's espousal of the anti-war, anti-government cause was then slender to the point of nonexistence, and that it was only toward the latter part of the Nixon Presidency, when Big Business finally turned against the government, that this new, skeptical note of anti-government bias crept into routine news programs. At any rate, a decided shift in popular perceptions of authority has taken place in the recent past, and has been accompanied by two seemingly surface developments in broadcast-news operations. One is the emergence of the new generation of news "mediators"—those personable groups of informal and chatty and sometimes laughing newscasters—whose role seems to be that of playing-off on the news; the other is what seems to me to be an increasing bias on the part of these same news programs against government authority—a bias that is usually masked by an aura of "anti-corruption" reporting (as if corruption in government were the only kind of corruption worth emphasizing), and by a stylized post-Watergate "skepticism" toward the Presidency, which seems to appear and vanish and reappear according to broadcasting's mood.

And what, finally, of Tom Snyder, whose personality (like Cosell's) is somewhat stronger than the personalities of the other chatty announcers in his vicinity? It is probably a mistake to try to make too much of his particular news presence: he is a capable news reader, who clearly wishes to be a success; he is "being himself." But I think it would be equally a mistake to make too little—not of Snyder himself but of his role as mediator. For what he gives us, not so much by his words (which are the standard TelePrompTer newsspeak of all television stations) as by some mystery or inadvertence of personality, is a message of disconnection from us. "Coolness" is another masking word and means nearly anything

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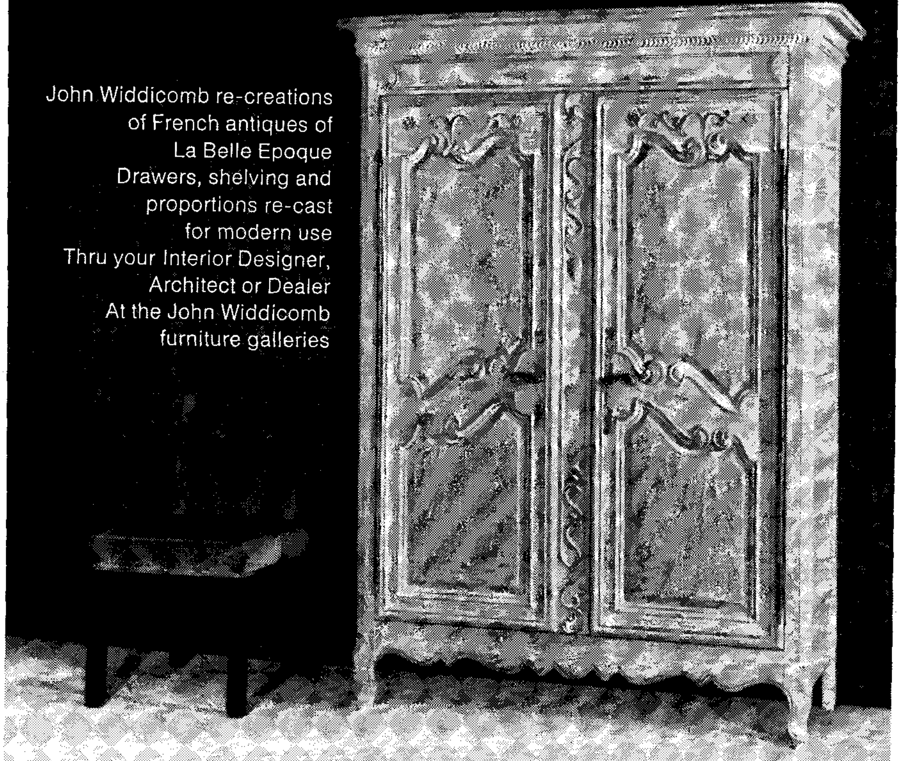

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one wishes it to mean. The point is: What is at the center? Or is the center empty?

In any case, the important issue is not Howard Cosell or Tom Snyder. I imagine they can take care of themselves. Neither Snyder nor Cosell nor anyone else will "disconnect" the television audience all by himself; nor, surely, is anyone consciously trying to. But there is a disconnection already present in the country, and it is being nurtured. Much of our theatrical fantasy life is centered upon sports, and so it is worth noting that the chief mediator for our sports is a man who—pushing and bullying his silent audience—proclaims an implicit message of non-involvement. Noise and solemnity, yes; but emptiness beneath. And in our important and insecure civic life (which, it is a truism to state, is so heavily informed and activated by TV reports) it seems that, more and more, the men who mediate this area of life are speaking largely of its flaws and irrelevance—of its lack of importance.

In the meantime, as if to breathe away a supposedly "liberal" fear of the broadcasting business as Big Brother, a new concept has lately been put forward which asserts that commercial television is a merely neutral force. Thus, in "The Tin Kazoo" Edwin Diamond writes that TV has become simply "another utility, like the telephone." And in "Who Controls the Mass Media?" Martin H. Seiden goes even further, arguing that because of commercials, and the public's responses to commercials, it is the mass public that exerts the controlling force on broadcasting. There is some merit in trying to demystify television in this country, but that is not the same as saying that it is a neutral appliance—that neutral forces somehow combine and produce neutral sequences of information, which are then acted on subjectively only in our own heads. The fact we are all stuck with is that television is an authority, and the evidence of this century is that there has been no such thing as a *neutral* authority.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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DETROIT (UPI)—Chrysler Corp. will use the long Labor Day weekend to retool three of its assembly plants to the 1976-model run that has helped drop layoffs below 100,000 for the first time since before last Thanksgiving.—*San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal.*

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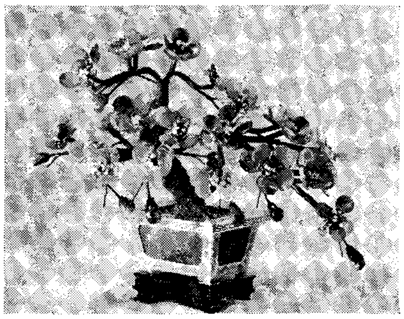

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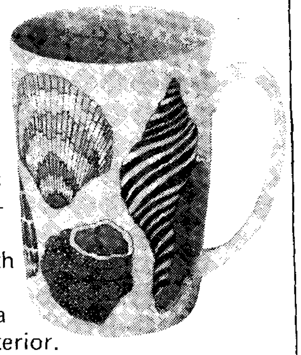

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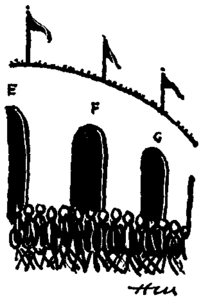

THE rains came again on Saturday last, imparting an undeserved touch of rust to a few reputations and damaging others not at all. Dorsett, of Pittsburgh, undoubtedly the most efficacious running back to pass this way in 1975, visited Army over the weekend, and neither flood nor mud deterred him for an instant. Nor did Army. Pittsburgh's forward line, set wide to imply that Dorsett would be turning corners, induced Army to set its own self wide to protect the corners, wherefore Dorsett went up the middle just about as he pleased. Four touchdowns, and then he was withdrawn, but Long, a teammate whose footwork is of a different order, carried on, likewise undeterred, at his specialty of kicking points (seven on Saturday, and not one miss in his thirty-eight tries this season) and field goals (one on Saturday, at forty yards, which means that he has done ten out of twelve this season). Army went far, far down, at 52–20. Pittsburgh did not punt once during the afternoon. This eight-word sentence tells the story. Out West, where Air Force was nipping-and-tucking along behind Notre Dame the same day, Lawson kicked, at forty-six yards, his forty-third field goal—an Air Force record, and a national one, too. Notre Dame barely made it home free, 31–30. Harvard, that anomaly of this season's Ivy League, refused to become mired in the swamp it was offered at Ithaca over the weekend and went home to Cambridge way ahead of Cornell, 34–13. The anomaly is really Kubacki, Harvard's new quarterback. Kubacki, who doesn't always look at the right man, who carries the ball as though he can plainly hear the ticking clockwork of a bomb inside it, and who has been the beneficiary of more poor snaps from center than any other player east of Sumatra, has turned his team into a high-scoring unit. It is human to err (and the Ivy League, bless it, remains human), and on Saturday Cornell was, so to say, errant indeed. Lynch, who kicks for Harvard, was not errant at all—four points and two field goals, and never a miss. The Columbia secondary ran into more trouble against Yale last Saturday: the supernal Fencik was gathering in passes as easily as he might have gathered roses from a garden wall, and his comrades at arms, Gesicki in the van, were moving the ball nearly without hindrance across the rice paddy that the weather had created uptown at Baker Field. Columbia's Delaney, who has looked so good as field general this fall in a steadily losing cause, had miserable luck with that damp ball against Yale—three successful passes for an unmighty twenty-six yards. Violante's luck was better but not perfect. He blew what waterlogged observers say was an almost impossible forty-two-yard kick up at Hanover, but then put across a blameless shorter shot at a field goal to tie Dartmouth, at 3–3, just when it began to appear that Brown's winning ways were over. Then, minutes before the end, when Dartmouth was again in the lead, at 10–9, Violante kicked the point that gave Brown a final tie. Brown elected to rely upon a boot by Violante's valiant toe to tie up the match instead of relying upon Bateman to throw—a chancier choice in the prevailing climate—a two-point pass that might have overturned Dartmouth. Brown played it safe, and reasonably, since it so desperately hopes for the Ivy League title. Down at Princeton, Colgate, which hasn't quite as much at risk, did not play it safe, and won, 22–21. Instead of asking Andrewlavage, its truly remarkable booter, to kick the point that would have given Colgate a last-minute tie at 21–21, it sent Basile, the stocky, hard-working quarterback, through a thicket of Princeton tacklers and across the goal line. It was a gallant show, in weather of implacable foulness: Colgate put up a hard, fast ground game and then turned Basile free (bewitched, bothered, but never bewildered) at the very end for a series of flawless plays that brought about his triumph. Commiserations are extended to Andrewlavage, whose first three tries with the wet ball (two of them putatively easy field goals) went agley; to Isom, newly fledged Princeton back, whose runs for his touchdown (accomplished by a rare fleetness of foot and a rare skill at floating through the air with the ball even after he was tackled) almost carried the day for Princeton; and to Beible, unable to throw at his best for Princeton with his bruised arm. As for Colgate, this commentator considers it an amiable first cousin to the Ivy League, and hopes that it always remains one.

—J. W. L.

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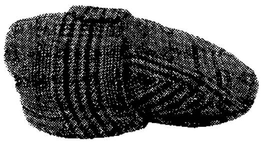

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

All for Love

AFTER a two-year break to read and to write, François Truffaut has come back to moviemaking with new assurance, new elation. "The Story of Adèle H." (the closing-night selection of the New York Film Festival) is a musical, lilting film with a tidal pull to it. It's about a woman who is destroyed by her passion for a man who is indifferent to her—a woman who realizes herself in self-destruction. The only surviving daughter of the writer Victor Hugo, Adèle was sharing his exile in the Channel Islands during the reign of Louis Napoleon when she met the English Lieutenant Pinson, with whom she had a brief affair. When Pinson was transferred to Nova Scotia, she followed him. The film, based on her journals, begins with her arrival in Halifax in 1863—at the high point in her life, when she has had the courage to defy her family and cross the ocean.

TAYLOR
DEVEL

A composer as well as a writer, Adèle (Isabelle Adjani) is educated, perceptive, wily; she's not taken in by Lieutenant Pinson (Bruce Robinson). She knows that he's essentially worthless—selfish, mercenary, fickle—and that he doesn't want her. But she constructs an altar to his photograph in the rented room where she waits out months, years. "Love is my religion," she writes in her journal. It may be necessary to this neurotic conception that the love object be himself negligible, even contemptible. How else can she—the gifted daughter of the most famous man in the world—know the full grandeur of self-abasement but with a tinhorn in a flashy uniform? How better punish her father for being a man of great accomplishments than to declare that she cares for nothing but love? By throwing herself in the dirt at the feet of a good-for-nothing, she proves her moral superiority to her father and all his worldly honors. You can see the pride she takes in being the lowliest of the low. With nothing to lose (she has already lost Pinson, before the start of the picture), there's nothing she won't stoop to. He's a gambler, so she bribes him with money. He's a womanizer, so she sends him a whore. All her waking moments are given to planning the blackmailing pressures that the unloved exert on those they claim to love. "Do with me whatever you will!" she cries, but the only thing he wants to do with her is to get rid of her. Spying on him, claiming to be his wife, breaking up an advantageous match he has arranged, turning up to make a scene when he's on maneuvers with his unit, she has him surrounded.

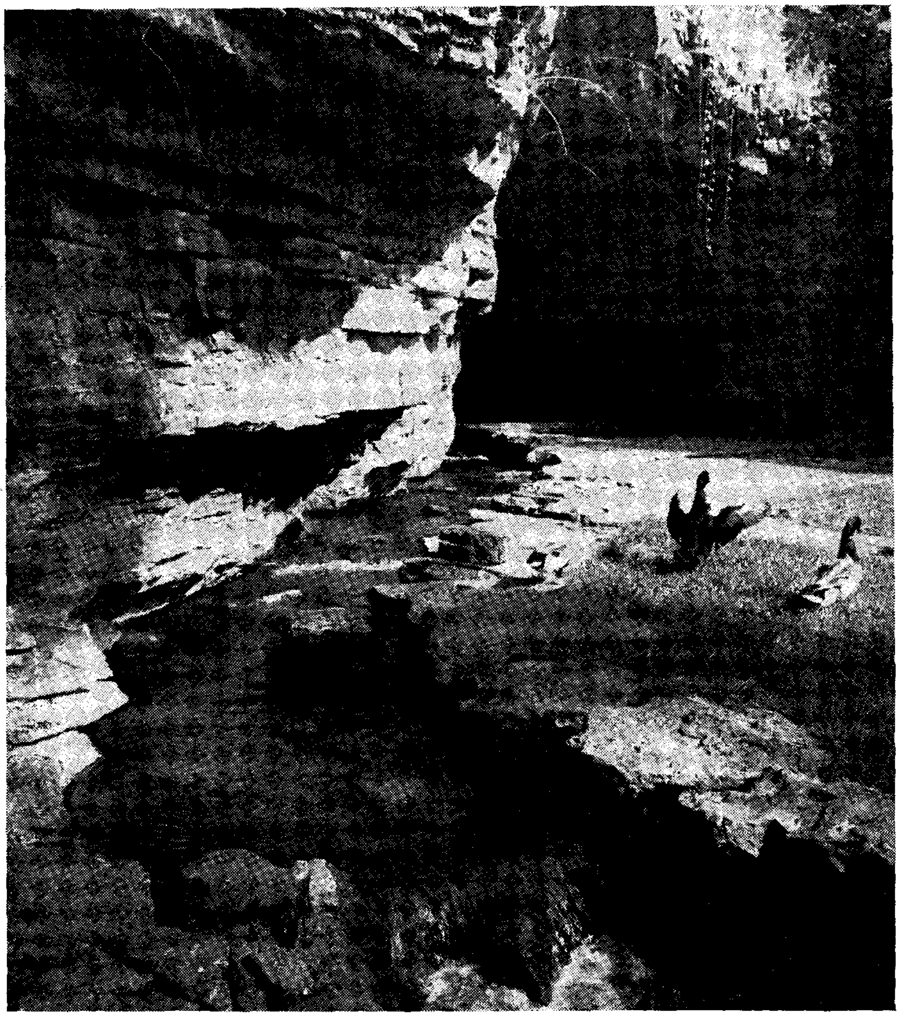
She's an appallingly devious woman, and as it becomes clear that she doesn't care anything about him, that all that matters to her is the purity of *her* feeling toward him, you begin to relate to the hounded Pinson, not because you're concerned for his career but because you can't help recognizing that it's only an accident—a joke, really—that he is the recipient of all this unwanted passionate attention. Weakly ladylike in appearance, Adèle looks a mere maiden—the sort of frail gentlewoman that men would help across the street in bad weather. But out of nowhere some hidden spring will snap, and she'll be rude and peremptory. Truffaut has one gasping at this dainty woman's fearless outrageousness. Adèle isn't a charmer, like Jeanne Moreau's Catherine in "Jules and Jim;" she's a limp, strung-out madwoman, so obsessed with love that she isn't even very sexy. The film doesn't have the raw, playful, sensual lyricism of "Jules and Jim;" it doesn't shift moods in that young, iridescent way. "Adèle H." is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. This picture is so totally concentrated on one character that it's a phenomenon: we become as much absorbed in Adèle as she is in Lieutenant Pinson. And our absorption extends from the character to a larger view of the nature of neurotically willed romanticism. The subject of the movie is the self-destructive love that everyone has experienced in one form or another. Adèle is a riveting, great character because she goes all the way with it.

One never for an instant condemns her or pities her. The triumph of "Adèle H." is that she is a heroine. And, because of that, an archetypal creation. Her unshakable conviction that this one man—Lieutenant Pinson—is the only man for her may be woman's inverse equivalent of the Don Juan, forever chasing. Woman's mania transcends sex; the male mania centers on physical conquest. The woman values the dream of what she's almost had, or what she's had and lost; the Don Juan values only what he's never had. You could draw the connections geometrically: Adèle does what a woman can do to carry her social and biological position to maniacal extremes, and that's what—in male terms—a Don Juan does. Perhaps the one obsessive could intuitively understand the other. (Victor Hugo was an insatiable sexual prodigy right up to the end—a white-bearded satyr, tumbling new women each day.) Don Juanism has often been dealt with on the screen, but no one before Truffaut has ever treated a woman's crippling romantic fixation with such understanding, black humor, and fullness. Truffaut has found an exact visual metaphor for her neurosis. Toward the end of the film, Adèle, still dogging Pinson's footsteps, has followed him to Barbados. Living in the native quarter under the name Mrs. Pinson, she's a wintry wraith, out of place, belonging nowhere. The Lieutenant, now a captain, married, and fearful that her use of his name will cause more trouble for him, confronts her on the street. And she sails by him, as if she were from another world; she seems at peace, insensible to pain, with the calm of exhaustion. She has given herself over to love so completely that the actual man doesn't exist for her anymore. She doesn't even know him. It's inevitable, perfect. She has arrived at her goal.

Just turned twenty—Isabelle Adjani was only nineteen when the film was shot—she's much younger than the woman she's playing. (Adèle Hugo was in her early thirties when she took off after Pinson.) She hardly seems to be doing anything, yet you can't take your eyes off her. You can perceive why Truffaut, who had worked on the Adèle Hugo material off and on for six years, has said that he wouldn't have made this "musical composition for one instrument" without Isabelle Adjani. She has a quality similar to Jean-Pierre Léaud's in "The 400 Blows"—not a physical resemblance but a similar psychological quality. The awareness and intelligence are there, but nothing else is definite yet; the inner life has not yet taken outer form, and so in the movie you see the downy opacity of a face in process, a character taking shape. We keep staring at Adèle to see what that face *means*. She's right for the role, in the way that the young Jennifer Jones was for Bernadette: you believe her capable of anything, because you can't see yet what she is. If the planes of Isabelle

Adjani's face were already set in the masklike definition of a famous movie star's face (even child stars can get it), we couldn't have this participatory excitement—the suspense of seeing what Adèle is turning into. Isabelle Adjani has been a professional actress since she was fourteen without tightening; one French director says that she's James Dean come back as a girl. Considering how young she is, her performance here is scarily smart. She knows how to alert us to what Adèle conceals; she's unnaturally quiet and passive, her blue eyes shining too bright in a pale flower face. Truffaut had the instinct not to age her with makeup in the course of the film; we can see that years are passing, but the tokens of time are no more than reddened eyes, a pair of glasses, tangled hair, a torn, bedraggled gown. Aging her would have wrecked the poetry of her final, distraught image, and it's the poetry of the whole conception—the undecorated, pared-to-the-bone poetry—that gives the movie its force. The film is concrete, simple, literal, yet it all works on a metaphorical level. It's an intense, daring vision of the passions that women have kept hidden under a meek exterior. And Isabelle Adjani's soft, plangent quality (along with her trained, outsize talent) makes it possible for Adèle's heroic insanity to seem to explode on the screen.

It's a great film, I think—the only great film from Europe I've seen since "Last Tango." Thematic ideas that have been plaguing Truffaut have fallen into place—especially the two-sisters theme of his "Two English Girls." In that film, the girl could not be happy with the man she loved, because he had slept with her older sister, who had died. But Truffaut couldn't seem to express what engaged him in the material, which may have been an unworked-out allusion to the deceased Françoise Dorléac, who had appeared in a Truffaut film, and her younger sister Catherine Deneuve, who subsequently starred for him. It's possible that he was attracted to the story of Adèle Hugo by the fact that Adèle also had an older sister who died. Léopoldine Hugo was drowned at nineteen, along with her young husband, who was trying to save her, and she was temporarily immortalized in commemorative poems by her father; Adèle broke off her own engagement to her sister's husband's brother when she took up with Lieutenant Pinson. This time, however, Truffaut doesn't shy away from the competitive love-hate possibilities of the subject. Adèle is so wan because her energies are



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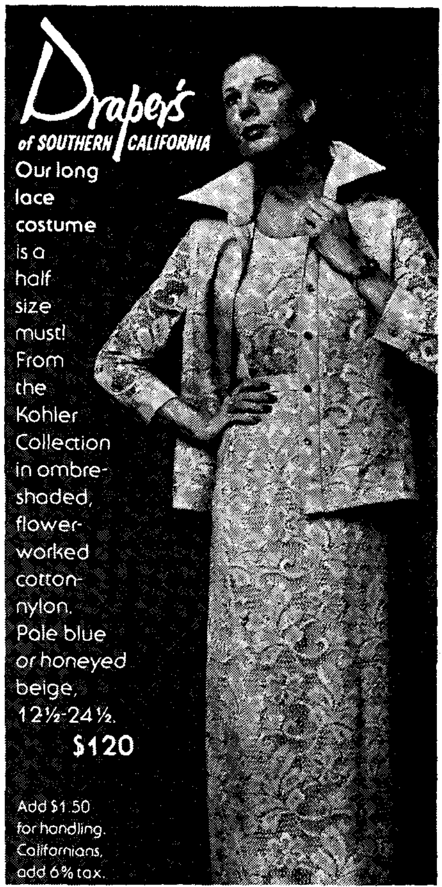
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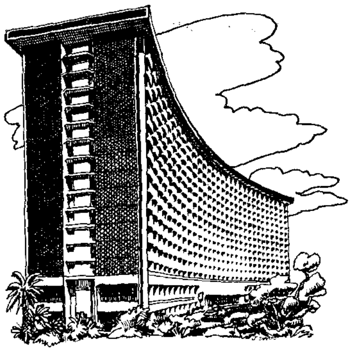
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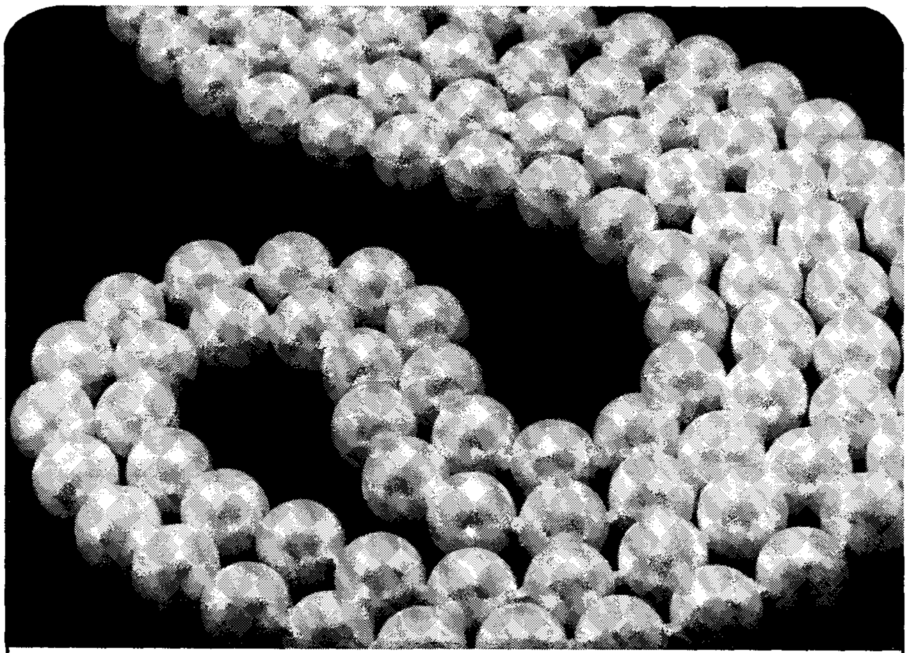
spent by violent nightmares: she tosses at sea, crying out as if she were drowning, while Maurice Jaubert's slightly jangling music intensifies the turbulence. (The score is from Jaubert's unpublished compositions—he died before the Second World War.) The water imagery is very powerful throughout. Adèle wrote letters to a brother, which were then transmitted to her father, for whom they were intended, and who replied. Midway in the film, we follow the oceanic trail of these letters; there's no apparent rational motive for this break in the action, yet it's highly effective. Adèle's biggest act of independence was to cross the waters *all alone*—a journey in bondage to a delusion. "Adèle H." is her trip, and her divided spirit makes the whole movie vibrate.

Truffaut quoted the Brontës in "Two English Girls," but this is his Brontë movie—finally brought off because he has given it his own thin-skinned, analytic spirit. His Gothic heroine brought up to date might have been conceived by Edna O'Brien Brontë. Truffaut is romantic *and* ironic: he understands that maybe the only way we can take great romantic love now is as craziness, and that the craziness doesn't cancel out the romanticism—it completes it. Adèle's love isn't corrupted by sanity; she's a great crazy. She carries her love to the point where it consumes everything else in her life, and when she goes mad, it doesn't represent the disintegration of her personality; it is, rather, the final integration. "Adèle H." is a feat of sustained acuteness, a grand-scale comedy about unrequited love, and it's Truffaut's most passionate work. There's none of the puppyish reticence of several of his recent films. You get a sense of surging happiness from the way the picture moves; the ongoingness—the feeling of being borne on a current—recalls Vigo's "L'Atalante" and the sequence in Renoir's "A Day in the Country" when the flooding river represents the passage of the years. For some time, I've thought that Sven Nykvist was a peerless cinematographer, but on the basis of this film I'd say that Nestor Almendros, who shot it, is right up there with him. Almendros's unusual consistency was memorable in Eric Rohmer's summery "Claire's Knee," and in "The Wild Child" the radiant orderliness of the interiors was part of the theme. "Adèle H." is in desaturated, deepened color, with the faces always clear and the bodies swathed in clothing, dark, yet distinctly outlined against the darker backgrounds. It seems to me that I wasn't aware of the sky at any time during the movie. The images are dark on dark, like a Géricault, with the characters' emotional lives brought luminously close.

Adèle gets so close that when you hear the voice of her father answering her letters (she writes home only to ask for money, and to reproach him), you may begin to fantasize about his tone. He is always considerate, obliging, loving, yet somehow the paternal solicitude begins to weigh on one. Isn't he too humane, and impersonally so, as if he were demonstrating what a blameless father he is, and writing letters for the ages? His even-tempered voice from the other side of the ocean sounds very aloof when we're watching Adèle turn into a pile of rags: it cannot be easy to be the daughter (or son, either) of a great man. The godlike constancy of his tone recalls Cocteau's famous remark "Victor Hugo was a madman who believed himself to be Victor Hugo." Adèle Hugo used false names, her sister's name, any name but her own. Maybe she wasn't sure she had a right to it: it was rumored that her godfather, Sainte-Beuve, was actually her father. All the more reason for her to prove that, unlike her mother, and unlike her father, she was pure in her love. When Victor Hugo died, at eighty-three, he was buried like a divinity. His body was exhibited at the Arc de Triomphe, which was draped in black, and the route from the Étoile to the Panthéon, where his coffin was enshrined, was hung with crêpe and with shields bearing the titles of his works. Truffaut shows us photographs of the magnificent turnout: a procession of two million mourners followed the coffin. Adèle was not among them; she spent her last forty years in an asylum, writing in her journal, in code. Victor Hugo is said to have had no equal as a poseur and a mythmaker, but, on Truffaut's evidence, his daughter, who lived to eighty-five, burning with faith to the end, may have surpassed him.

DIANA Ross doesn't act the starring role in "Mahogany," she shoots up on it. As Tracy, a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar and goes on to be a whirling international celebrity as well as a terrific haute-couture designer, and then gives it all up to help her black lover, Billy Dee Williams, fight to improve conditions at home, she has an overachiever debauch. (Even her lover's fight is high-level stuff—he's running for Congress.) At the bottom of the white world, Tracy sees vicious hardhats and has to deal with her nastily prejudiced boss, Nina Foch. When she rises to the top of the white world, she finds nothing there but decadence: pawing white lesbians leching for her honest black flesh; scrawny, stiff, stupid white models; Jean-Pierre Aumont as a rich aristocrat who tries to buy her. In between, she's discovered, packaged, and renamed Mahogany by Tony Perkins, a flitting homosexual photographer so impotent with women that he's supine even with Diana Ross. (That's carrying black revenge a bit far.) From Perkins' druggie-male-hustler mannerisms we can tell that he's trying to do something complexly ghastly with the role, but really the picture would be better off if he didn't. He's all too embarrassingly convincing when he's nuzzling Diana Ross's chest, and in the agony-in-the-bedroom scene, and what for? Even in its own recycled-tinsel terms, "Mahogany" is a series of missed opportunities. When the aristocrat wants Diana Ross's ravishingly emaciated body, she goes cold, like the white high priestesses of the Hollywood past; why didn't she do what we had earlier seen her do to a black man tailing her in Chicago—give him a line of brazen filth to turn him off? Diana Ross is almost irresistible when she makes a ribald, jittery style out of high-pitched mock-pickaninny teasing; that high, shrill voice is a soul scream. But this movie thinks it's giving her class when it gives her suffering-great-lady airs. At that, it does better by her than by anybody else; Beah Richards, who plays Tracy's indispensable seamstress, seems to get mislaid—she just evaporates.

Diana Ross's actual packager, Berry Gordy, chairman of the board of Motown Records, put "Mahogany" together after firing the director Tony Richardson, some of whose work remains. Since there is not one well-directed sequence in the entire film, Gordy seems to have had some reason to object to Richardson's work, but what a pity nobody had the power to fire Gordy. The formula is to pour black experience into discarded old-Hollywood molds, hoping for a lurid, jabbing new vitality. Gordy can't get that working from a do-it-yourself kit. Diana Ross could be what many of the black women in the audience clearly want her to be: their Streisand, their Liza Minnelli, their Lana Turner and



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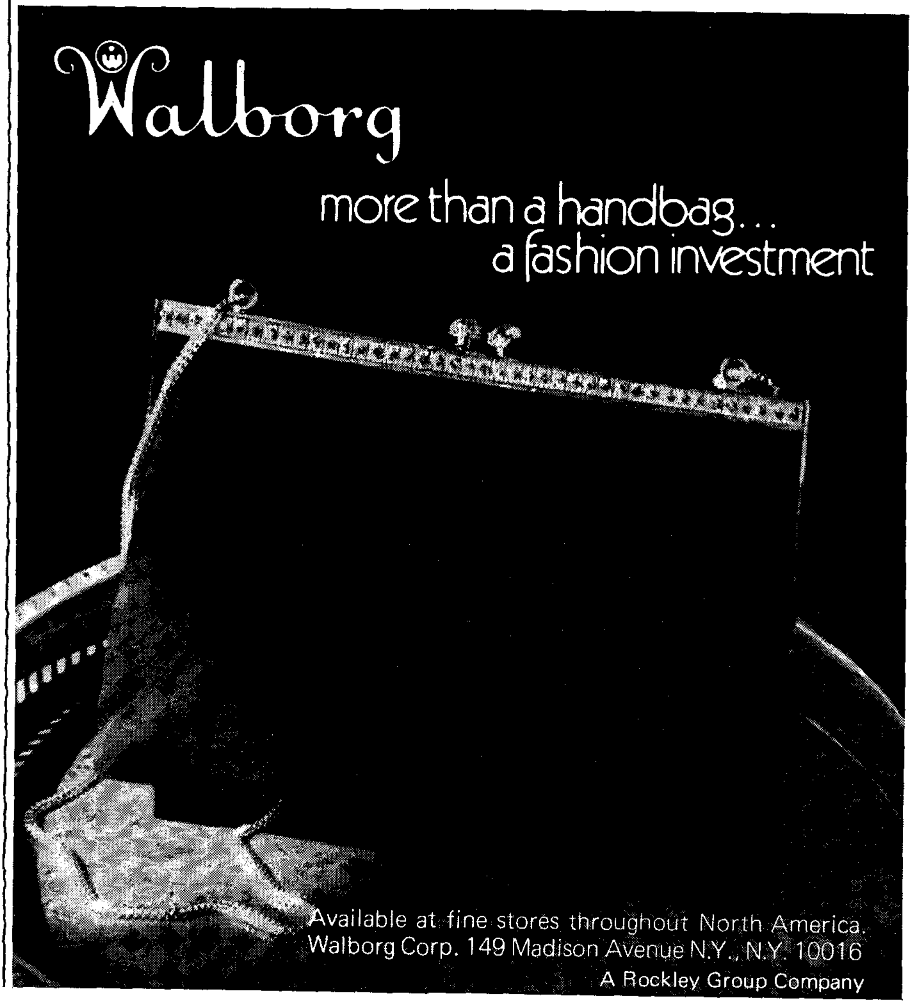

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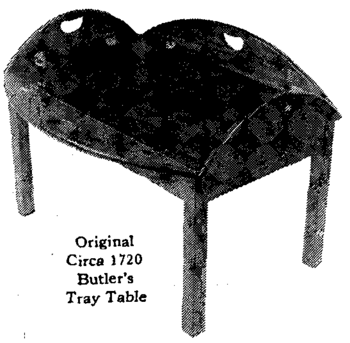
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Stanwyck and Crawford. And she could hold down the movie-queen color bar that she hurtled across in "Lady Sings the Blues." But "Mahogany" is a brutal setback to her talent. She's a cyclone blowing through this movie: her performance isn't controlled, it isn't shaped, and she has nothing to do but dress up, pose for still shots that look like album covers, and be adorable. She's got her quick, funny, spontaneous style, and that hypnotic looseness—the wriggling, flowing jive movements that no trained screen actress has ever had—but there isn't any attempt at characterization, and she has no depth. Still, Ross doesn't make you want to avert your eyes until she gets the Crawford grimaces in the scenes just before she renounces the rotten life of the white swells. The scenarist (I assume it's John Byrum, who's credited, since the earlier screenplay, by Bob Merrill, isn't credited) tries to doll things up with kicky displays of decadence, and he has her doing a masochistic, writhing strip while holding up a lighted candle and dripping hot wax on herself. Somebody should have taken the lighted wick to Byrum's ideas. The folly of "Mahogany" runs deeper than the script, though. In a movie in which Perkins does his car-wrecking number out of "Phaedra" while Ross is synthesizing shards of Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year," Audrey Hepburn in "Funny Face," and Lana Turner in "The Bad and the Beautiful," it was decided that Ross should be a pure actress and not sing. This is insane. It would be a musical comedy if she were given music or comedy. Instead, she designed the clothes, which seem to be inspired by Chinese-restaurant décor.

In the Broadway movie house where I saw the picture, the black women laughed, shouted, and cheered Diana Ross on, though they didn't seem so happy about her learning her lesson and going home to be a politician's submissive wife. Black women appear to want the forties glamour dazzle that they haven't had before in their image, and they may want it so badly they don't mind the garish, sleazo "Mahogany." Some of the black men in the audience were groaning, but some of them may accept it, too. However, this regression to outmoded white kitsch is a new ghettoization in the arts. Diana Ross has a mouth with a pout built in, like Lana Turner at her prettiest, and she's got a face-splitting grin like no white star who ever lived. The funkiest beauty the screen has known deserves better than white hand-me-downs. —PAULINE KAEL

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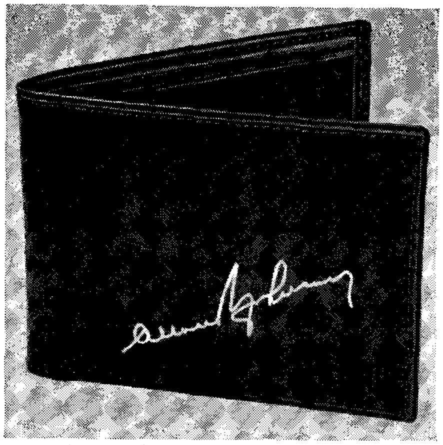
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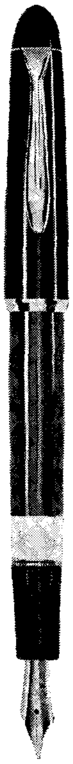
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LETTER FROM BLACKPOOL

OCTOBER 16

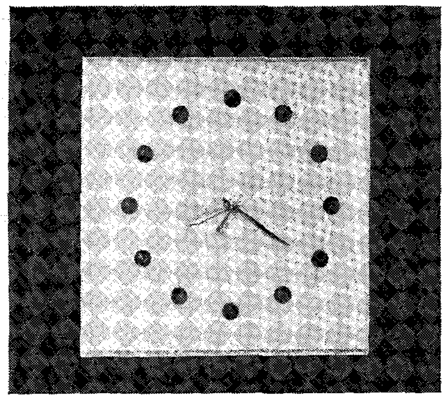
THE Conservative Party has just held its ninety-second annual conference in this large, cheerful, dishevelled seaside town, into which holidaymakers from the industrial North and Midlands of England pour every summer to have a right good time ambling along the wonderful toast-colored sands, admiring the famous illuminations, and consuming mountains of excellent fried fish and chips, washed down with rivers of strong tea, between bouts in the amusement arcades. Political gatherings are often held here. The week before the Conservative invasion, the hotels and boarding houses were crammed with the delegates to the Labour Party conference, and the proprietors of these establishments have been impartially glad to welcome them all before the slack winter season sets in. The splendid weather going on into October seems to have extended the pleasure season this year, though. Plenty of visitors idling in the sunshine, keeping themselves going with a lick of tremendous pink ice-cream cones as they examined the gifte shoppes and the arrays of striped Blackpool rock, glanced incuriously at the streams of Tory delegates, clasping their conference papers, who were hastening purposefully toward another session in the smoke-filled television glare of the Winter Gardens.

As the four days got under way, there was much talk, in the press and during the endless discussions in and outside the hall, of a new Conservative philosophy (in the modish term of the moment) that was going to be hammered out in all the speeches and finally revealed to the country by Margaret Thatcher in her eagerly awaited speech on the last morning. As it turned out, the only definitely new thing that put iron into the spirits of the wildly cheering delegates and sent them off in a glow last Friday to spread the good tidings in their constituencies was their dawning realization of just what they got hold of when Mrs. Thatcher became leader eight months ago. They think she is an election winner, and when one remembers the despairing mood last October, after their second successive defeat at the polls, this is certainly an almost unbelievable change. To judge by a note of alarm that was mixed with the standard rough treatment she received from unadmiring commentators, the Labour Party is also taking stock of her as a perhaps unexpectedly formidable adversary. Her speech was what the delegates had been waiting patiently for through the platform's seemingly interminable end-of-conference civilities, which included thanks to everyone from the Mayor of Blackpool to the cozily Christian-named wives of Party officials. Mrs. Thatcher's entrance was heralded with a theatrical blast of trumpets, as though for a prima donna. More than one journalist observed primly that the whole steamed-up, overcharged atmosphere was more like an American Convention than a good old Tory conference about to give loyal, decorous applause to its leader. But then the Tories have never had such a phenomenon at the top before. The women in the audience, young and old, were applauding her so ardently partly because of what she had suddenly made possible for all of them for the first time.

Not since Sir Winston Churchill, it was said later, has the speech of a Conservative leader received anything like the tumult of acclaim that rocked the Winter Gardens with the rapture and relief of a party that believes that it is back on the road to tackle the ills—economic, social, and moral—that are desperately depressing British people of all classes. Mrs. Thatcher has no Churchillian oratorical style, certainly. She speaks in a slow, strong voice that many find a bit monotonous, but the conference listened to her with mounting excitement and enthusiasm. Yet she said such simple things that, on analysis, they appeared to be near platitudes, stating the basic facts of Conservative belief in this country—among them patriotism, the citizen's right to run his own life, the old-fashioned virtue of profits—along with an appeal to those who are thinking of taking their professional skills to more rewarding countries to stay and help make a new England. What was notable about the speech was that it was short of the usual sweeping promises that are remembered when it proves impossible to keep them—such as the unfortunate phrase that Edward Heath is supposed to have used in the 1970 election that made him Prime Minister, saying of rising prices that they would be dealt with "at a stroke"—and are forever thrown in the speaker's teeth by the bitterly disappointed people who believed them. Mrs. Thatcher, by shrewd masculine management or by cool feminine guile, avoided giving hostages to fortune while appearing to give all in a manner that brought the conference to its feet and hers.

The other emotional moment was the arrival on the platform one morning of Mr. Heath, who popped into the proceedings and popped out again as fast as possible the same afternoon—in the direction of Weymouth, to keep a pressing speaking engagement, someone said. He was given the usual thundering, remorsefully affectionate welcome that English political conferences accord to deposed leaders, signifying

"Please, Diane. Get a good night's sleep, and rethink me in the morning."



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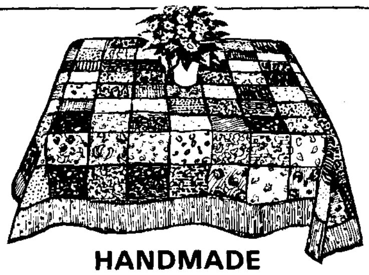

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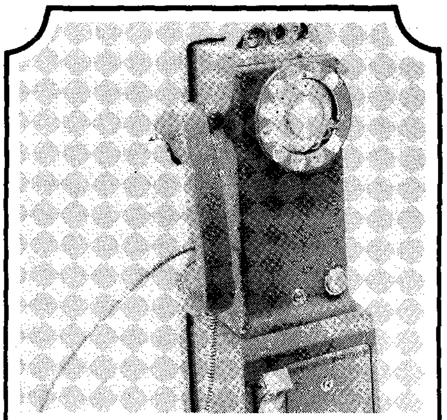
that they have not forgotten the past but feel that everything has worked out for the best all the same. For some moments, Mr. Heath, for the benefit of the photographers, stood smiling that curiously mirthless, brilliant smile, which was abruptly switched off, with the almost audible snap of an electric light, as he sat down to listen to and occasionally politely applaud an economic debate in which many of the opinions were not exactly in line with the economic policy of the Heath Government. The sight of him posing amicably with Mrs. Thatcher did not convince anybody that he is now back in the Conservative hierarchy. It would be popular if eventually he accepted a key post in Mrs. Thatcher's Shadow Cabinet, many of its members being indeed shadowy unknowns to the rank and file. At the moment, it is not considered likely, unfortunately.

The role of the platform officials at the autumn political conferences is always to be the carefully calculating brain that must restrain the party body on the floor from making excitable tribal gestures that would harm the country or scare off voters in the next election, or both. During the Labour Party's recent occupancy of the Winter Gardens, Mr. Wilson, his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Denis Healey, and his Secretary of State for Employment, the former extreme left-winger Michael Foot, succeeded in putting the nasty facts of Britain's plight so bluntly that delegates who had loudly applauded thumping speeches calling for no halt to free collective bargaining later voted firmly to back the Government's new policy of wage restraint—a tremendous turnabout of the Party's most cherished tenets, and very good national news. The Thatcher frontbenchers at Blackpool had the job of showing their supporters and any strayed voters who left them last time that under the new management the direction would be to the right, or, more precisely, to the center right—a finely slanted and somewhat puzzling angle that pointedly diverged from the more unpopular, because too liberal, Heath policies, though perhaps not far enough to please a sizable portion of the Tory faithful. Their applause came surging from the heart for speakers who shouted such surefire lines as "Let us not be ashamed of profits!," or who were passionate about the plight of small independent businesses and a parent's right to choose his child's school, or who demanded the return of the death penalty for terrorists and tougher penalties for increasing van-



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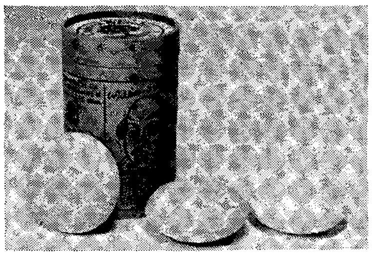

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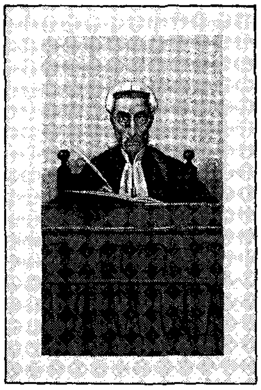
dalism. This last brand of talk may have many worried echoes in the country, but Conservative leaders know that it does the Party no good after the sharp-tongued Labour fellows have finished with it. So Lord Hailsham, a former Lord Chancellor, who, as Quintin Hogg, was the only orator in the grand manner left in the House of Commons, pointedly ignored such views when he summed up—and what a pleasure it was to hear and watch him putting a spell on the place—in the debate on the authority of Parliament and the rule of law.

It could not be said that the wind of change was blowing great guns at Blackpool, at least among the older constituency stalwarts and their comfortable-looking wives. It was frequently said from the rostrum that what people craved was a period of settled calm in which they could feel confident enough to make decisions for a future that would not be "a 1984 gray Orwellian desert," as someone put it. One decision they made resoundingly was to vote with the platform against reform of the present voting system in elections and against adoption of proportional representation, for which there had been some support in the Party. The idea has long been strongly pressed by the Liberal Party, whose tiny handful of seats in Parliament would be much increased by it. But it was clear that in their present exultant mood the Conservatives feel that they have a good chance of defeating Labour next time without splitting the victory with anyone. The following day, in the debate on Europe, they gave merely so-so applause to Reginald Maudling, the Shadow Foreign Secretary, when he told them that the Conservative delegation at Strasbourg was negotiating with the other center-right groups to form a coalition that would outnumber the Socialists when the directly elected European Parliament gets going, perhaps in 1978. Coalition here at home being the last thing that Mrs. Thatcher's party appears to be thinking of right now, the delegates' lack of enthusiasm for any such foreign entanglement was perhaps understandable, though the younger ones who wore blue badges in their lapels stating "I Want to Be a Euro-Voter"—and they are surely the important ones—hung over the edges of the balconies and clapped loud and strong.

IT was outside the conference hall during the lunch hour or in the evening that fringe meetings of the various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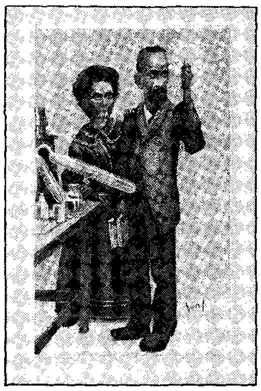
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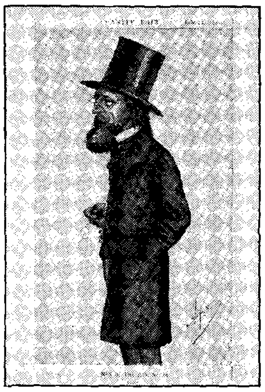
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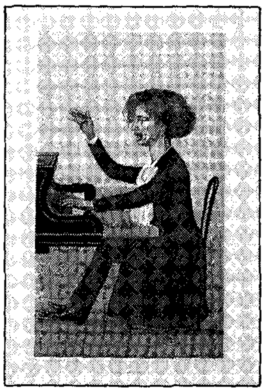
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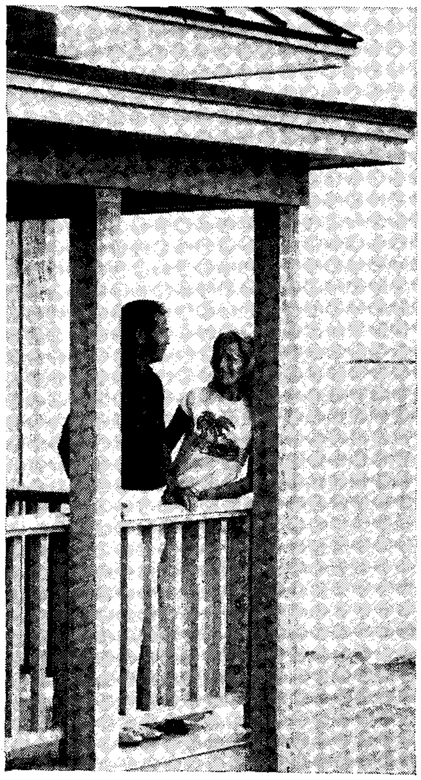

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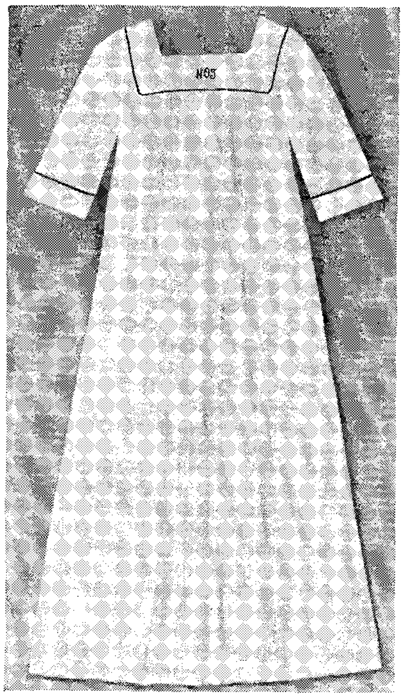

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groups who are for a more radical brand of Toryism met and exchanged ideas about what sort of face Conservatism should show the country if it hoped to get back to power again. The most widely discussed outside event was a brilliant thesis on the theme "Is Britain Governable?," given in the crowded little Pavilion Theatre by Alastair Burnet, the editor of the *Daily Express*, who used to edit *The Economist* and was very well known to television audiences as the quiet-voiced, humorous anchorman of the BBC current-affairs program "Panorama." In his talk, he raised the questions that plague everybody in Britain today: First, "Whether the Labour Government can govern through the next twelve months against the very forces it has let loose, or whether again it will have to run before them," and, second—the question that loomed large at Blackpool in spite of the euphoria—"Whether a Conservative Government, elected by whatever majority in the country, would be allowed to govern, as the last Conservative Government was not." From all the weather signs in the Labour movement, Mr. Burnet seemed to read red sky at morning as a democratic government's warning both for the sitting tenant in Downing Street and for any claimant now camping outside. The Tory bigwigs and their ladies on the platform behind him could not have agreed with his first recommendation to the Party on how to prepare for stormy weather ahead, for it was to hoist a stout umbrella of coalition. Then he argued that Conservative trade-unionists must turn up in force at branch meetings, however dull, instead of preferring the pub or the telly and letting the Communist brethren be elected unopposed. This had already been vigorously put forward in the conference. It is reckoned that perhaps thirty per cent of union men vote Tory, and the two or three who actually came to the rostrum and made fighting speeches were received with rapture.

On Friday at lunchtime, the conference began to break up into its component parts, who unpinned their delegation badges and threw them tidily into the Winter Gardens trash bins, once more becoming harassed-looking individuals burdened with suitcases and heading back to a world where Harold Wilson was still in Downing Street, and Parliament—a much more divided, less glorious talking shop—was meeting the following week to begin the new session.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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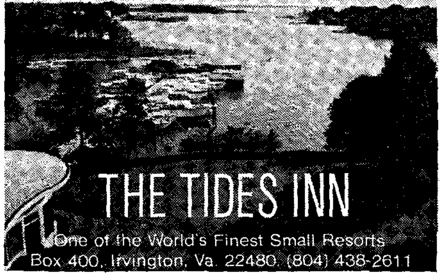

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THE RACE TRACK

Another Pleasure

TOMMY TROTTER won't have a hard time this year picking the horse to lead the Experimental Free Handicap, which is the Jockey Club's rating of the season's two-year-olds. It's my guess—and I will give odds if I can get a bet down on it at Vegas—that it will be Honest Pleasure, who won the Champagne Stakes by seven lengths in the sloppy footing at Belmont Park last Saturday. Dance Spell, a 30–1 shot, was second, surviving a claim of foul by Pincay, who rode the third horse, Whatsyourpleasure. Soy Numero Uno, wearing blinkers for the first time, tired badly and ended up twelfth in the field of fourteen. Honest Pleasure was closest behind Soy Numero Uno for the first couple of furlongs, and, taking the lead at the half-mile mark, never left the result in doubt. The mile was run in 1:36$\frac{3}{5}$. The qualifications for top honors of Bertram Firestone's sturdy dark-bay colt—he's by What a Pleasure out of Tularia—hardly need a second glance: he has won five of his seven starts, including the Arlington-Washington Futurity, the Cowdin, and now the Champagne Stakes, and he was second in the others. It was just a year ago that LeRoy Jolley, who trains Honest Pleasure, saddled another son of What a Pleasure—John Greer's Foolish Pleasure—for the Champagne. He won the race and subsequently was named best two-year-old colt of the year. (Unfortunate Ruffian, who was named the best filly, was weighted on even terms with him.) Honest Pleasure's coat is darker than Foolish Pleasure's. He is also a shade taller and broader-chested, and more agile, too, and I have a notion he will be a better stayer, but we will learn that next year. He'll probably make his last start of the season in the Laurel Futurity on November 1st. By the way, the Firestones and Jolley had another double last weekend. Mrs. Firestone's Optimistic Gal won the Alcibiades Stakes at Keeneland by twenty-one—count 'em—lengths.

Not many fillies or mares have won the Fall Highweight Handicap; the last to have done so was Chou Croute, and the one before that was Ta Wee, who did it twice, the second time under 140 pounds. I'll put the performance of Honorable Miss in the race at Belmont on Columbus Day right up with those. Carrying 133 pounds, and giving actual weight to a dozen of the boys, she was fifteenth out of the gate and was running eleventh with two furlongs to go. I don't know how she made it, but she won by two lengths from No Bias, and Lonetree was third.

THERE has never been such bidding for horses of racing age—in this country, at any rate—as there was at Belmont Park one morning last week. After the sale of thirty-seven thoroughbreds from the stable of Mrs. Ada Rice brought $1,284,500 (in the course of the action, Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott gave $250,000 for Proud Delta, a three-year-old filly by Delta Judge), the crowd in the gaily striped tent in the stable area sat up waiting for the arrival of the consignment from the Rokeby Stable. They didn't have long to wait for the fireworks. John Finney had hardly finished reeling off the pedigree of Key to the Kingdom—by Bold Ruler out of Key Bridge, by Princequillo; a half brother to the 1970 Horse of the Year, Fort Marcy; a half brother to the best three-year-old of 1972, Key to the Mint; etc., etc.—when Brereton Jones, who breeds for the market at his Airdrie Farm, said "Six hundred thousand" in a loud voice. Quick as a mink, Harry Mangurian, Jr., who owns Desert Vixen, came back with "Six twenty-five!," and they tossed twenty-five thousands at each other until the total reached $725,000. Jones topped that with $5,000 more, and the hammer fell. Later, Mangurian and Ben Walden, a friend, gave $400,000 for Timeless Moment. The eighteen Rokeby Stable horses brought $1,869,500. Bidding on the second day of the sale was an end-of-the-season sort, the forty-six sold bringing $337,400. Buddy Jacobson, acting for an unnamed patron, gave $90,000 for La Tamborera, a gray two-year-old filly by Drone. The total for the two days vendue was $3,920,400.

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—AUDAX MINOR

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Thrice Carlos

MUNICH is the city where the continuity of opera is most strongly felt. At this year's Opera Festival—three and a half summer weeks with one performance, sometimes two, every night—“Idomeneo” could be seen in the theatre of its first performance. And so could “Die Walküre. The Kurfürsten created the baroque and rococo city; Max Joseph the Well-Beloved built the Cuvilliés-Theater, and Carl Theodore commissioned “Idomeneo” to be performed there. But essentially Munich is a neoclassical metropolis, shaped as such by its nineteenth-century kings, and rebuilt as such after the last war: an affirmation of classical architecture, sculpture, and drama as the perennial font of Western art. The visitor who sees the Aegina marbles and the Barberini faun housed again in Leo von III Klenze's Roman-vaulted Glyptothek, who enters the National Theatre beneath Karl von Fischer's majestic portico, is drawn at once into the Northerner's romantic dream of noble antiquity—Goethe's, Kleist's, Hölderlin's, Thomas Mann's. The nineteenth-century evocations of Renaissance Florence—the Pitti Palace as Königsbau, the Loggia dei Lanzi as Feldherrnhalle—serve to remind him that it is not only a Northern dream; that Donatello and Bernini strove consciously to emulate antique greatness and technical skills; that art itself has been a series of renascences. Opera began as an endeavor to revive Attic tragedy. When things went wrong, Gluck and Wagner initiated their reforms by looking back to that source. The Munich composer Carl Orff is one of the latest to return to first principles, and his “Antigonae,” one of the new productions at the Munich Festival, brought into focus the scattered musings about art, history, and (in a city where road signs point to Dachau) human behavior that throng the Munich visitor's mind.

Orff's “Antigonae” is Sophocles twice interpreted: by Hölderlin, in his ardent translation, and then by Orff, in his powerful, passionate declamation of the Hölderlin text. But in performance the spectator is aware only of the great play and its great issues. Consideration of the means comes later. Orff uses many kinds of declamation: straight speech; monotone; stichomythia on one note, across octaves, or with varied intervals; chant whose strong outline makes each step or leap an “event;” sudden garlands of diatonic or chromatic melisma. The six grand choral odes that punctuate the work are diverse and expressive. The scoring calls for six each of pianos, flutes, oboes, and muted trumpets; four harps; nine double-basses; seven or eight timpani; and percussion to keep from ten to fifteen players busy. (In practice, the forces are usually reduced.) Orff works through words, rhythms, and sounds. There are no symphonic developments. Counterpoint is confined to simple imitations. The harmony is uncomplicated affirmation or contradiction. “Primitivism,” cry those who scorn Orff's music—but his techniques, though direct, are far from simple. I agree with Andreas Liess's comment, in his monograph on the composer, that Orff's primitivism “touches the deepest, most secret centers of spirits and senses at once. . . . When he summons the vital powers by gesture, dance, word, image, and, not least, the rhythm of urgently insistent repetition, he advances toward that center of human experience where vital excitement arouses spiritual emotion.”

The first performance of “Antigonae,” at the 1949 Salzburg Festival, before Bayreuth had reopened and before Stravinsky's “Oedipus Rex” became regular operatic fare, was influential. The director was Oscar Fritz Schuh. Wieland Wagner, who worked on it with him, owed, and owned, his debt to the production. The chorus was still, in a semicircle; the actors strode the stage of the Rocky Riding School in buskins and masks. A thunderstorm rolling through the Salzkammergut added an unplanned but appropriately numinous commentary. Munich's first production of the work, in 1951, in the Prinzregententheater, conducted by Solti, again used a static chorus, but this time ranged in front of the stage platform. In the new version, Günther Rennert has essayed a more plastic interpretation, with big, bold gestures and much variety in choral groups not quite symmetrical but balanced. Rudolf Heinrich has designed a kind of classical chapterhouse with benches down the sides and light streaming in from a circular opening above—a room in which important matters can be debated, and strong theatrical architecture. The performance, dominated by Colette Lorand as Antigone and William Murray as Creon, was superbly accomplished. This “Antigonae” showed the Munich company at its best.

Busts of Mozart, Wagner, and Richard Strauss grace the main foyer of the National Theatre, and their works form the foundation of the Festival bill. Busts of Weber and Orff at one end, Verdi and Puccini at the other, close the long prospect through the marble halls on the second floor. Verdi's “Don Carlos” was another new production of the Festival, and it showed a less admirable aspect of the company—Munich as just another stop on the international opera circuit, with an audience come to shout for the stars, applaud the scenery through the music, and dismember the drama into a series of showstopping solo numbers. Brigitte Fassbaender, who belted out Eboli's two airs, and Ruggero Raimondi, who, as Philip, did big, obvious things in a big, obvious way, were applauded beyond their deserts. Katia Ricciarelli deserved praise for her efforts to mold an unwieldy but eloquent voice to the needs of Elizabeth's music, but prolonged plaudits, in this opera, should sound when the curtain is down; the beautiful coda to Elizabeth's Act II romance was played to the sound of an ovation, and the solemnity of the final scene was shattered by another, after her “Toi qui sus le néant.” Eberhard Wächter, the Posa, was mercilessly booed, and did not deserve to be. So was the conductor, Georges Prêtre, who did.

Munich announced that it had acquired “the first-performance rights of an important new edition of Verdi's opera ‘Don Carlos'—the five-act *Originalfassung*.” This is Ursula Günther's careful edition of the very long opera, which was cut before its first performance, in 1867, and it includes the unpublished passages that David Rosen and I brought to light, a few years ago, from the archives of the Paris Opéra. Munich may have acquired those rights, but it did not use them. It performed, in the bad old Italian translation, not the *Originalfassung* but the familiar second version of 1883, preceded by Act I from 1867 (which Verdi dropped in his revision). The only “new” passage done was the Prélude et Introduction to this act. A large and important section of the first duet for Elizabeth and Carlos was cut; so, in Act II, Scene 2, was most of the Chœur des Dames d'Honneur, “Sous ces bois,” and a verse of Posa's ballade, “L'Infant Carlos.” On the credit side, two passages commonly omitted—the second verse of Elizabeth's romance and the *marziale* episode of the final duet—were retained. Rudolf Heinrich's sets were conventional in style, and there is no harm in that, but they were also dully and poorly painted. The principal innovation in Otto Schenk's stage direction was to open the auto-da-fé of Act III as a *Bauernfest*, with a very jolly crowd dressed in light, pastoral colors, some of them wearing straw hats. It did not fit the ceremonial mood of the music. The visual inspiration of this scene, a grim engraving of the 1559 auto-da-fé in Valladolid, ascribed to the Flemish artist Franz Hogenbergh, survives. So does the production book of the first performance; its moves are calculated to bring the right voices forward at the right moments. Both should be studied by modern directors.

A "DON CARLOS" directed and conducted by Herbert von Karajan was the big event of the Salzburg Festival. Otherwise, the opera productions were revivals from previous years, and orchestral concerts were prominent (the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Claudio Abbado, Riccardo Muti, Karl Böhm, Karajan, and Leonard Bernstein; the London Symphony by Seiji Ozawa, Böhm, Bernstein, and James Levine; the Israel Philharmonic by Zubin Mehta; the Berlin Philharmonic by Karajan). Salzburg is an expensive festival. Most tickets for the operas cost fifteen hundred Austrian shillings (about eighty-three dollars), and ten times that price was the reported black-market rate for the first night of "Don Carlos." In terms of music played, the "Carlos" audience hardly got its money's worth. Karajan served, in Italian translation, an abridgment of the four-act version, shortened by, in the second scene, two-thirds of "Sous ces bois," a verse of the Veil Song, a verse of Posa's romance, a section of the Elizabeth-Carlos duet, and a verse of Elizabeth's romance; in the auto-da-fé by a stretch of processional music; in the last act by not just the usual brutal cut in the final duet but also—incredibly—some of Elizabeth's and Carlos's solemn, tender farewell.

In sombre, symmetrical scenery by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, Karajan laid out the action with formal, stately precision. The emphasis was on beauty of tone, not on dramatic delivery. The playing of the Vienna Philharmonic was an enchantment throughout the evening. The Viennese choirs sang nobly. Mirella Freni's Elizabeth was a limpid flow of exquisite sound. Piero Cappuccilli, as Posa, and Nicolai Ghiaurov, as Philip, voiced their roles

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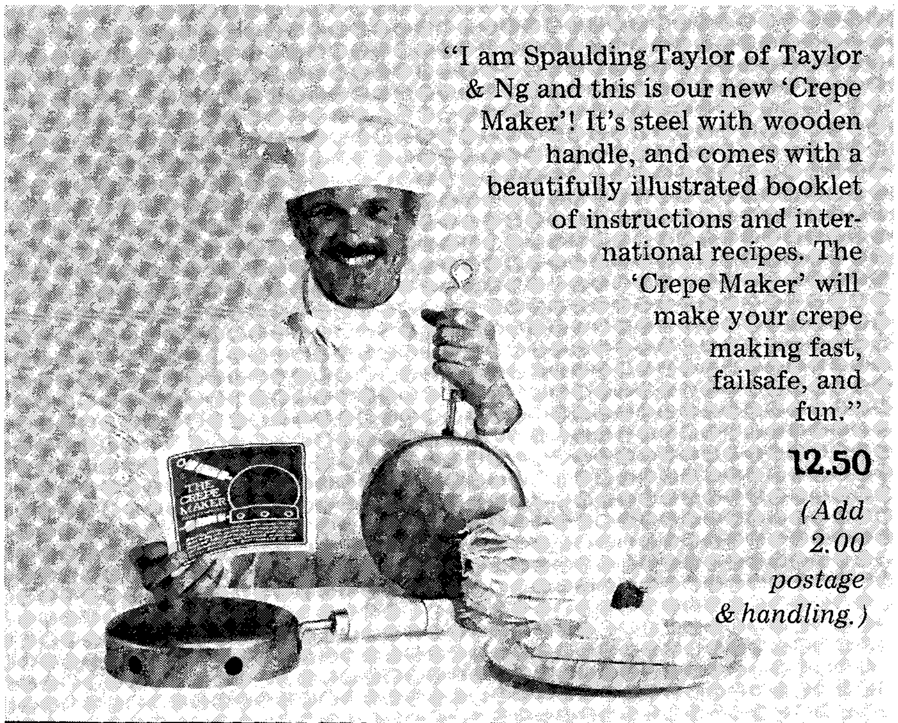

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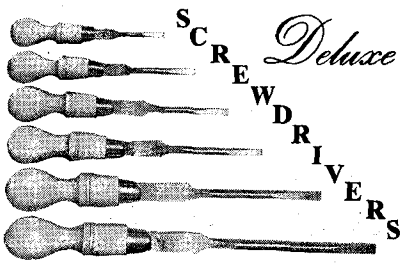

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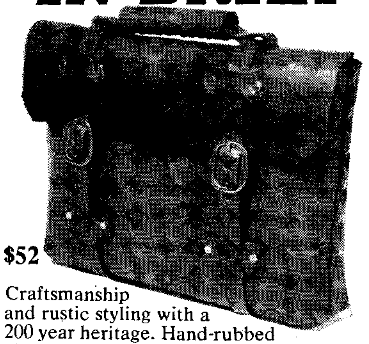

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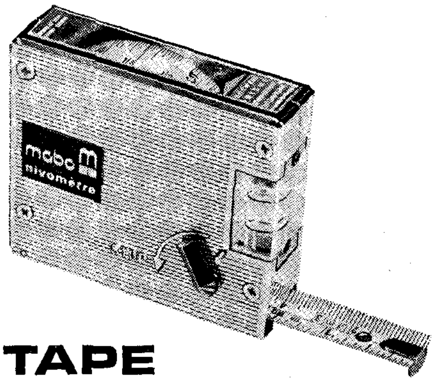
in full, commanding tones. Placido Domingo, as Carlos, was not at his freshest or most even—he took on the assignment between some open-air Calafs in Verona and his first Othellos, in Hamburg—but was still pretty impressive. Christa Ludwig, the billed Eboli, retired after the first night; I heard Eva Randova, Bayreuth's new Kundry, a forceful but not quite polished singer. Karajan cast even the smallest roles at strength: Robert Kerns and Anna Tomowa-Sintow, who the month before had been the Guglielmo and Fiordiligi of Covent Garden's "Così," were the Herald and the Heavenly Voice. The performance was finely calculated. There was no hint of spontaneity. Except by Miss Freni's tender, delicate phrasing, the emotions were untouched. But it was magnificent.

IN London, while the Royal Opera devoted the first four weeks of its season to a new "Siegfried" and then three turns of its three-quarters-completed "Ring," the English National Opera played yet another "Don Carlos." This was also done in translation—my English translation, as it happens, so I must declare an interest, even though I have no intention of praising the performance. The Fontainebleau act, with its prelude and most of the introductory chorus, was included. The cuts were small: "Sous ces bois" was shortened; a verse of Elizabeth's romance, some of the processional music, and the *marziale* section of the final duet were omitted. But the execution was not good enough—the production was drab, the scenery monotonous, and the singing (apart from some touches in Rita Hunter's Elizabeth and the gay, sparkly Eboli of Elizabeth Connell) unremarkable—to sustain so much music.

Encounter with these three very different "Carlos" productions, in quick succession, prompted the following conclusions. For general use, Verdi's four-act score of 1883 is to be preferred. Two cuts in it are unexceptionable—the tawdriest section of the processional music and the insurrection at the close of Act III. (Verdi included the latter in his revised version only at his librettist's insistence, and the episode is too much of a scurry to make any great theatrical effect.) No other cuts should be made: "Sous ces bois" should be heard in full, Posa's and Elizabeth's romances need both verses, and the final duet needs the *marziale*. A large, colorful staging can safely be introduced by the Fontainebleau act, when singers and scenery are on the grand



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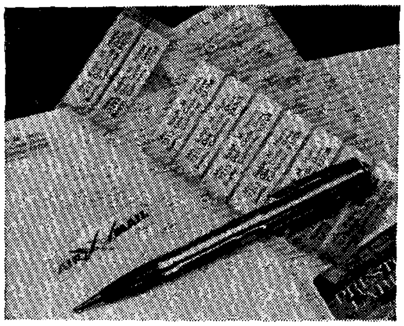

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scale, but the act should be added only when there is time enough to give the rest of the opera unshredded. This unrevised act more aptly introduces the unrevised and expansive score of 1867, and a performance of that 1867 score in extenso (such as Sarah Caldwell mounted in Boston, two years ago), further extended by the "new" passages, proves mightily impressive, but can be done only by a company, and for an audience, prepared to devote five hours to the enterprise. Music that Verdi jettisoned should not be reinstated at the expense of music he chose to retain.

A more general conclusion is that most companies are not equipped to tackle French grand opera, while those that are hesitate to devote to it the kind of attention they willingly give to Wagner. In Salzburg, Karajan had the resources for a full-scale "Don Carlos" but chose not to use them. Usually the works are trimmed down ("Les Troyens" in London and New York, that Boston "Carlos," and an uncut "Guillaume Tell" in Florence a few years ago have been notable and acclaimed exceptions) toward the dimensions of the more easily manageable *verismo* repertory, and lose their character in the process. A production as intelligently conceived as San Francisco's of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," three years ago—grand in effect, though the forces were far smaller than those of the 1865 première—is rare. It is no use looking to the Paris Opéra for a lead. There, "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" and "Don Carlos" are now performed in Italian translation, and shortened. The imposing French manner that inspired Gluck, Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, Donizetti, and Verdi is no longer practiced; Paris has become yet another stop on the international round, an importer, no longer a producer, of great singers.

IN New York, the Metropolitan opened its season last week with Rossini's "Le Siège de Corinthe," a key work in the history of grand opera, but played it in Italian translation and reduced it to an evening of decorative twiddles. The shortcomings of that unhappy edition were widely remarked last season, when the show was new. None of them have been righted. "Le Siège" is a less silly and scrappy piece than it here appears.

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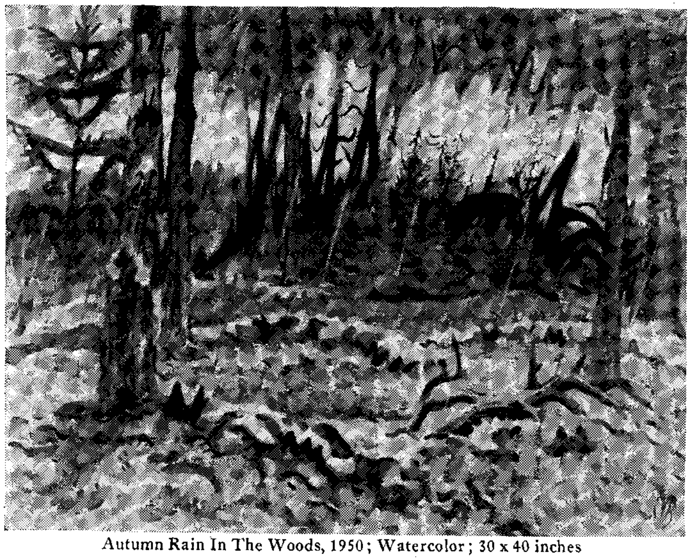

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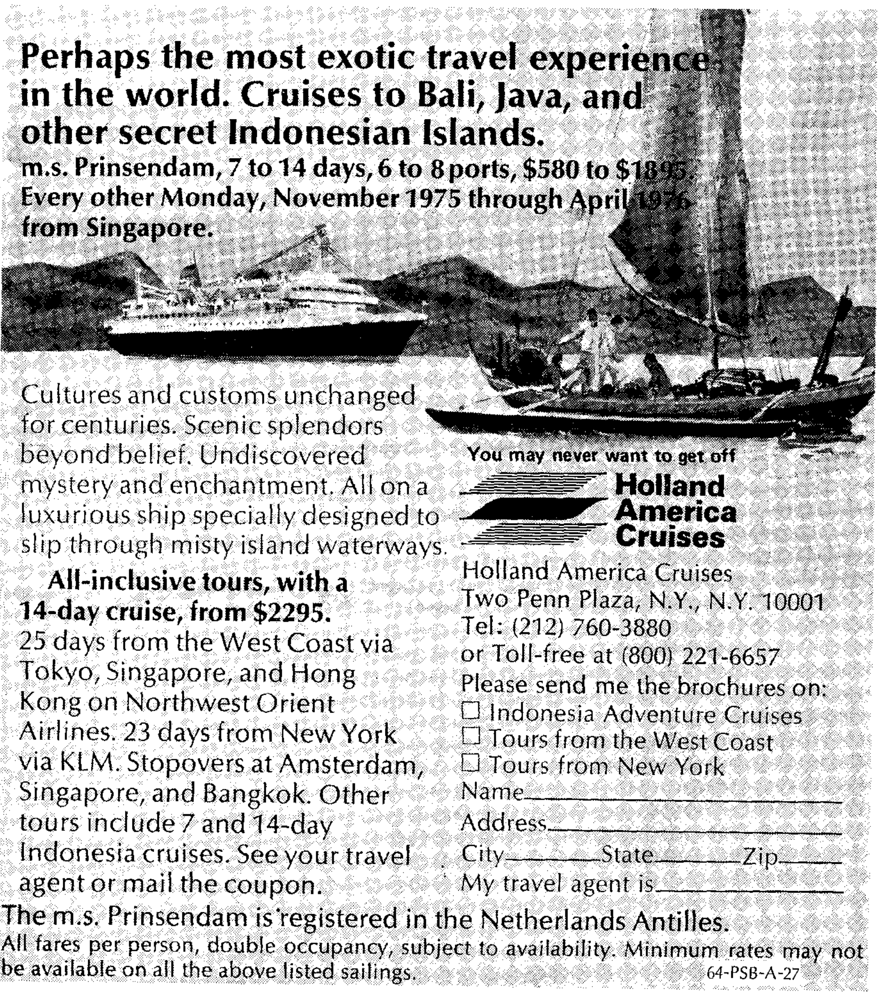

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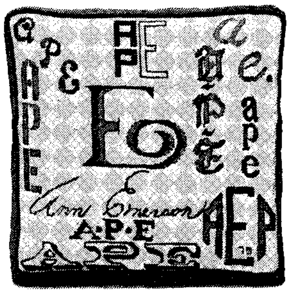

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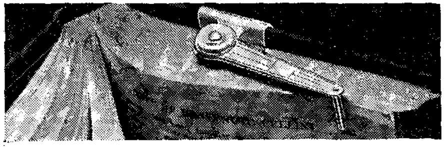

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then a modern opera, just three years old), and the Louisiana company introduced it to New York six years later. In the Théâtre d'Orléans and then the French Opera House, "Les Huguenots" played regularly until the latter house burned down, in 1919. Who knows what those old performances were like? At any rate, according to the local *Bee*, in 1839 "thousands of dollars [were] liberally lavished in bringing forward the piece in a style of perfection and magnificence unequalled, it is said, in America;" six new sets were prepared; an orchestra "well known as the largest and best organized in the country" was further enlarged; and, since the show lasted five hours, most of the music must have been heard. This month "Les Huguenots" opened the current New Orleans season in an abridged version that, with two intervals, lasted less than three and a half hours. The staging was summary, and the chorus was too small and too uncertain for anything like justice to be done to the work. It was sung in French, but not very good French; the pleasure of hearing that language purely and powerfully declaimed becomes increasingly rare. (Régine Crespin and Robert Massard are among the few singers left who provide it.) Two of the New Orleans cast had some command of the necessary manner: Marisa Galvany, the Valentine, is a vivid soprano in whom temperament and an exciting timbre are combined, and Paul Plishka sang the music of the blunt, honest Marcel robustly and accurately. The others seemed unable to phrase or bear themselves or even wear their clothes as aristocrats; wanting elegance, charm, finesse, and vocal prowess, they afforded no more than a rude sketch of the work.

I had seen "Les Huguenots" twice before: in the Scala Theatre, London, on a tiny scale, by a band of devoted revivalists, and in the Scala Theatre, Milan, done grandly, with a cast led by Giulietta Simionato and Joan Sutherland. The New Orleans version fell between stools. It was more than a brave little effort by enthusiasts deserving of indulgence, but a good deal less than an adequate representation of a very demanding work. Meyerbeer's music is not strong in itself. The composer "built in" the supports of fine singing, spectacular staging, abundant forces, and sheer repetition. The result can be overwhelming. But when the supports are removed, his structure collapses. On the professional stage, "Les Huguenots" is not a good enough opera to be worth doing badly.

—ANDREW PORTER

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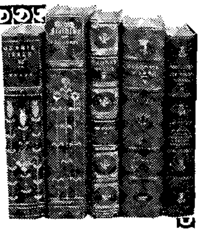

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THE ART WORLD

Smile of Memory

JIŘÍ KOLÁŘ, whose first retrospective in the United States is on display at the Guggenheim, has he kind of cool, disintegrative Czech umor that manifested itself in comic ilms during the Dubček regime and rought in Soviet tanks to silence it. ortunately for himself, Kolář makes ollages and assemblages (plus, in his own terminology, "rolages," "anticollages," 'crumplages," and 'chiasmages")—meliums less popular than novies, and thus not olitically provocative nough to stir up the vatchdogs of cultural onformism. So Kolář, grim-looking, scintific type who has ust entered his sixties, ontinues to live in Prague while he carries on against he Communist bureaucrats the selfame subversion of masterpiece-worhip which, more than half a century go, the Futurists, Dadaists, and Surealists directed against the aesthetic epresentatives of the middle class. Kolář's pieces combine art and nonrt—a procedure for declassing famous vorks by treating them as visual data. A composition made of household oddiies ("Good Housekeeper") has an uthentic museum look; one incorpoating a nude of Cranach ("Married Venus") is made to seem a modernist ccentricity. Kolář has found new ways f messing up the omnipresent imges—Botticelli's Venus, Bruegel's easants, Ingres's harem—that repreent heights of art history in the twenieth century. In Paris, a recent repparition of the Mona Lisa consists of painting of her without her mustache. Kolář follows up on Duchamp in a nore independent manner. He cuts La Giaconda into vertical strips of equal vidth, and alternates them with bands f the same size bearing bits of other ictures. The effect is to broaden the Mona Lisa's face, and at the same time o make it seem as if she were peering ut from behind bars. The portrait by Leonardo is seen as locked in by images lerived from modern photographs and eproductions—an accurate description f its contemporary situation. The maserworks of the Renaissance live on in ur culture within a vast flow of color rinting, advertising layouts, and "visal information," and as multimillion-dollar artifacts employed by museums to stimulate attendance. To confront the Mona Lisa unimpeded by verbal and visual commentary upon her has become psychologically impossible. In distributing her image across a series of bands, Kolář has assimilated her with the "stripe" paintings of the sixties (e.g., Kenneth Noland, Gene Davis), thus jocularly reiterating the contention of art historian-critics that Renaissance paintings culminate in modern abstract art. To complete his visual reconstructions, Kolář has furnished his Mona Lisa with a poetically apt title—"Smile of Memory." The celebrated smile has outlasted the adulteration of the painting as a work of art. It exists today as a facial expression remembered by millions—a subjective experience that is different for each individual who has encountered some version of it.

Judith Shahn

Kolář's talent is essentially that of a craftsman. His distinction lies not in any one creation or group of creations but in his seemingly inexhaustible technical inventiveness. Like Saul Steinberg, whom he resembles in ingenuity as well as in his instinct for parody, Kolář appears ready to make art out of anything—fruit, kitchen utensils, funnels, old hats—but especially out of other works of art, good and bad. He frames cloth butterflies decorated with passages from canvases by Ingres and Bruegel; into an engraving of a romantic couple in costume he inserts a miniature "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" and provides the work with a border of newsreel montage. His collages draw on many formal modes, including compositions that emphasize Cubist spatial principles; in "Untitled (Zipper)," there is the suggestion in the assemblage of striped and dotted rags that if the zipper down the middle is opened it will reveal a background of colored patches; and one of the strips of cloth in "Incendiary Poem" has a tear through which the imprinted background is visible. With "Breakfast in Heifer," Kolář has his say about Manet's "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," that cynosure-scandal of the Salon des Refusés, and an early example of modernist redoing of earlier art to produce shock: Manet's masterpiece "quotes" a passage from Giorgione's "Concert Champêtre." The two bohemians of "Le Déjeuner" and their naked female companion are enclosed by Kolář in a cutout of a cow, thus intensifying the incongruous bucolic setting of the original. By being displayed in a cow, Manet's "Le Déjeuner" no doubt loses some of its aura of cultural significance, while at the same time some of the ribald exhilaration with which it was greeted on its first public appearance, in 1863, is restored, or at least brought to mind, by its present novel setting. In any case, recognizing "Le Déjeuner" as the decorative flank of a farm animal produces an effect quite unlike that of Manet's salon painting. Kolář's cow-"Déjeuner" is, however, seen on the wall of a museum; that is to say, it is linked to its aesthetic heritage by our institutional culture, and its comic displacement of Manet's canvas, instead of negating its model, confers on it a new role in our era of reproductions. Kolář's poetry consists in associations and analogies, including burlesque, with which he festoons his images. "Bloody Money" involves two Reichsbank notes. One is covered with writing and raised in value by the addition of endless zeroes, and on it is stuck, like a postage stamp, Picasso's "Girl Before a Mirror" and what seem to be two nude women in an embrace; over the other banknote indistinguishable numbers and letters are typed, and it bears circles containing an ear and part of a woman's foot.

Kolář began as a poet who, influenced by Marinetti, Apollinaire, and Mallarmé, experimented with pictorial arrangements of typography; he became a graphic artist when he expanded his patterns of lettering by including printed pictures. The constant element within the multiplicity of his formats is his quest for a poetic metaphor consisting of objects, reproductions, and/or typefaces. "Portrait of the Beloved Woman" is a bust whose neck and head form an opening to a clouded sky into which mounts an abstract sculpture by Brancusi. Juxtaposing strips of equal width cut from photographs ("rollage"), Kolář achieves a double surface that both establishes the picture plane and unveils depths behind it; the "rollage" ripples with lateral rhythms like stakes of a fence. Within its spreading movement the artist has the choice of deciding to what degree the original picture shall be kept intact. "Venus," one of the largest pieces in the Guggenheim retrospective, transforms Botticelli's nude into a pattern of serial

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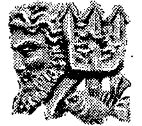

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gradations, as in still photographs of motion related to Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase." One effect of Kolář's shock treatment of masterpieces is to remove them from a fixed place in art history. "Dusk" sets Duchamp's "Fresh Widow," the French window frame with black panes (the title is a play on words), into a moody nineteenth-century landscape; "Two Children" achieves the unlikely combination of Rembrandt and Max Ernst.

Less original than the "rollages" are Kolář's "crumplages"—compositions based on crumpled photographs whose fragments form a faceted image. "The Ballroom" is animated by the juxtaposition of its own shattered parts. (Effects comparable to Kolář's are obtained by painting on a folded surface, then opening out the folds.) The ultimate source of "crumplage" is Cubist manipulation of dissociated aspects of the subject of the painting. But crumpling a photo leaves the fragmentation to chance, as regards both the size and shape of the facets and the image as a whole. This sort of transformation is easy to produce; "crumplages," and Kolář's "Cubomanias," in which an image is redistributed on a checkerboard of squares somewhat in the manner of Delaunay, are the weakest of his inventions.

Some of Kolář's compositions organize the pictures compositionally as if they were words. "Love Poem" consists of images printed on tiny balls of uniform size set in full and indented lines to simulate a stanza; the images represent the physical apparatus of love: eyes, lips, fingers, feet, torsos. Another genre is the personification of letters of the alphabet, as if they were capable of human behavior: in "Vowels on Strike," some of the vowels drop out of the lines of type. But Kolář's most distinctive technical device, next to his "rollage," is his dissociation of language from meaning in order to treat it as a covering for the surfaces of planes and objects. Handwriting and lines of type, together with bars of music, maps, and printed forms, provide textures that are the equivalent of pigment or decorated paper or cloth. Tearing texts into tiny scraps, the artist applies them like rhythmic brushstrokes in vertical, horizontal, zigzag, circular, and other patterns. He has noted that different languages create different emotional reverberations: "Miró in Osaka" pays tribute to the great modernist redoer of earlier paintings with a picture of a nude behind a wall of Japanese lettering; "One Against the Other" summarizes the struggle in the Middle East

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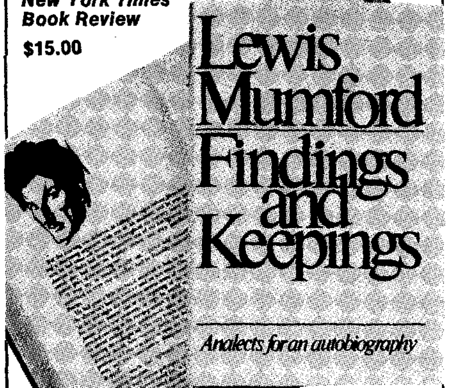

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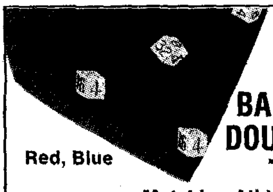

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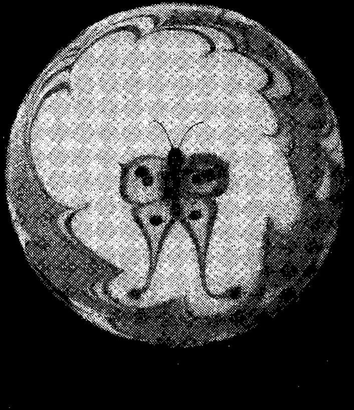

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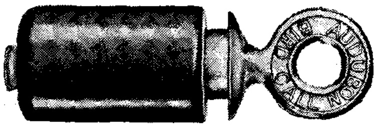

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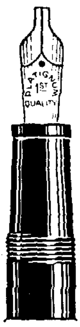

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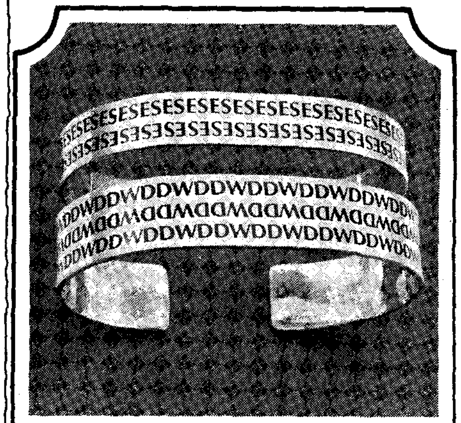
IN his four large paintings at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, Peter Saul, like Kolář, draws from the pictorial reservoir of the past. (The show closes, by the way, on Saturday, October 25th.) The rage and disgust in his paintings of Vietnam, racism, sex, crime, and the art world have now been transposed into versions of "history" pictures—"Guernica," "Custer's Last Stand," "Washington Crossing the Delaware"—and Rembrandt's "The Night Watch." Saul has retained enough compositional elements from the originals to render them immediately recognizable; within these limits his mock-poster and comic-book style takes over. "Saul's Guernica" simplifies Picasso's and intensifies its dynamics of fury: the flying, shrieking heads, the mutilated bodies, the contorted horses and bulls, the bursts of flame are brought to culmination by a round robin of hackings, slicings, stabbings, sawings of limbs, and shootings that converts "Guernica" into a Rube Goldberg mechanism of bloodletting. "Custer's Last Stand (Second Version)"—there is nothing to prevent an artist from regarding his own canvases as art history in need of redoing—is a merry-go-round of mayhem; it is a wild, almost jubilant melee of redskins, on blue, pink, and red horses with bulging eyes and rubbery muscles, dashing their hatchet blades into the faces of men in blue who have been pierced by ornamental yellow arrows; with one sausage-shaped hand an Indian on a pink horse considerately removes Custer's Western sombrero while with a curved blade in the other he slices off the top of the General's head. In Saul's interpretation, Washington crossing the Delaware is already across it. In the background, Leutze's boat is laboring through the ice, but Washington is on horseback, as a monument should be. But what a horse!—pink-buff flanks flecked with maroon, saucer eyes with green whites like quarter moons, snaky forelegs vaguely reaching for the yellow ice floes. Washington himself is the determined leader of the official Crossing, but he is also the tin idol of the schoolbooks—with a huge green cutlass in his left hand, a tiny toy flag in his right—around whom redcoats and bluecoats zing grapeshot and cannonballs into one another. Saul's "Washington" is a great Bicentennial salon "machine." As for his "The Night Watch," there is



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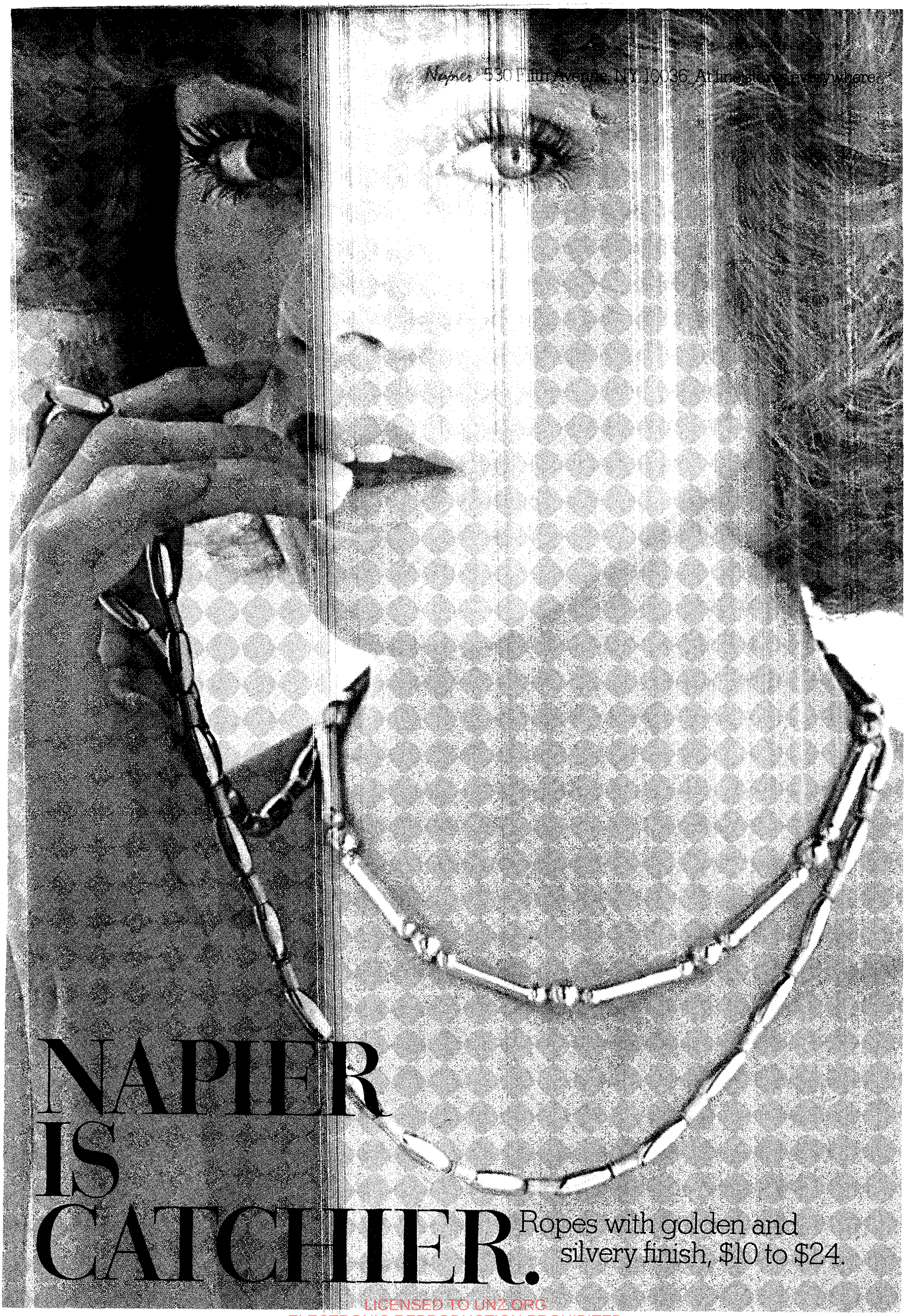
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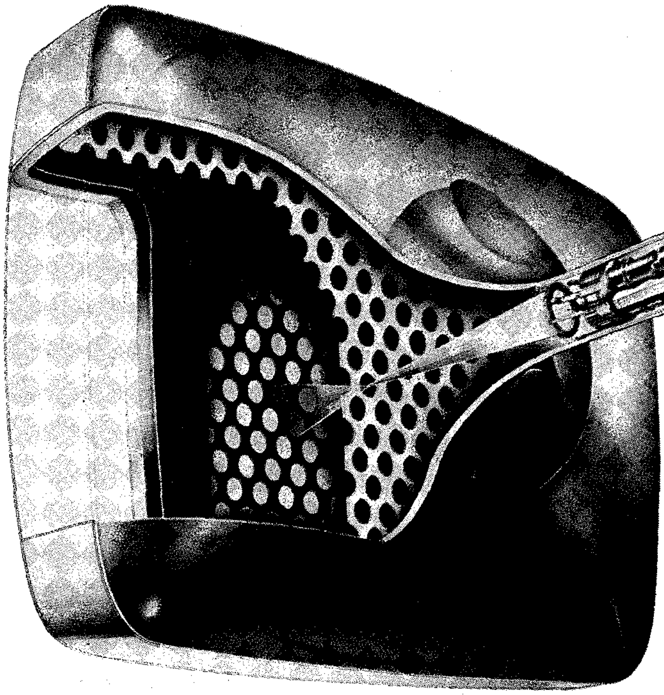

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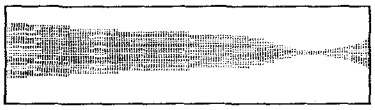

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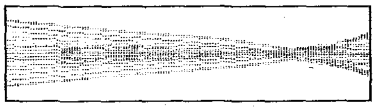

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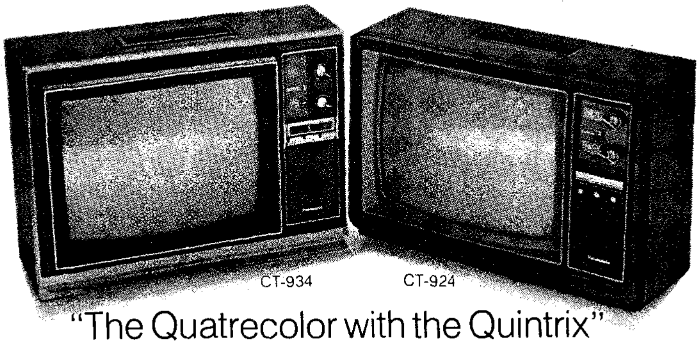

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no bloodshed, but the burghers are getting ready for it with drums and banners, lances, breechloaders, and blunderbusses.

If, in this exhibition, Saul has seen history through art, he has found it to differ in no way from the history composed day by day in the newspapers. His unique mode of caricature, with its fluid anatomy, glandularly elongated limbs, and melodramatic grimaces, his inattention to naturalistic scale, his lurid paint, his whirling-dervish animatedness add up to visual soapbox orations. His vision of social degradation is uninhibited to the point at which all remembered events and creations melt into an amalgam of human absurdity, grotesquerie, and viciousness. Saul is as unimpressed by greatness in art as is Kolář. The revivals of both artists exclude grandeur—a fact that Kolář acknowledges by the small scale of his work, Saul by his whizbang style. In their pieces, earlier art is echoed farcically, as in Duchamp. To both artists, all existing art is grist for parody: no image can maintain aloofness from the problems and moods of today. Their techniques decompose works and swallow them like a shredding machine. Their chief objective is to jostle the collective memory and unsettle it. Their revivals disrupt the stability of the past, which conservatives count on as a force for order, by turning the revered icons of culture back into circulation as vehicles of contemporary expression.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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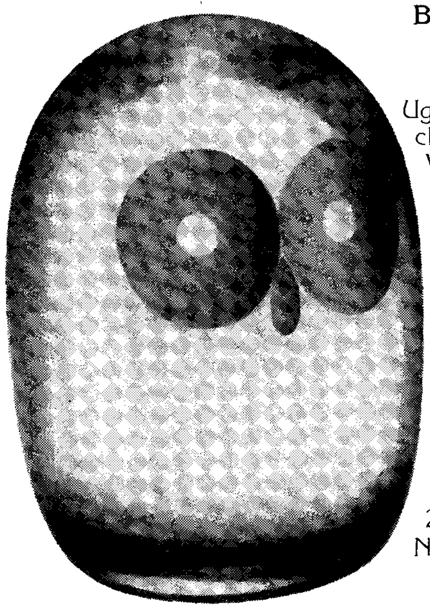

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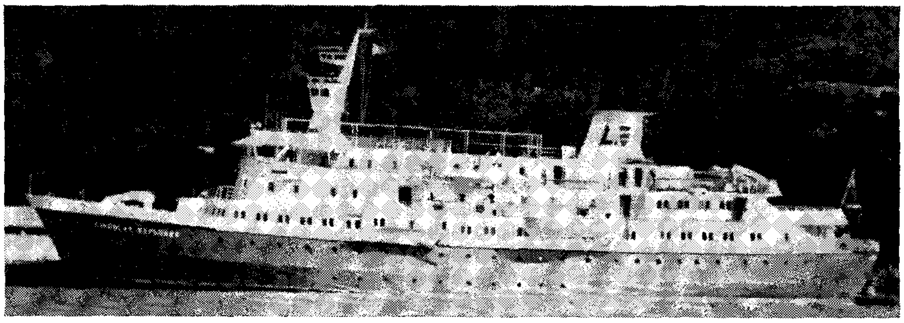

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AROUND CITY HALL

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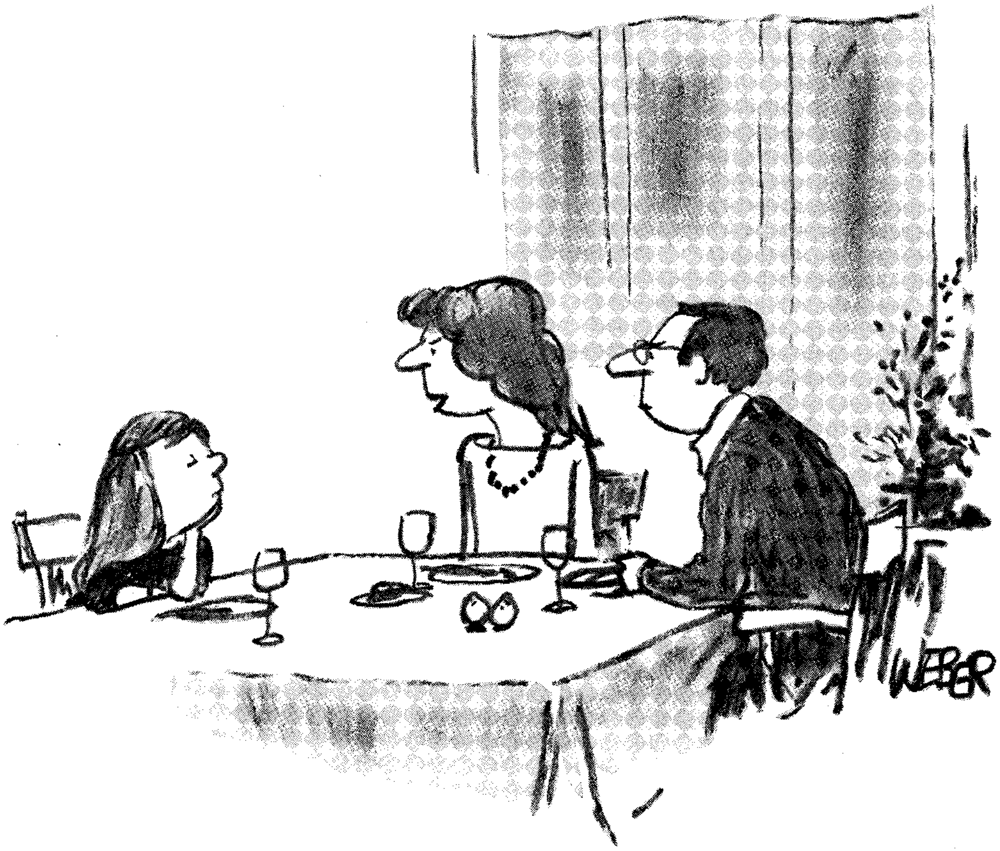
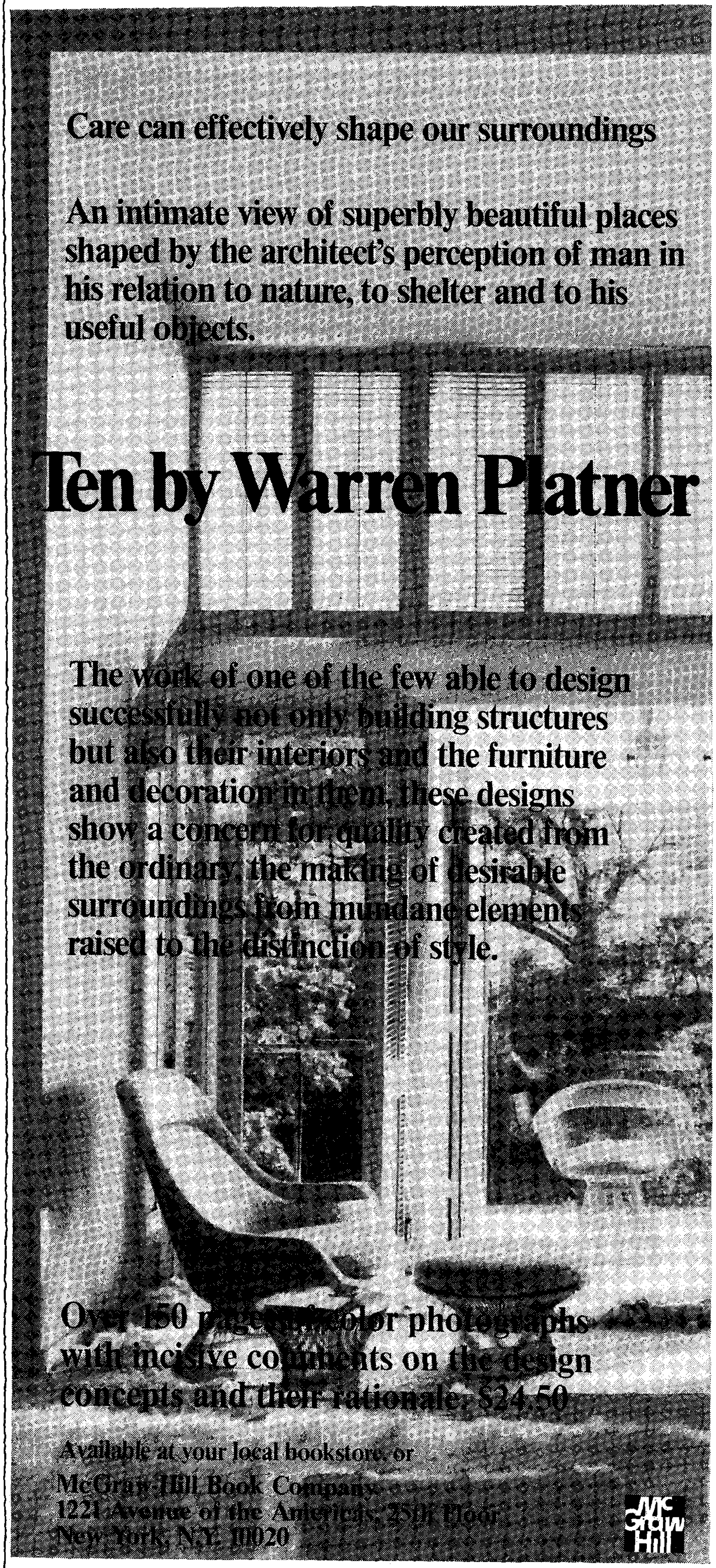
THE big question is no longer whether the financial fall of New York is imminent but whether the national consequences of that failure, considered inevitable here unless there is help from Washington, will be, in Governor Hugh Carey's words, "an economic Pearl Harbor" or, as Secretary of the Treasury William Simon and most of the Ford Administration have insisted, only a "tolerable and temporary" inconvenience to the rest of the country—although, of course, as Simon has added, "awful" for New York. During the wild sixteen-hour period of near-default last Friday, it seemed that the two theories would be put to the test within hours, and since the minutes-to-spare escape, the most frightening yet in a city where such heart-stoppers have become a local specialty, the debate has been fiercer than ever. In addition, there is the whole new series of questions that were set off six days before the latest crisis by Nelson Rockefeller's apparent decision to break ranks with the Administration and call for swift congressional action to rescue the city and thus forestall what he described as a national "catastrophe," whose possibility the President continued to deny. Would the Vice-President, who had been playing Gerald Ford's submissive lieutenant with almost comic fidelity for nearly ten months, have insisted on the vital importance of federal help for the city without breathing a word about it to the White House? Was there a Republican scheme afoot to field a new kind of balanced ticket in 1976? (How about you being soft on New York, Nelson, and I'll keep on being the hard-liner?) When an aide described the President as "surprised and dismayed" by Rockefeller's statement, the question was whether the Vice-President had simply concluded on his own that the Republican candidate ("whoever he might be" seemed to be part of the question) would make a dangerous mistake if he handed over to the Democrats the entire New York vote, which—with the fiscal troubles that the local crisis was beginning to foreshadow for towns and cities all over the country—was giving promise of becoming the leading edge of what had never really existed before on a national scale: the urban vote. On the other hand, were the Presidential surprise and dismay part of the act? No one was even sure that, after months of Rockefeller's being in the vanguard of the hostilities against New York, the move for a ceasefire might not represent second thoughts on the part of the man who had said in 1972, a year when he was not even running for governor and thus making a pitch for city votes, "This is my home town. I've lived here all my life."



"Felicia, both your father and I feel you're too young to be mysterious."

While the debate raged over the city's future—even over whether it had a future—tourists who have been taking a chance on autumn in New York (a time and place that were the subject of a popular song a few years ago, before the name of the city became a national dirty word) may well have reported when they got back home that, for a possibly doomed town, New York seems to be bearing up well. On one recent weekend, the out-of-towners included a king, a prince, an emperor, the hundred and fifty thousand or so commoners who are here on a good day to see the local sights (the total for this year is expected to reach sixteen million, making 1975 one of the best years for tourism in history), and eleven thousand visitors who were on hand for a convention of the American Bankers Association. Nearly all the A.B.A. members and their accompanying relatives who were interviewed reported that New York was a fine town and that they were having a wonderful time. In a poll taken during their stay, over sixty per cent of the bankers also said that they expected the city would soon default, and about the same percentage thought that the federal government should do nothing to prevent it. Spared such questions were the city's royal visitors, including Norway's King Olav V, who was here to attend numerous ceremonial events celebrating the *hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary* of the first organized Norwegian settlement in this country, and Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, the titular head of the new Communist government in that country, who was here to address the United Nations General Assembly. On the day he spoke, the United Nations was still in some turmoil over United States Ambassador Daniel Moynihan's reference to Idi Amin, President of Uganda and leader of the Organization of African Unity, as a "racist murderer"—a term that some Third World delegates pointed out had been considered applicable to American leaders by their enemies during this country's wars against Japan and in Indo-China. The following week, President Ford welcomed King Olav to the Oval Office for a chat. To no one's surprise, Ford did not take any formal notice of Sihanouk's visit, despite the fact that some of the Administration's comments in recent months had suggested that the White House idea of suitable treatment for improvident and iniquitous New York might not be so very different from that prescribed by the Cambodian government for its largest city last spring, when, as *Times* reporter Sydney Schanberg, who was on the scene, described it, on a few hours' notice virtually all the inhabitants of once-crowded Phnom Penh were driven out into the countryside to till the soil, leaving "an echo chamber of silent streets, lined with abandoned cars and gaping, empty shops"—the official purpose, as suggested through government sources, being "the restoration of the original purity of the people."

The reception accorded this month's visiting Emperor, Hirohito of Japan, was, of course, quite different. (No one knows how long it will be before the Cambodians are forgiven for the American bombing of their country, but Pearl Harbor is apparently now almost as remote in the minds of many Americans as the burning of Washington by the British.) The morning after the Emperor and his Empress arrived in New York from a triumphal visit to the nation's capital, they were serenaded in Central Park by the Simon Baruch Junior High School chorus singing "Consider yourself at home. Consider yourself one of the family." (No one pointed out that in the musical "Oliver!" the song celebrated the hero's welcome into a den of thieves.) The Emperor and Empress were then driven to the three-thousand-acre Rockefeller compound at Pocantico Hills for a visit with the Vice-President and his wife and a number of other Rockefellers. The next day, they had lunch with Mayor Abraham Beame at Gracie Mansion. Among the guests was Ambassador Moynihan, who, as is now widely forgotten, in 1965 ran unsuccessfully in the Democratic primary for the presidency of the New York City Council on a ticket headed by Paul Screvane, the former Sanitation Commissioner, who is now head of the Off-Track Betting Corporation. In local politics, one successful run often leads to another, and it possibly occurred to Moynihan as he watched the wan-looking Mayor taking calls and messages from the fiscal front that if he had won that year he might have been the man who was trapped in what seemed to be a hopeless struggle against



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the city's ill-wishers in the White House instead of the man serving as President Ford's appointed representative to the United Nations. On the day of the visit to Pocantico Hills, the Emperor was also taken to Shea Stadium to watch Joe Namath and the New York Jets swamp the New England Patriots, 36–7. The Emperor reported that when President Ford learned of the football date, he had given the Japanese leader a piece of advice: "Don't root."

Not rooting for New York's side or for anything that goes on here has, of course, become the established policy of the national Administration as well as a prime motif of Gerald Ford's 1976 Presidential campaign, which not only is well under way but often seems to be the subject uppermost in his mind. "New York State is in excellent shape," startled listeners heard him say at his October 9th press conference, but it turned out that he was referring to his campaign organization in this state, having in mind also, perhaps, the satisfying fact that it is a state in which a Democratic governor and the Democratic mayor he is trying to help are in critical trouble. "President Ford [is] preparing to prove his hard-rock conservatism by not only allowing but virtually willing the city to collapse," the *Times* said in an editorial this month. His plan is, further, to preempt the votes of anti-New York City middle Americans, who he clearly believes are the significant constituency in 1976. Although the Democratic Presidential candidate Henry Jackson conceded that the Ford Administration had not yet bombed the South Bronx, the Senator—who is from Snohomish County, Washington—declared the other day, "As Abraham Lincoln said, 'We are now engaged in a great civil war,' " and he compared the President's choice of New York City as the enemy to Richard Nixon's cynical attacks on the Communist menace and on the press and Agnew's attacks on the "radic-libs." At a gathering of seven announced Democratic Presidential candidates in Syracuse this month, all seven—none of them from New York—supported the city's request for a federal guarantee on future bonds so that it could avoid default, and a number of them supported the same treatment for other troubled cities. It seemed possible that by making New York the issue President Ford had done what some past candidates—most notably and most unsuccessfully John Lindsay—had not been able to do: unite the supporters of the cities as a political force, which would almost certainly be a Democratic force unless Rockefeller's latest move puts a crimp in their plans.

A POPULAR explanation for the fact that, compared to the farmers, for example, the residents of large American cities are shortchanged by the federal government (New York City claims that each year it contributes at least fourteen billion dollars to Washington in taxes and gets three and a half billion back in federal funds) is that Washington is dominated by small-town and small-city politicians—categories that include the current President as well as most of the powerful figures in Congress. Although there is some truth to this, it will hardly do as an explanation of the Ford Administration's policy of adamant hostility toward New York's problems in the last months—a program that seems to have found its chief tacticians and most strident spokesmen (after the President) among men who either spent significant periods of their lives in this city or built here the professional or business careers, and in some cases the large fortunes, that first brought them to Washington's attention. For twenty years before joining the Nixon Administration, in 1972, Treasury Secretary Simon, who this month urged that any remedy for New York City should be "so punitive, the over-all experience be made so painful that no other city . . . would ever be tempted to go down the same road," was a Wall Street bond specialist, and, eventually, a senior partner in Salomon Brothers, where his income one year was two million dollars. Arthur Burns, who admitted a few weeks ago that a New York default *might* have some national economic repercussions but said that even so he still did not favor helping the city out, graduated from Columbia University and taught there for the better part of thirty years before becoming chairman of the Federal Reserve System, in 1970. Another man in the direct line of White House consultants on the city's economic problems is Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers; he was the head of a Manhattan economic-analysis business and a New Yorker all his life until last year, when he took his present job. Also among the group Ford called in last Friday to advise him on whether the city deserved emergency help—and who supported the verdict of "nothing doing"—was Frank Zarb. Zarb, the son of immigrant parents, was educated in Brook-

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lyn public schools; a former Manhattan investment banker, he is now head of the Federal Energy Administration, whose formula for dealing with the 1974 fuel crisis, so the complaints ran, wreaked the worst hardships of all on his old stamping ground, the northeastern part of the United States. The President has often been known to consult Secretary of State Henry Kissinger on matters that are not directly connected with foreign policy—and such a conference would have been appropriate after German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, alarmed at the news that the Administration apparently considered New York expendable, warned the President a few weeks ago of the disastrous economic effect its default would have all over the world. As far as is known, however, the notoriously persuasive Secretary of State has not put in a word for going a little easier on the city to which he came as a refugee schoolboy, in which his parents still live, and where he polished his English at high school in Washington Heights and at City College before going on to the Army, to Harvard, and to fame and fortune. And then there is the Vice-President, who was governor of New York State for fifteen years, whose wife and children still live at 812 Fifth Avenue, and whom even President of the City Council Paul O'Dwyer, militant defender of the downtrodden, and anti-establishment political maverick, endorsed when President Ford nominated him for the Vice-Presidency, on the ground that it was vital to have one man in Washington who understood the problems of the cities.

In recent weeks, the Vice-President has been touring the country (or areas of the country not on the immediate itinerary of the President), with particular attention to the South, where large numbers of the most conservative and anti-New York voters are believed to live. (Jackson referred to these Rockefeller forays as "Marching through Georgia.") Rockefeller's Southern strategy was to attack big-spending governments and those that encourage welfare cheats, with particular attention, in both cases, to New York City. (There was no mention of a recent report by the federal Department of Health, Education, and Welfare dealing primarily with the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program, which accounts for about eighty-five per cent of big-city welfare clients and, in most political rhetoric, a hundred per cent of the welfare cheats. The study showed that while one in every nine New Yorkers is on welfare under

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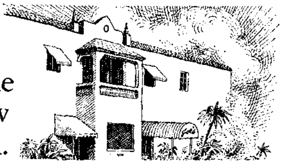

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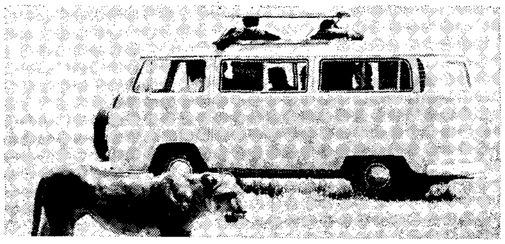

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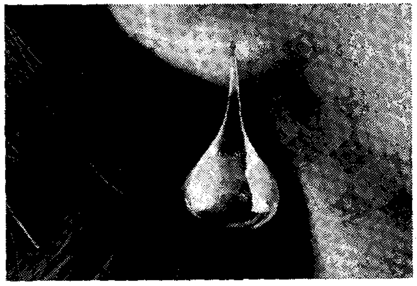

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this program, this statistic places New York only tenth among large American cities. One in six is the total in Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, for example, and one in eight in Detroit, Newark, and Rockefeller's adopted city, Washington, D.C.) The Vice-President has been playing an active role in the Administration's policy toward New York at least since last May, when Beame and Carey made their first joint pilgrimage to the White House to seek some form of help for the city, and Rockefeller was on hand with Ford to greet them. A few days later, after Ford had sent a harsh letter turning the New Yorkers down and in his accompanying remarks to the press had put a lot of stress on the city's extravagance in maintaining the thirty-five-cent fare and continuing free tuition at City University, the locals, remembering that these had been two sore points with Rockefeller in his days as governor, were pretty sure where Ford was getting his material. ("What does Jerry Ford know about a thirty-five-cent subway fare?" a Beame assistant asked bitterly.) In order to make sure that Rockefeller's participation would not go unnoticed, one of his former aides, recently transferred to the White House staff, called journalist friends in New York that night to point out that members of the old Rockefeller team had drafted the letter. A Carey adviser who was present at the May conference told the *Times* reporter Steven Weisman that the meeting had consisted largely of Beame and Rockefeller "squawking back and forth at each other" and that "Rockefeller kept talking about how there is no tuition at City University, and Beame would say, 'Mr. President, I was a graduate of City College and I wouldn't be here today . . .' I couldn't believe I was in the White House. It sounded like the letters to the editor in the *Daily News*." The President has also been contributing sociological flourishes of his own to the discussions of New York City. "We don't have free tuition in Lansing," he says; or "Grand Rapids defaulted, and it's still here." He does not mention that one thing that eased matters for Grand Rapids after its failure was the state's assumption of the welfare burden that was weighing the city down, nor does he mention that many of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal programs were also helpful.

THE sight of William Simon and Nelson Rockefeller calling for punishment of the city for its past sins

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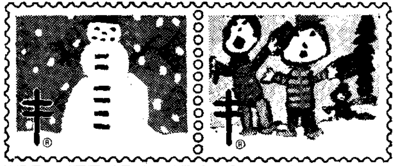

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particularly outraged New Yorkers who had some knowledge of the role that the two men had played in the events leading up to the debacle. For two years, beginning in early 1970, soon after Beame took office for his second term as city comptroller, Simon, at Beame's invitation, served as one of five members of a Technical Debt Advisory Committee, whose assignment was to direct the city's now widely criticized borrowing policies. According to minutes of the meetings now being circulated by indignant local bankers, many of whom are struggling to pull the city out of the crisis in which Simon, down in Washington, shows so little interest, it was primarily on the advice of Simon, one of whose fellow-advisers has described him as "a very active and vocal member," that the city adopted a policy that led to the spreading of its bond issues around the country, instead of concentrating on sales to the local banks. Thus, any banks in the South or Midwest that find themselves in trouble because of their store of New York City securities may be able to put part of the blame for their problem on the Secretary of the Treasury. Although the minutes of the meetings indicate that as early as 1971 there were discussions of a banker's reported statement that the city's fiscal situation was shaky—even potentially "another Penn Central"—one person who attended the meetings told David Rosenthal, of the *Post*, that "all Simon and some of the other bankers wanted to do was sell bonds, make their profits, and look the other way."

As for Rockefeller's role in New York City's fiscal problems, Carey said recently, "There isn't any question that the city couldn't have gotten into this situation without some degree of indulgence by the state—and you know who the governor was." For Rockefeller, as for other elected officials, it was often easier to advise the city to borrow money for programs that had popular support than it was to cut off the loans and risk the wrath of the voters. Although the state is otherwise in fairly sound financial condition, the reason it now has no spare money to help the city out is the vast debt built up during the Rockefeller years, including the billion dollars for what is sometimes called Brasilia North—the Empire State Plaza, in Albany. On the day after Rockefeller entertained the Japanese Emperor, if the Emperor had consulted the *Times* for an account of the visit he would have also found the message about the New York crisis that his host had been passing on to

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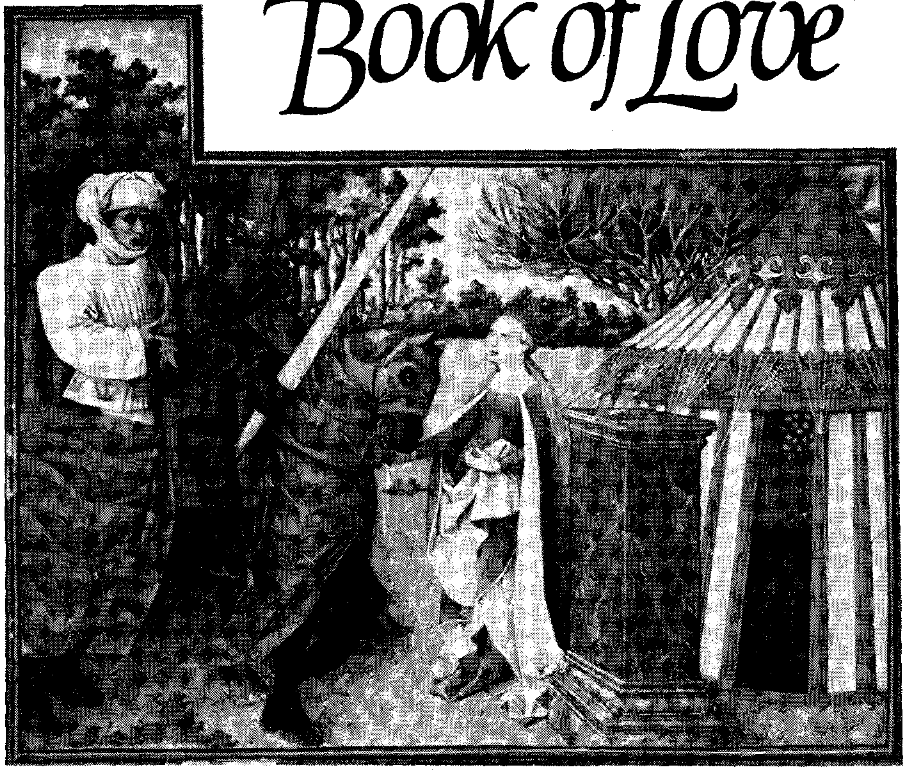

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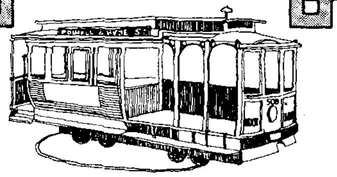

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Republican leaders elsewhere in the country: "There is no free lunch. Somebody pays for it. It may be the most important lesson of our time." On the same day, on the *Times'* front page was a report by Stanley Steingut, the Democratic Speaker of the State Assembly, to the effect that in the fiscal years from March, 1963, through March, 1974 (Rockefeller resigned from the governorship in December, 1973, to pursue the Presidency), the state's debt rose from a billion nine hundred and seventy million dollars to thirteen billion three hundred and seventy million—or, the Emperor might have observed, about a third of the Japanese national debt.

Another legacy that will make the Rockefeller years forever memorable, and one that has deeply affected the city's financial condition, is the so-called moral-obligation bond—a gimmick devised in the early nineteen-sixties by future Attorney General John Mitchell, then a municipal-bond lawyer, which allowed the state to make an end run around the constitutional requirement that bond issues backed by the state's full faith and credit must be brought before skittish voters. State agencies whose funds came from bonds that had not been endorsed by the voters and had been backed only by the state's "moral obligation" to pay them off had by the end of March, 1974, built up a debt of more than four billion dollars. One of the agencies, the Urban Development Corporation, got into serious trouble late in 1974, and was forced to default on some of its debts for a few weeks last winter before Carey and the Legislature were able to work out an elaborate rescue operation. It was after this experience that the bankers began to take a closer look at the city's security for short-term-note issues, though they had long bought, sold, and made money on issues backed by the same kind of security; and the distrust spread rapidly. Although later the bonds sold by the Municipal Assistance Corporation, or MAC, which had been set up by the state to rescue the city, were backed by ample, specially earmarked city revenues, the fact that they too were legally moral-obligation bonds, like those of the U.D.C., gave them such a bad name in the market that few would buy them, and the consequence is the present likelihood of default by the city. Last week, John Mitchell testified before a special state commission investigating the operations of the U.D.C., which has also called the Vice-President as a witness. But most of the references to Rockefeller in the corridors had to do with what was really behind his sudden call for the saving of New York City.

Early in the month, speaking of the city situation, Rockefeller told *U. S. News & World Report*, "I don't think the federal government can stand back of a history of overspending and overcommitment with a blank-check operation and still preserve the solvency of our nation." On October 11th, he was insisting that Washington must stand back of New York after all. Possibly, he had begun to worry about the spectacle he would make in pushing for a hundred-billion-dollar energy authority—his most notable independent project since he was sworn in as Vice-President—and at the same time vigorously blocking a temporary federal guarantee of the city's borrowing powers, which, as supporters of the plan keep pointing out, would cost the government nothing if the city, its credit shored up, *could then avoid default.* Two days earlier, a spokesman for Warren Anderson, the Majority Leader of the New York Senate and the most powerful elected Republican in the state, a man whose support Rockefeller would need in any political race, had called some of Simon's prescriptions for the city "ridiculous." There are also those who wonder whether Rockefeller had noted the endorsement of federal help for the city which came a day earlier from John Connally, Nixon's favorite candidate for the Vice-Presidency after Agnew's departure. If the wily Texas conservative thought that an encouraging word for New York might be smart politics at this point, perhaps stamping out the city was not the surefire issue it was considered to be by Gerald Ford, who has, after all, never made it with any voters except a majority of the two hundred and fifty thousand who are registered in the Fifth Michigan Congressional District. Moreover (the argument in the Rockefeller compound may have run), the last few years have shown only too clearly that American political fortunes often undergo rapid changes, and the Republican Convention is still almost ten months away. The explanation for any move by Nelson Rockefeller may seem complex until it is taken for granted that he still has a single goal in mind; then it becomes very simple.

In the past weeks, there has been much public breast-beating over the declining powers of New York City's elected officials, but in the end the fate of the city will depend on which people

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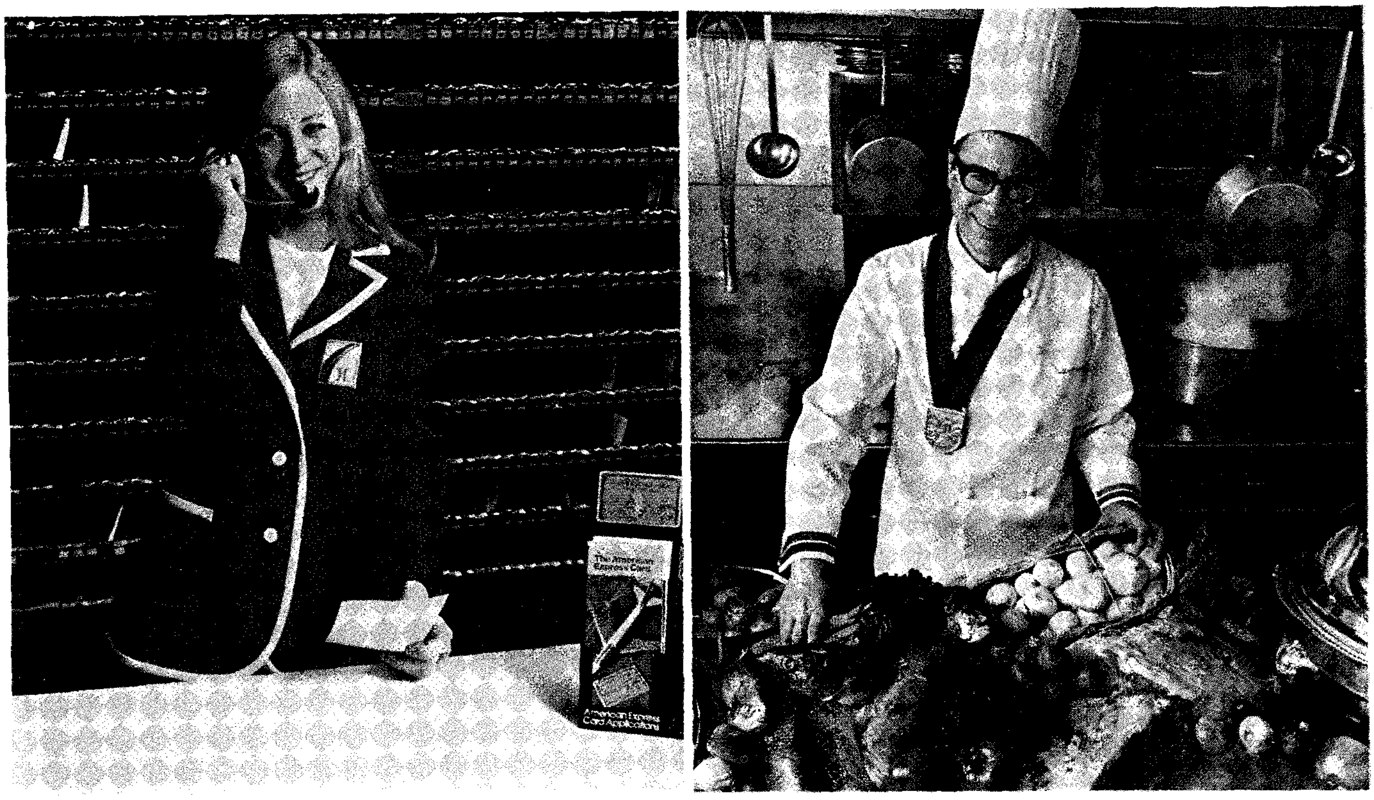

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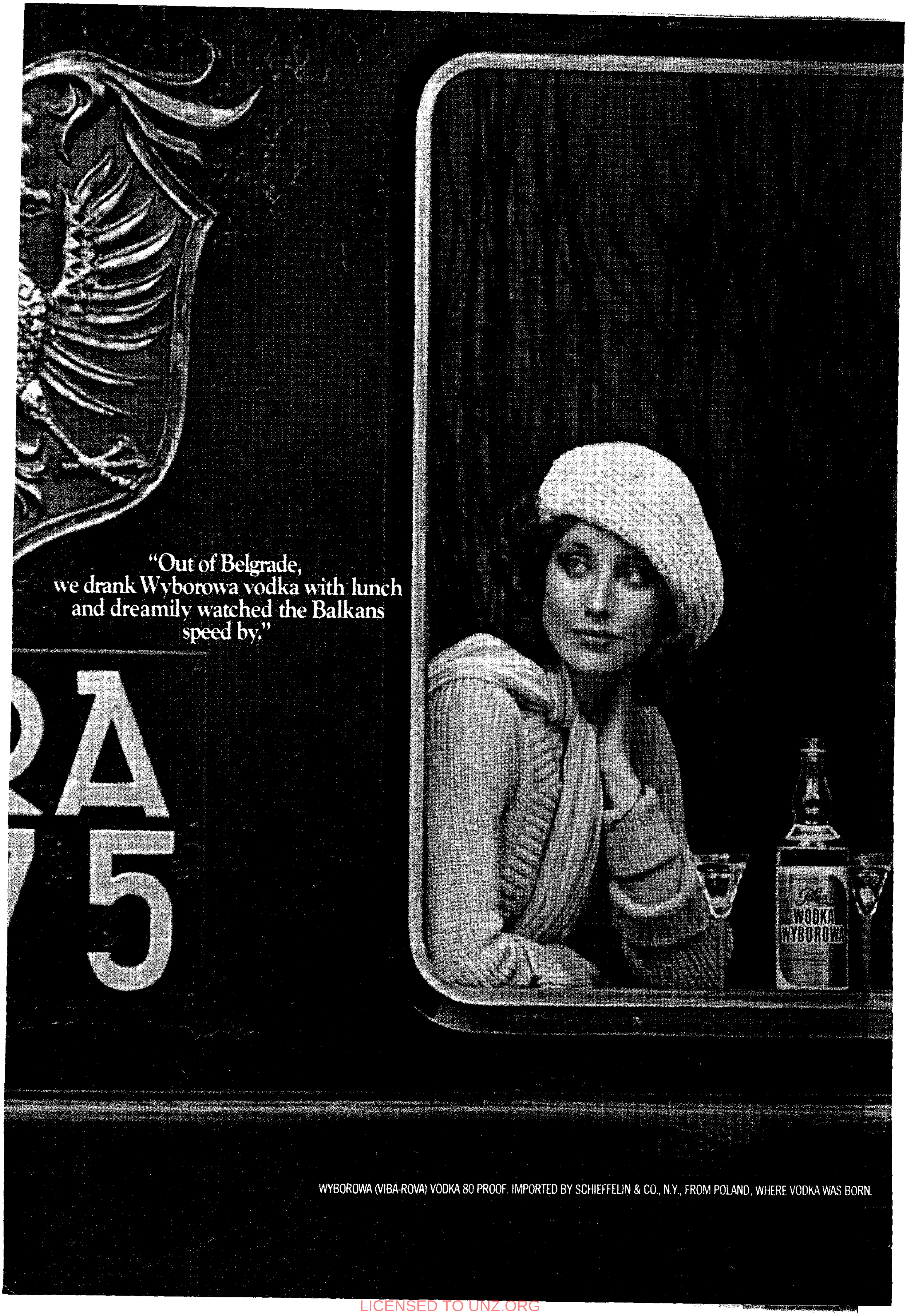

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are running for what office and where they and those who will have to run the next time around decide the most votes lie. Governor Richard Lamm, of Colorado, reminded a meeting of Democratic governors this month that although he and most of those on hand understood that the financial failure of New York City would have very dangerous effects on the economies of other American cities and towns, "the people have not perceived that yet, and that is a political problem." Relying on credits built up by his stern attitude toward New York, William Simon is, according to rumor, coveting the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination, undeterred by the loud boos that greeted him as he rose to throw out the first ball in the first World Series game. John Connally, the city's new defender, may have similar, or even higher, ambitions. New York's Senator James Buckley, who is up for re-election next year, has come out against federal rescue of the city. One Republican and at least two Democratic members of the city's delegation in the House of Representatives, all of whom favor such a rescue, are already running for senator against him. After Daniel Moynihan's remarks about President Idi Amin, one European diplomat was quoted as saying that it was unfortunate that the United States Ambassador was using the United Nations as a forum to further himself in American politics—a remark apparently reflecting speculation that Moynihan, too, might oppose Buckley. If he should run this time as a Republican, he might or might not admit that he was for a time the beneficiary of free tuition at City College. In any event, the voters would be offered the interesting picture of a President of the United States running against New York City and a candidate for the Senate running against the Third World.

As President Ford continued to maintain that if New York would just pull up its socks, face the music, and bite the bullet it could easily return to the credit market on its own, Felix Rohatyn, the MAC chairman, who is in charge of selling bonds for the city, told a congressional committee that, after everything that has happened, investors would not trust such securities even if City Hall should "lay off fifty thousand people tomorrow, raise the transit fare to two dollars, raise City University tuition to ten thousand dollars, and hang the Mayor." The question now is whether the politicians can decide where the most votes lie before, from the city's point of view, it is too late to matter.

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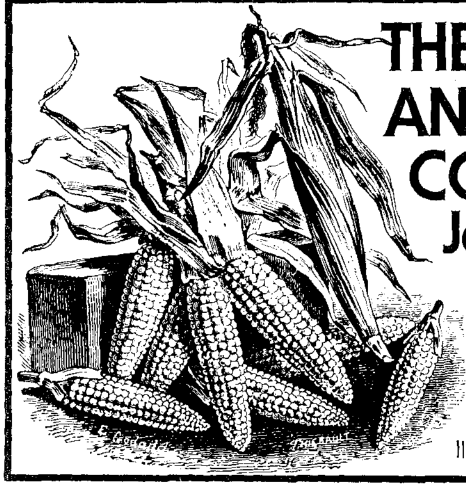

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A Mind of Her Own

"IT would take a knowing fellow to unravel the character of my mother." The words come from George Sand's self-willed and hard-headed daughter. It would indeed. There was such a mingling of the ruminatory and the airy, the exalted and the devious in the great sibyl of the nineteenth century. George Sand was all heart, yet ruthless; she was a plunger and cutter of losses, a domineering egotist who could pass as a coquette or a yearning *mater dolorosa*, and yet a woman who struck many as shy, noble, and simple, a quiet listener whose enormous intellectual and sensual energy made her a force of nature. It was a puzzle to know whether she had too much blood in her system—as she complained to the doctors called in frequently to bleed her when she was depressed—or an excess of ink, which poured out in her sixty novels, her huge articles, her works of travel, her journals, her confessions, her thousands of long letters (which may run to twenty-five volumes when the present editor has completed his job), and her large number of plays. She fits well into Balzac's definition of the artist as the Romantics conceived that being: part visionary, part man, part woman, part child, part monk, part strumpet, a galley slave of fame and a martyr to work. She was all person; her novels were instant transformations of her latest private drama into fiction. Something happily more concrete, if not more exact, appeared in what is really her only lasting work, apart from her correspondence—"Histoire de Ma Vie."

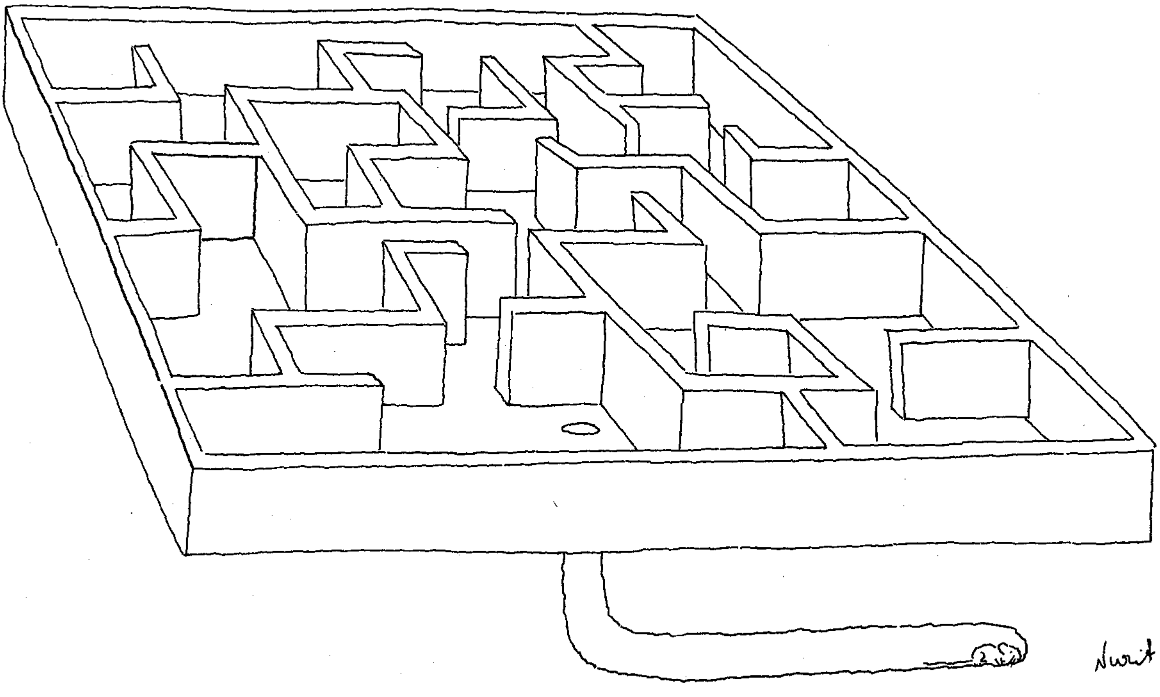
For, despite her sheet-lightning intellect, her novels are now remote from us: we are swept away for a chapter or two and then drown in the Romantic grandiloquence. Shuddering at her candor, flustered by her lack of dignity, Henry James put his finger on the difficulty when he said the novels have turned faint

> as if the image projected—not intense, not absolutely concrete—failed to reach completely the mind's eye. . . . The wonderful charm of expression is not really a remedy for this lack of intensity but rather an aggravation of it through a sort of suffusion of the whole thing by the voice and speech of the author . . . [There is] a little too much the feeling of going up in a balloon. We are borne by a fresh cool current and the car delightfully dangles; but as we peep over the sides we see things—as we usually know them—at a dreadful drop beneath.

But, he goes on, when she is writing directly about herself, as in her autobiography and in her letters, there is ease, breadth, generosity, the "overflow of a very full cup," the eye for the inward drama. "Her hand is always on the fiddle string, her ear is always at the heart."

If George Sand is now read almost only by academics, she is a natural for the biographers. Who does not know about the man-woman, with her trousers, her cigars, and her hookah, the sexual rebel, the young woman who tormented Jules Sandeau, Musset, Chopin, and many more? Some years ago, André Maurois was succinct in a sympathetic unravelling; now, in "George Sand" (Houghton Mifflin), Curtis Cate, an American scholar, displays her—or, rather, accumulates her in enormous detail—to the fashionable length of eight hundred pages. He expands where Maurois went for the essence, and he always draws with advantage from her best writings. To take one example, we see more of Pagello, the simple, good-natured Italian doctor with whom she deceived Musset in Venice. Mr. Cate makes the excellent point that, generous as she was in her favorite role of nursing sick lovers, she was also determined, as a travel writer, not to miss what Pagello could show her: the secrets Venice hid from the tourists. She wanted copy from all her lovers. Pagello's good heart and unshockable acceptance of life had, however, one defect: he lacked extravagance of language, he could not plunge dramatically from ecstasy to remorse, or if he could it would be merely as a matter of politeness. A lover at once so capable, so benign in dissipation, became suddenly boring when she showed him off to the Romantics in Paris. Musset got her back almost at once, because he knew the high language of Farewell. He wrote what would become a funerary monument to both of them, a tomb on which only lilies would grow:

> Posterity will repeat our names like those of those immortal lovers . . . like Romeo and Juliet, like Héloyse and Abeylard. . . . It will be a holier wedding than those that are celebrated by priests: the chaste and imperishable marriage of Intelligence. . . . I will end your story with my hymn of love. I will appeal from the depths of my twenty-year-old heart to all the children of the earth. Into the ears of this blasé and corrupt, godless, and dissolute century I will blow the trumpet of human resurrections.



To this George Sand replied, with rapture, "I must be yours; it is my destiny."

Pagello, fatally, had no sense of Literature. He was paid off. I mention this episode particularly because

Ir. Cate does it well and has benefit-
d by closely following George Sand's
ose. When he loses contact with it
is given to the jaunty use of cliché.
e lapses too often into academic
ortiveness: She "decided to put an
ıd to this hanky-panky" or she "pre-
rred to consign the misbegotten opus
the flames" or "she had short-
ıanged Aurélien de Sèze."

Mr. Cate is detached without being
o searching of the double voice in
eorge Sand's utterances, her am-
guities and sophistries. Her inherit-
ıce, her upbringing, gave her a sin-
ılarity that might have annulled a
s robust nature. Child of one of
maparte's officers, who had some
nuous descent from royalty, and a
other who was a tavernkeeper's
ughter and who had followed the
rmy to Milan, she was given the
amatic name of Aurore, and Aurore
as proud, at the dawn of a revolu-
ınary age, to be both aristocrat and
ebeian. After her father was killed,
ung, in a riding accident, the child
as brought up in a half-and-half way
her working-class mother and her
stere grandmother, the chatelaine
Nohant. The girl had a precocious
ain and a tomboy temperament. She
as a wild horse rider; she was one of
he devils" when she was sent to a
nvent, whose nuns, to add to the
mplexity, were English—even, one
ould guess, a shade Protestant. She
en became an adolescent mystic. The
andmother died. When the time
me to marry Aurore off, her care-
s mother consented to her marriage
ith a simple, hard-drinking young
ldier-squire who needed money. He
ved her, but he was awed by her
ain. He preferred hunting, opened
ıother bottle when her talk became
tellectual, and fell asleep, burst into
mper when he found her unrespon-
e in bed, and went off to sleep with
e servant girls. The marriage was the
assic martyrdom of the feminists of
e period, who, in the collapse of re-
gion and social values after the Revo-
tion and the Napoleonic Wars, be-
ved that society must be remade by a
volution in love, by the remaking of
en and women, and by the inspired
ıidance of artists. Free of the double
andard and economically free of one
ıother, free of the old marriage sys-
m, men and women would be held
gether by the mystical notion of a
an-woman Messiah. But, looking
ıck at George Sand's early history,
ıe sees that what influenced her were
e two vital losses: the loss of a guid-
g father, the negligence of the moth-
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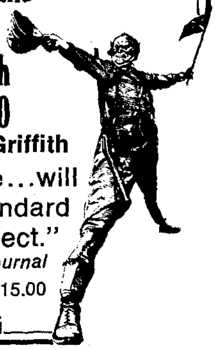
The Siege and Relief of Ladysmith 1899-1900

Kenneth Griffith



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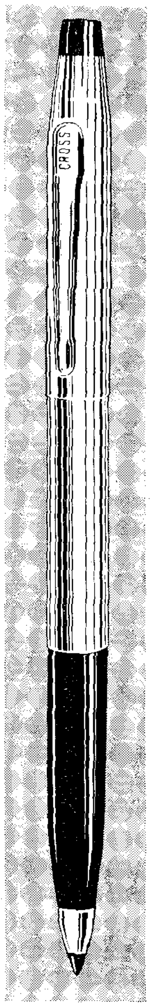

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matters will have an inordinate dream of what love could be. She saw herself an orphan. About her confusion, Mr. Cate's opinion is that, owing to her loss, she sought in love an impossible figure—a protector, and a son on whom she could "lavish a fretful solicitude." She herself said openly that she was born to suffer and admitted that there was something shadily incestuous in her relations with men. They caused her sudden withdrawals into chastity and her frequent suicidal depressions. What she really was in love with was literary fame.

Chopin said that she loved extremely but was incapable of making love. Her famous novel "Lélia" is, as she remarked, "a cry of anguish," a confession of impotence. (She removed that last word when, a few years later, she revised the book). Tormented by sensuality and by the fever of desire, she saw her lovers sleeping off the raptures she could not experience: she was, she said, encased in marble, and when she described—in her letters, and in "Lélia" itself—the onset of sexual fury, one guesses that her satisfactions were confined to language. Sandeau, Musset, and Chopin complained of her firm withdrawals into chastity. She certainly sought only gifted men who were sick and with whom she could assume the more powerful role of mother and nurse. Chopin was her "child." Sandeau was her little brother. What about Michel de Bourges, her proletarian lawyer and Christian Communist, who almost converted her to the need for violent revolution and the guillotine? Here was a virile man, and he could offer oratory, notoriety, and powerful embraces, but he was in bad health, too; she became frenzied—but was it the frenzy she desired? It may have been. She defiantly walked the streets of his native town in trousers and smoking her pipe, enjoyed the scandal, and caused scenes between him, his wife, and his fat mistress. He was a tyrant, and one might think this was what she sought. Not at all. *She* could not dominate *him;* despite her passion for him, which drove her to ride for miles at night for a short, Chatterleylike tryst, he did not subdue the strongest thing in her—her intellect.

Michel de Bourges was responsible for her wordy novels of social revolt, but he could not break her opposition to the utilitarian view of art. Like all the Romantics, she believed in the vision of the artist as the unique and decisive spiritual force in society. He might dismiss all this as a self-regarding bourgeois delusion, but she woul not yield. All the same, she wrot propaganda for the republican cause i '48, and when the reaction came sh handed out money to the hunted proletarian poets and took advantage o acquaintance with Louis Napoleon t get her friends and fellow-writers ou of jail. In Nohant, she was a scand because of her lovers. The village imagined orgies when the young me came and went. After '48, she was political scandal. The obsequious villagers touched their caps bu sneered behind her back. Th did not disturb her. She was country girl at heart and kne that revolution was an urban industrial notion; in the countryside it meant nothing. And, i fact, the country crowd, particularly the women, took her side whe the husband she had deserted mad two savage and incompetent efforts i court to get Nohant from her.

This episode is thoroughly gone int by Mr. Cate. It is important, for i brings out where she stood—or wobbled—on the crucial question of marriage and free love. The two court actions have the inevitable air of comedy: Michel de Bourges was her love and her advocate, yet she had to appea respectable and demure. No trouser and no pipe now; she appeared i shawl and bonnet. An absurd but useful opportunity occurred for her t ascend astutely into the upper air whe questions of adultery and free lov were brought up. A group of exalte ladies of the Saint-Simonian persuasio came to address her as a priestess. The invited her to become a "mother" o the Saint-Simonian "family," or phalanstery, and even sent a load of handmade presents, which included shoe trousers, waistcoats, collars, one watercolor, and a riding crop. In reply, sh recommended them to practice th *ancient morality of faithful marriag* for "being the most difficult, [it] i certainly the finest," though she woul not blame those who shook themselve free of tyranny, which was the produc of a false society. The fact is that fo her, as for her fellow-Romantics, th just society already existed metaphysically, and that in this sense she wa chaste. And she was no fool. She *wa* temporarily chaste with her lawyer, bu at home, at Nohant, she kept anothe pretender, whom she was maddenin with the kisses of platonic affection This was Charles Didier, a Genevan and Mr. Cate differs from Maurois i his opinion of his character. How fa they went, no one knows; to judge b his tortured "Journal," Didier himself seems unsure. All he could report was hugs that seem maternal. It is nearly impossible to translate the language of the Romantics, but in reply to one of his injured letters George Sand is masterly. She could easily squash rancor:

> You don't love, all I can do is love. Friendship for you is a contract with clauses for the well-combined advantage of both parties, for me it is sympathy, embrace, identity, it is the complete adoption of the qualities and faults of the person one feels to be one's friend.... You attribute to me... a calculated dryness, how shall I put it?—something worse, a kind of prostitution of the heart, full of baseness, egotism, falseness, you make me out to be a kind of platonic slut.... My misfortune is to throw myself wholeheartedly at each fine soul I encounter.... What I took for a noble soul is a gloomy, sickly suspicious soul that has lost the ability to believe and thus to love.

Honesty or sophistry? Goodness knows. Better to call it incantation. Didier was soon forgotten. The loss of Michel de Bourges looked fatal to her reason, but she was quickly, so to say, back in the saddle. An amusing actor arrived, and there was soon a troupe of young men, all hoping to be the favorite.

And, distributing her kisses, back to her room she went for her nightly five- or six-hour stint on the next novel. The blood—her own and that of others—was turned into ink. To write was a compulsion, and a necessity: she was managing and keeping up a large house and its guests. She was extravagant and gave money away in charity—Mr. Cate reckons she had given away a million dollars by the time she was sixty—and, like Balzac, she had to earn. The guests talked brilliantly and quarrelled; there were dramas, pistols came out at times, but it was all grist. There was the plague of visiting fans. There were intrigues and jealousies, and she had her own. She could not write about the worm eating away in the "soul" of Liszt—the worm was Marie d'Agoult, his mistress—but she slyly gave the story to greedy Balzac, who sat up for three nights listening to it and arguing about marriage while she taught him to smoke a hookah. Balzac said she was really a man; indeed, later on, Flaubert called her a great man. She certainly had the male liking for male company. Her special attraction for men lay, however, in a very feminine gift: to brilliant men she was the listener to the point of being an inspiration as they looked into her still, large, hypnotic eyes.

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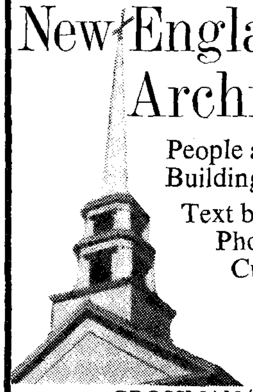
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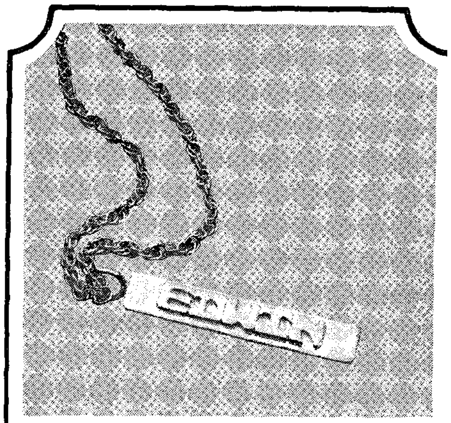
suelo" and her quiet, pastoral novels, when she was said to be getting trashy. Marionette plays and family acting had always been a pastime at Nohant, and nothing was ever wasted there; turning playwright is a venture usually fatal to novelists, but it was not for her. Her plays were staged in Paris; they were enormously successful. And they poured out. Indeed, famous in faraway Russia as well as everywhere in Europe, George Sand had become the priestess of fiction and a fiction in herself. We can understand a part of her spell even now, when we start one of her often preposterous novels, which so soon evaporate into monologues. The spell has little to do with the woman question or the social question or the story: it has much to do with her sense of place and the wealth of nature, though the peaks, ravines, and chasms soon tire us. The real lure is in the glide of the prose, the light of intelligence as it connects—even when it becomes too rapturous—the perceptions of a mind on the move. We can see why Proust admired its curious music.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT, by Larry McMurtry (Simon & Schuster). A Feydeau farce, set in Houston, that is not quite light enough to succeed on its frothy charm and wit and not quite convincing when it delves with any seriousness into one or two characters' lives. The central figures are Aurora Greenway, a well-off, spoiled, widowed, middle-aged charmer who looks like the plump, rosy, golden-haired women in the Renoir on her bedroom wall; a long string of Aurora's elderly suitors, all "characters" (an ossified four-star general, a gee-whiz oilman who lives in the back of his custom Lincoln, a former opera star, and a suave playboy); an extremely well-drawn hard-bitten old housekeeper, Rosie; and Emma, Aurora's kind, frumpy, unhappily married daughter (who appeared briefly in Mr. McMurtry's last book). Aurora, who is a kind of updated, lusher Auntie Mame, lives for food and fun, and most of the story is about how her heedless pursuit of these pleasures drives her suitors, who live for her, crazy. Most of the characters appear briefly, execute comical little turns, and then disappear for twenty pages or so. Sometimes the Texas dialogue



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and atmosphere are wonderful, but mostly the winsomeness is a bit wearing.

GENERAL

THE FIRST CASUALTY, by Phillip Knightley (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). This book, the work of a London *Sunday Times* special correspondent, takes its title from an observation by Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, in the martial year of 1917: "The first casualty when war comes is truth." Mr. Knightley tests that uncomfortable accusation against the news coverage of the many wars that have excited the press of the Western world since the evolution of the modern war correspondent, in the person of William Howard Russell, of the London *Times*, in the Crimea—the American Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, the First World War, the Italian invasion of Abyssinia, the Spanish Civil War, the Second World War, Korea, Algeria, Vietnam—and emphatically confirms its accuracy. The reasons are numerous—censorship, self-censorship, fabrication for headlines, idealistic fabrications, wishful thinking—and there is blame enough to embrace all, and every side. He concludes, "The Vietnam War was better reported than any of the other wars examined here. But this is not saying a lot. True, there was no censorship [yet] with a million-dollar corps of correspondents in Vietnam the war in Cambodia was kept hidden for a year." A disturbing, even a dismaying, book, yet one that is also, in its painful way, enormously entertaining. Photographs. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE NIGHT IS DARK AND I AM FAR FROM HOME, by Jonathan Kozol (Houghton Mifflin). On page 2 of this critique of the American educational system, the author says, "I am in strongest possible opposition to the present social order of the U.S.," which, he believes, is a "zero-sum"—that is, an I-win-you-lose, winner-take-all—society that merits nothing less than "a full-scale economic and political rebellion." A reader who agrees with these premises will doubtless find value in the author's indictment of the schools that are created by—and, he believes, help sustain—this depraved society. But since Kozol is a zero-sum writer who allows no room for disagreement, a reader who does not totally accept the author's premises will find reading the book something like listening to a sermon in an unknown tongue—one senses the passion but not the sense.

A FORD, NOT A LINCOLN, by Richard Reeves (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A breezy account of Gerald Ford's tenures as Vice-President and President. Mr. Reeves, a political writer and a teacher of political science and journalism, pads out the book with his own observations about the nature of the American press (childishly irresponsible) and the quality of American politicians (boyishly mediocre), because he finds that, except for pardoning Mr. Nixon, Mr. Ford has done nothing in particular.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ANDY WARHOL (FROM A TO B AND BACK AGAIN), by Andy Warhol (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Warhol the big sleeper; Warhol the chocolate-covered-cherry eater; Warhol the TV addict; Warhol and his "wife" the tape recorder; Warhol and his telephone conversations with a friend, "B," about love, sex, and makeup; and Warhol the devotee of nothingness ("Always in style. Always in good taste")—completely, if unentertainingly, revealed. Possibly intentionally, there is absolutely nothing of interest here except for the uncharacteristically self-mocking portrait that the author paints of his own "affectless gaze . . . the diffracted grace . . . the bored languor, the wasted pallor . . . the chic freakiness, the basically passive astonishment . . . the chintzy joy, the revelatory tropisms, the chalky puckish mask, the slightly Slavic look . . . the childlike, gum-chewing naïveté, the glamour rooted in despair, the self-admiring carelessness, the perfected otherness, the wispiness, the shadowy, voyeuristic, vaguely sinister aura, the pale, soft-spoken magical presence . . . the arresting hands . . . the pinhead eyes . . . the banana ears . . . the graying lips . . . the shaggy silver-white hair, soft and metallic . . . the big Adam's apple."

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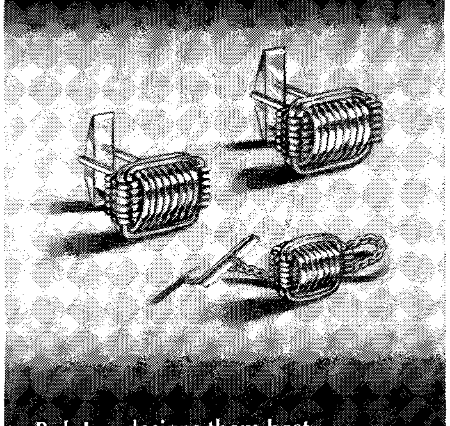

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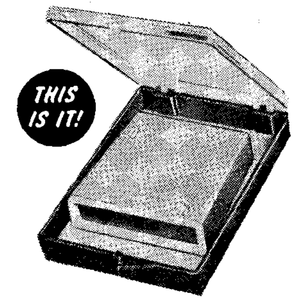

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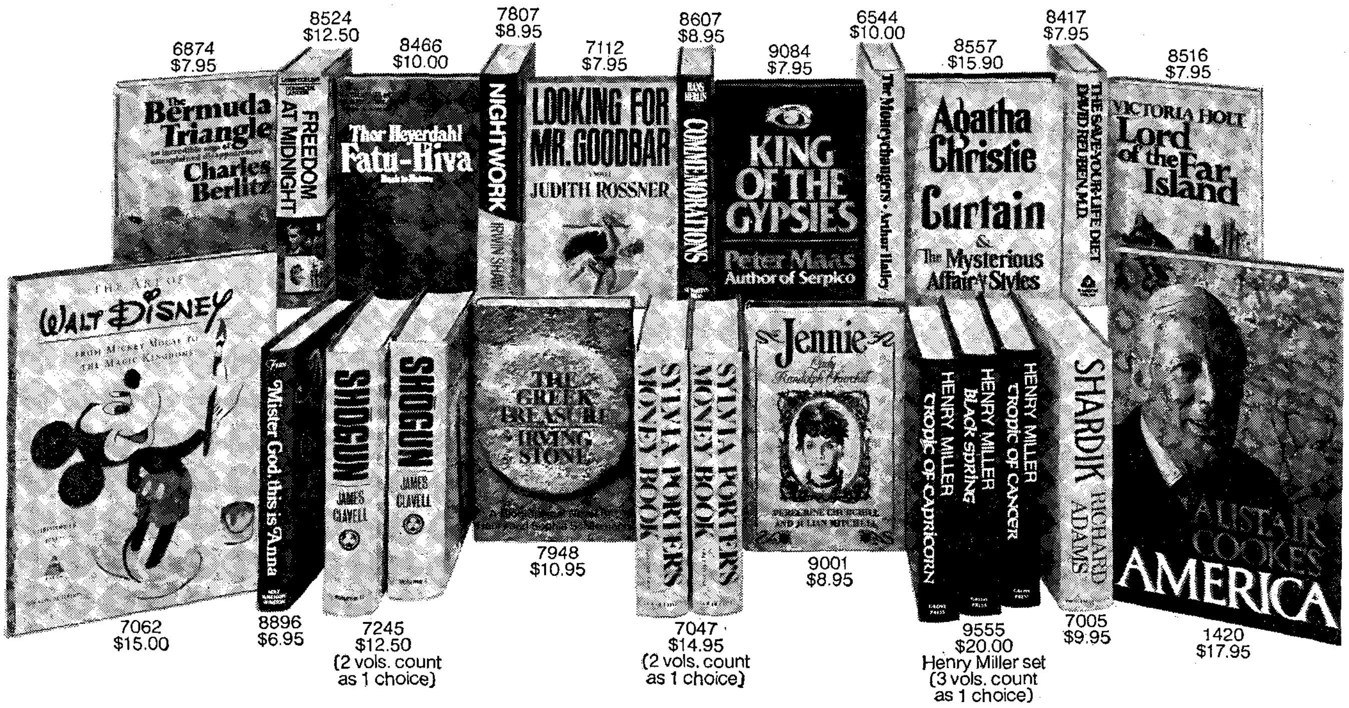

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